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The Last Earls of Barrymore



JOHN·R·ROBINSON


PRESENTED IN MEMORY OF
ANNIE NELSON BAILEY, 1868-1949
BY HER SON THOMAS A. BAILEY, '23, AND
HIS WIFE SYLVIA DEAN BAILEY, TO THE

RRYMORE.





THE

LAST EARLS OF BARRYMORE.





INTERIOR OF THE EARL OF BARRYMORE'S THEATRE AT WARGRAVE-ON-THAMES.

(*Frontispiece.*)

THE

EARLS OF BARRYMORE

1769—1824

BY

JOHN ROBERT ROBINSON

AUTHOR OF "THE PRIVATE SECRETARY," ETC.

"Heathens, united in principles or plans,
In power dissimilar, unpalmed of diocese."
Dryden.

LONDON
SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON & COMPANY
Limited
St. Dunstan's House
FETTER LANE, FLEET STREET, E.C.
1894
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INTRODUCTION.

In the numerous works that deal with the times of George III. and IV., many references are made to more intimate companions of the latter in his younger days, when Prince of Wales.

Among those alluded to briefly by biographers stand conspicuously the "Barrymores," who at one time shared the favour of the Prince of Wales' patronage, together with the Hangers, Lades, and Legers of those days.

To search, then, in the spirit of the Spanish maxim, "Tell me who you go with, and I'll tell you what you are," has been my aim in producing the following work.

I record the doings of this curious family in no sympathetic spirit, nor would I have undertaken what has proved a most laborious task did I not think some good might be effected by this disastrous example of folly and extravagance.

On the other hand, there is much in the

character of Richard, the 7th Earl of Barrymore, which stamps him as one of those freaks of nature that now and again appear among us. He was endowed with genius, learning, and wit, yet he sacrificed them all to pursuits which compassed his ruin.

The Thespian productions by the Earl at his handsome theatre at Wargrave are historic, but no special account of them in detail has hitherto been published.

The records of the Earl's doings on the race-course, the field, and in other athletic pursuits, bring many well-known characters into prominence, while the dramatic and other anecdotes will afford amusement and instruction to the general, as well as to Sporting and Dramatic readers.

In a work wherein I strive to depict the life of "smart" Society of that day, without too deeply wounding the feelings of this, I hope to be held guiltless of any sinister motives, should it be considered that I have offended against good taste.

J. R. R.

LONDON, N.W., *Nov.* 1, 1893.

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THE LAST

EARLS OF BARRYMORE.

CHAPTER I.

A brief account of the family of Barry—The fourth, fifth, and sixth Earls of Barrymore—Birth of Caroline, Richard, Henry, and Augustus Barry—Death of the sixth Earl of Barrymore—Early days of Richard, the seventh earl.

The noble family of Barry came to this country in the train of William the Conqueror, and was most probably of Norman origin. Many historians assert, however, that the family descended from the powerful counts of Paris, who, through Hugh Capet, the last holder of that dignity, became kings of France. The name Barry, was in former times spelt in various ways; those who could write, used any form of spelling their fancy dictated, or the tongue, or dialect of the various districts suggested. Many instances of this are recorded, but, for the present purpose, the following will suffice. From the original, Paris, the name is found by Norman-French changed to Barre, Barri, the last with, and without, the de or du; then again distorted by the various

dialects of Great Britain, into Barry, Diparry, Pers, Parr, Parrish, Dunbar, Parry, &c., &c.

The ancestor, and founder of the family of Barry here, was William de Barre, who was followed soon after the battle of Hastings, by other relatives from Normandy. These included one, Robert de Barre, sent by William the Conqueror, as an ambassador to the Pope in 1069. To give an account of the services rendered by the members of this family, over some seven or eight centuries, would be beyond the province of the present work; suffice it to say that, though they came of a race of warriors, the Barrys have shone in all branches of learning and art.

Gerald Barry—*Giraldus Cambrensis*—the first historian of Ireland, and afterwards Bishop of St. David's, was tutor to King John, and a direct descendant of the William de Barre who came to England in the train of the Conqueror.

Gerald's immediate ancestors settled in Wales, and later near Cork, in the south of Ireland, where they obtained a grant of an extensive tract of land, as a reward for their services in the conquest of that country. It is said they soon reduced to "civility," the natives on their property, who called their conquerors the Burrach-Mohr—(Barrymore), in English, "the Great Barrys," on account of their power and wealth. But this was not all the Celtic tongue did for their name. A David de Barry cheered his men on, in a fight with the McCarthy's, with his war-cry of "Boutez en avant"—push forward—and the war-cry was

transformed into "Buttevant," given later as a name to one of the manors owned by this family. In the reign of Richard II., the dignity of Viscount was bestowed on the Barry who was then in possession of the estates, as Viscount Buttevant, the first title of that rank created in Ireland. Henry VII. also further ennobled the family, as did Charles I., by their best known title at the present day: Earls of Barrymore.

James Barry, the fourth Earl, sat for many years in the English House of Commons, being only an Irish peer, first for Stockbridge, 1710-1713; and from 1714-1747 for Wigan. On the 29th February, 1744, King George II. notified the Commons, that he had caused the Earl of Barrymore, one of their body, to be arrested for assumed treasonable practices. To this, the House returned an address to his Majesty, thanked him, and desired that every suspected person might be so secured. So much for the incident: it is the cause of this proceeding that interests us.

James Barry, Viscount Buttevant, son and heir to the above Earl of Barrymore, was intrusted by his father with a letter addressed either to Lord Lovat or Lord Balmerino, both adherents of the Pretender, whom his father, the Earl, was suspected to favour, although at one time he was an officer in the army of King William III. Instead of obeying his father's commands, Buttevant gave up the missive to the government by the hand of the then Secretary of State. The letter was

opened and read at a privy council, and a warrant for the writer's arrest was issued. At the same time messengers were dispatched to the earl's seat in Cheshire, to seize his papers, as the intercepted letter was thought insufficient to secure a conviction, and a frigate was sent to convey the noble prisoner from Ireland, for his appearance before the privy council. The result of the investigation of the papers seized at the earl's Cheshire seat, failed to prove him guilty of sedition, and after an examination before the council, he was discharged.

Before his departure from the council chamber, certain lords present desired to prove how far Earl Barrymore's sympathy extended to the Jacobite cause. One of their number asked him several pointed questions to test his fealty towards the reigning house. The earl's answer is remarkable, and left his questioner little wiser than he was before:—"I have, my lords, a very good estate in Ireland, and, on that, I believe, fifteen hundred acres of very bad land; now, by G—d, I would not risk the loss of the poorest acre of them to defend the title of any king in Europe, provided—it was not to my interest."

The example of filial affection and patriotism afforded by Viscount Buttevant is unique in the history of the troubled times of the eighteenth century.

In due course, the viscount succeeded his father as fifth Earl of Barrymore, but only lived to enjoy that dignity four years. Upon his death

in 1751, his son, Richard Barry, became sixth earl at six years of age. While he was still but a child, he was brought to London, and placed at Westminster School, whence he proceeded to Eton, and thence to Oxford. He left the University in his eighteenth year, and came to London, where he was speedily initiated into the various fashionable pursuits of the period. For cards, and other games of chance, he showed a strong inclination, with the usual result to the inexperienced, heavy loss. As he had bought his experience, so he proposed to profit by it, if possible. He therefore became a noted and skilful gambler, and won money apace. He was largely addicted to wagers and bets. Going *circa* 1770, into a tavern near Charing Cross, he ordered dinner to be served to him in a small private room. On the guest's being left alone after the cloth was removed, the waiter heard a noise as of furniture being dragged out, and went upstairs to find the various articles outside the room, he then peeped through the keyhole, and espied the noble earl on his knees, busily covering the floor with packs of cards he had brought in with him. The waiter, who knew better than to call attention to what he had seen, waited till he was summoned by the earl, who, when he had finished his singular task, paid his bill, and departed.

A few days after the earl again visited the tavern, in the company of two friends, and requested that dinner might be served to them in the same room in which he had dined on the first

occasion. After dinner was finished, Lord Barrymore offered to bet 500*l.* "that he would *guess*, more nearly than either of his guests, how many cards would cover the floor of the room they were in." A wager that appeared founded so much on chance was at once accepted. It is unnecessary to record the name of the winner.

A second similar trait of this "nobleman" is: the earl would sit at a window of his own house with friends, and bet that he could name the number, or near it, of a hackney coach, to be singled out by him from others passing. If the bet was accepted, the coach would be one occupied by a friend, instructed to drive by at a certain time, in a coach hired by his lordship. As may be supposed the earl was much given to practical jokes, but space will not permit an enumeration of them.

The sixth earl married Lady Emilia, or Amelia Stanhope, third daughter of William, Earl of Harrington; she bore him four children in the order named: (1) Caroline, born May 17th, 1768; (2) Richard, Viscount Buttevant, born August 14th, 1769; (3) Henry, born August 16th, 1770; (4) Augustus, born July 16th, 1773. Their father followed the profession of arms, one by which his ancestors had obtained both wealth and dignity, and at this period he held a captain's commission in the 9th regiment of Dragoons. His military career was, however, brief, for he died of fever, after only seven days' illness, in his twenty-eighth year, at Dromana, Lady Grandi-

son's seat on the Blackwater, on August 1st, 1773.

Richard Barry, Viscount Buttevant, his heir, was but five years old, one year younger than his father had been left in a similar position. The sixth earl is said to have been an excellent officer, and a great admirer of horses. In fact, he owned, and raced, a small but select stud of horses a year previous to his demise. The reader should bear in mind the peculiar traits in this nobleman's character, to which allusion has been made, as they will elucidate and account for much that happened in the after life of his sons.

The child-earl soon gave proof of remarkable precocity. His mother, therefore, was anxious her son's natural talents should be fostered, and to this end he was placed, as soon as his tender age allowed, under the care and tuition of the Reverend Mr. Tickell, at the village of Wargrave, Berkshire. This gentleman's erudition, combined with an almost parental affection for his charge, left little to be desired. The young earl remained under the able guidance of his tutor till his fourteenth year, when his friends thought he should enter one of the public schools, preparatory to a university career, should that be determined on later.

CHAPTER II.

Death of the Countess of Barrymore—The earl goes to Eton—Death of the Countess of Harrington—The earl's first visit to a racecourse, result thereof—His early diversions.

THE young Earl of Barrymore, when he attained his fourteenth year, had the misfortune to lose his mother. This occurred in 1782. She left the care of her young family to her relatives. They thought that Richard, the earl, should proceed to Eton. But it was the earl's maternal grandmother, the Countess of Harrington, who took the initiative in this step, and who appears to have been most indulgent to the earl and his brothers. In fact they were all much attached to her, but death again robbed them of one who no doubt would have taken maternal care of her daughter's orphaned children, and whose advice they may have been influenced by.

The Countess of Harrington was zealous her grandson should, though a boy, uphold his rank. With this view, and that he should feel independent, she took, what would now be looked upon as a far too extravagant course—a sum of one thousand pounds for pocket money, on his going to

Eton. With this princely amount, for a lad of fourteen, he soon found that money could procure the gratification of most, if not all his whims. It was this power to gratify each fancy as it was formed, that led the earl into those paths of extravagance, which in the end marred his fortune.

Soon after the earl's advent at Eton, the head-master was informed of the death of his young pupil's grandmother, the Countess of Harrington. He was asked, on account of the susceptibility of his charge, to break the news gently to him, which he assented to do, though he took a strange means to accomplish it. Calling his lordship to him in the class-room, with an air of austere authority, he asked many questions on the matter of his studies, and commanded him to at once construe some lines from "Virgil." The task being accomplished, he then informed his pupil in a somewhat harsh manner, "Your grandmother is ill, my lord," but, in the same breath, bade his pupil commence a fresh lesson from the Latin poet, to stop him after he had construed a few lines, with, "She is very ill, my lord." At this sad news the earl expressed his grief, but was again commanded to proceed with his task. The boy obeyed, but was interrupted at the next moment by the doctor exclaiming: "She's dying, my lord." "What! dying," cried the bewildered youth. "Come! come! my lord," replied the learned pedagogue, "she is dead, now you know the worst. Go to your seat, and make the best of an irretrievable misfortune."

With the demise of this lady, all semblance of parental authority over the youth appears to have come to an end. Whether the male relations of the earl did not feel disposed to interest themselves on his behalf, or whether their advice, if tendered, was spurned, cannot now be positively said. It is certain, however, that the earl and his brothers were left to do as they pleased; this they did by forthwith entering upon men's pursuits with the eagerness of most lads of sixteen to appear as men in their own eyes. The earl was scarcely beyond that age, when being at home for the Easter recess, he thought fit to visit Newmarket with his brother Henry and some friends, during the second Spring meeting, 1785. On that occasion he witnessed the following match: Mr. Wentworth's Rockingham, (late Camden), by Highflyer, eight stone four pounds, (1), Mr. O'Kelly's Serjeant, eight stone four pounds, (2), Beacon course. Mr. O'Kelly staked 500 to 400 guineas, odds seven to four on Rockingham, and was justified by his winning easily.

Lord Barrymore found many in the ring only too glad to bet with him, and made quite a coup for a novice: he laid the odds, to win a thousand guineas. On the settlement, the acceptor of the bet handed his lordship notes for a thousand pounds, which he counted, and then asked for the other "fifty." The bookmaker found he had a man to deal with, not as he had thought, a boy, and apologized for the "error" by handing him the amount demanded.

This day's pleasure exercised a serious influence on the earl's career. He determined to own a stud of race-horses, so soon as he should attain his majority, or sooner if he could raise the funds for their purchase. But this was not his only expensive pursuit, nor the one in which he acquired the most notoriety, or in which his versatile and volatile nature displayed its fullest scope.

While at home for the summer holidays, he often went on a visit, with his brothers, to his old tutor at Wargrave, a spot that always had the utmost charm for him; in fact he made it a place of residence afterwards. On these occasions he displayed the taste for practical joking, that subsequently made him notorious. The earl, accompanied by his brothers, and a few "choice spirits," would set out from Wargrave soon after midnight, armed with hammers, saws, hatchets, ladders, ropes, etc., to make a tour of the surrounding villages, and on their way they would change the sign-boards of the various village hostelries. We can imagine the surprise of boniface when he took down his shutters, to find his sign changed to the "Rose and Crown," which he knew to be the name of an inn in a hamlet five miles off, while the landlord of that house would be thunderstruck to find his sign metamorphosed into the "King's Head."

By these and kindred pursuits, the "Barry brothers" soon acquired a far-and-wide reputation for mischief and frolic. But their natural gaiety of disposition, humour, and wit, saved them from getting into trouble.

As a sort of peace-offering for their delinquencies, the earl and his brothers and friends, would institute games of cricket, quoits, &c., among the villagers, and give a hat to be grinned for through a horse collar, a pair of boots to the best cudgeller, and a bunch of ribbons to the fleetest Atalanta. In these and similar amusements, including recitations, and dramatic performances, given in an old barn turned into a temporary theatre, they passed their time at Wargrave. The drama was the earl's especial hobby, one for which he had natural ability; this was destined to become a most expensive pleasure. Garrick's "*Miss in her 'teens*" was the favourite farce, given at these extemporaneous performances. The earl played *Flash*, his brother Henry, *Puff*, and a Mr. Nassau, *Miss Biddy*.

These histrionic attempts are said to have been creditable; considering the eldest of the actors, —the earl—was not seventeen years of age!

But the restraint upon the earl, imposed by nonage, chafed sorely his enterprising spirit; and to attain the ends in view, he determined to take steps early the next year to anticipate his majority.

CHAPTER III.

The earl learns the various ways of raising money—His entry into fashionable life—His character and appearance at this time—He makes Wargrave a place of residence—Description of the earl's hunting pageant à Louis Quatorze.

The impetuous character of Lord Barrymore would not permit him to wait the short space of four years, to attain his majority; he therefore did what many had done before, and, as many will do again, in spite of legal enactments; he resourced to Israelitish and other money lenders, who looked upon him as lawful prize. One of these gentry, who had acquired in his early career the sobriquet of "Black Dick," ingratiated himself with the youth, so far, indeed, as to become treasurer to him, for a time. Under the tuition of this person, the earl acquired a profound knowledge of the legal mysteries of mortgage, annuity, post obits, bills, interest, &c., created for the purpose of raising money. The ease with which he mastered the intricacies of these instruments, almost gained for him a legal reputation.

His monetary arrangements concluded, the earl, in his eighteenth year, began to live in great splendour, setting up an establishment which for extent, variety, and taste, almost baffles

faithful description. The display included a number of handsome equipages, with relays of carriage horses, all carefully selected, at great cost, and a crowd of hunters and hacks. The coachmen, footmen and grooms, were attired in sumptuous liveries, and proved a source of attraction to the populace.

The Earl of Barrymore at eighteen, was tall for his years, and before he attained his twenty-first year, was over six feet in height. He was slenderly built, and agile; he frequently astonished the crowd on Newmarket Heath, by placing one hand on the saddle of his horse, and vaulting over him. His social gifts were many and various, and their diversity enabled him to enter any society at a moment's notice. This boyish *Proteus* could discourse one minute in the choicest French with a duchess in her boudoir; the next upon some debateable point as to the exact translation of a classic author, astonishing a learned professor by his knowledge. In almost the same breath he could speak the slang of the stable, the prize ring, and thieves' kitchen with as much volubility as if he had been born and bred in their midst. No situation came amiss to him, his wit and humour were boundless, and their magic dissipated gloom and drove dull care away from all with whom he came in contact.

Many termed him the modern Duke of Buckingham; "Everything by turns, and nothing long:" and with respect to his volatile disposition, this saying had a certain amount of truth. Others

said he was a "revised edition" of the Earl of Rochester, of King Charles the Second's time; or that later eccentric Philip, Duke of Wharton, whom in many ways he resembled; but he never offended by using blasphemous utterances like the former, and he did not possess the bad characteristics of the latter. He was gay, but not absurd, he was witty without being uncharitable, and to these natural gifts may be added those of a poet, painter, and musician; though he did not foster any of those arts. In fact, whatever rôle he undertook, he excelled in, by intuitive genius. He was a proficient in athletic exercises; he could fence, box, or ride, against any man in the kingdom. Of course a person of these diversified parts, and also of his rank, could not escape observation, and remark. The purveyors of news and gossip in those times, took special care to animadvert on the earl, and his doings; but he cared little what others said, or wrote of him. His chief aim was to live merrily, if not wisely, and to do all things "in style," which he emphasized with the oft-expressed: "D—n the expense." No individual ever acquired greater notoriety in a brief career, or lived up more resolutely to the lines:—

"Happy's the man, and happy he alone,
He, who can call to-day his own.
He, who, secure within himself, can say,
To-morrow, do thy worst, for I have lived to-day.
Be fair, or foul, or rain, or shine,
The joys I have possessed, in spite of Fate are mine.
Not Heaven, itself, upon the past has power,
But, what has been, has been, and I have lived my hour."

The Earl of Barrymore, after the toils of

starting an establishment, turned his mind to the scenes of his boyhood. Wargrave, near Twyford, Berks, was then, as it is now, a village, and then of even less importance than at present. Many of the earl's friends were at a loss to conceive what he could see in the spot, even for an occasional stay. In old times Wargrave was the burial place of some Saxon warriors, and at one time it possessed the ruins of a royal residence; but beyond these historical associations, there is little worthy of note in the place. The proximity of the river Thames gives it a little character; without, this village would scarce be known. But the earl's predilection for the place must be attributed to boyhood's memories combined with the fatherly care of an old and respected tutor. It was near this esteemed friend that the earl rented a small residence; there being at the time, no house large enough to accommodate the whole of his retinue. However, the residence had sufficient ground attached, to permit of additions being made from time to time.

The stable accommodation at Wargrave being limited, the earl was obliged to rent some stabling at Twyford, an adjoining village. So soon as his horses, carriage and hacks, were installed, he began to cherish the idea of forming a hunting establishment. He had heard that a gentleman at Shiplake wished to dispose of his pack of hounds; negotiations took place forthwith, which resulted in their purchase; and subsequently a kennel was erected at Wargrave.

The Earl now being prepared to take the "field," he startled the nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood, at the next meet, with the magnificence of his equipment, which was in the style of the "chasse" of Louis XIV. at Fontainbleau, rather than in that of a peer in his minority. Besides huntsmen, whippers-in, etc., all attired in the handsomest manner, and faultlessly horsed, there were four mounted negroes, in liveries of scarlet and silver, who 'wound' the french horn. In fact the pageant eclipsed that of Colonel Thornton, who had previously been unequalled.

The Earl had determined, that no game less than red deer should be hunted by his majestic train; but how to procure the desired animals was the question. Messrs. Brookes and Gough, with others, the best known dealers, were applied to, but without much success. Nor was it until after many journeys combined with the most diligent inquiries, that four deer were procured at great cost, and placed in the diminutive paddock his lordship had had formed for their reception.

One was lean and old; the second was a bald-faced hind, almost blind; the third an all but tame stag, 'picked up' upon the skirts of Windsor Forest, and brought up by a gentleman at Warfield, whilst the fourth a handsome young deer, killed during the first hunt by the hounds, before the huntsmen could get up. The tame deer all but shared a similar fate, through not getting away when unboxed, but sidling up to the horses

of the party whom he greeted, in his way, as old friends, having been formerly pastured with horses. The first and second deers were almost beyond sport, through their disabilities. Therefore Earl Barrymore, the following season, had to modify his ideas for the hunt.

CHAPTER IV.

The Earl of Barrymore's entry on the turf—Intuitive faculty for that sport—His connection with the Royal Circus, St. George's Fields—Purchases made by the earl for his stud, 1788—The sister and brothers of the earl.

THE Earl of Barrymore made his entrée on the turf in 1787, at Newmarket, where he was introduced to the principal supporters of the "sport of kings" by the Duchess of Bolton, a lady who not only took great interest in the young man, but was also a devotee of the sport.

Soon after he determined to form a stud, but did not purchase every "screw" or "cast off" offered. His first purchase was a filly named *Yarico*, bought from Colonel O'Kelly of *Eclipse* fame, who then owned some of the best horses in the country. With this animal Lord Barrymore made his first match, against a horse named *Copernicus*, owned by a Mr. Davis, an event his lordship's representative won; and his success appears to have intensified his desire for the sport, which he now entered upon with spirit, and a determination to become one of its prominent supporters.

For the pursuit the Earl possessed much ability; the ease with which he mastered its

minor details was a matter for surprise, years of often bitter experience being required before a stud of race-horses can be managed so as even to pay their way.

The Earl of Barrymore also showed remarkable judgment in handicapping horses, and was a keen observer of 'form,' both in his own and other's horses; in fact, after a few meetings, he became almost as great an authority on these matters as Charles James Fox, the then master of the art, being called upon almost as often to place, or weight, horses for matches.

Almost any other than this erratic young man would have fostered his natural abilities for so favourite a sport, but this versatile being could not let "well" alone. What he acquired by the turf was dissipated other ways, notably, at cards, a failing that is said to have been taken much advantage of by unprincipled persons.

About this period his love of novelty and adventure induced the Earl to become a supporter, or part owner of the "Royal Circus" in St. George's Fields, now known as St. George's Circus. A portion of the site originally occupied by the "Royal Circus" is now that of the Surrey Theatre. The Royal Circus was opened *circa* 1782, in opposition to "Astley's," whose equestrian performances then claimed a large share of public attention. The promoters of the new enterprise, therefore, thought they might share in the popularity accorded to Astley's. In this they were deceived, as it was found that, without

a constant succession of novel entertainments, the older establishment was still able to hold its own for the ordinary equestrian performances. Thus, when the Earl of Barrymore embarked upon this undertaking it became necessary that some entirely new attraction should be produced. With the consent of the other proprietors (amongst whom was the then Duke of Bedford) a "comic pantomime" so called, was written and produced by the pierrot Delphini. But the description of this piece does not coincide with the term "comic pantomime." It was named "The Four Quarters of the World," and appears to have been a sort of pageant. A procession emblematical of the divisions of the globe was put on the arena and stage. A sloping platform led from one to the other, which gave opportunity for tigers, lions, camels, leopards, etc., to be brought on. The entertainment concluded with a "real" stag hunt, a performance that many have witnessed of late years, but which was at that period new and startling.

The Earl followed this new occupation with zeal for a time, and tried to stem the torrent—failure. His exertions, with those of the manager and performers, met with but feeble support from the public; one by one the proprietors withdrew, and finally his lordship was compelled, for self-preservation, to do the same. Ultimately the "show" fell into the hands of a few adventurers, and went from "bad to worse," until it was destroyed by fire.

During 1788, the Earl of Barrymore added several horses to his racing stud, which now included many well-known animals : *Elm*, *Alarm*, *Jerico*, *Grey Pumpkin*, *Sir Christopher*, *Rockingham*, and others. These were purchased from the notorious Mr. Bullock, at high prices. For *Rockingham*, the earl gave 2500 guineas, but many thought him cheap at that figure; others, the best bred horse in the kingdom, though he had all but completed his racing career. How far the performances of *Rockingham* warranted these assertions, the reader may judge for himself.[1] The 'events' recorded, are prior to Lord Barrymore's ownership. To the above mentioned were added *Nimble*, bought from Mr. Vernon. *Feenow*, *Brewer*, *and Columbine*, purchased from that master of the "Whip," and "Pigskin," Sir John Lade. Also *Tipsey*, *Ventilator*, *Tinker*, and *Tiffany*. This selection showed a considerable amount of judgment in horseflesh for one not yet out of "teens."

The sister and brothers of the earl showed marked idiosyncrasies, and had various sobriquets bestowed upon them by, it is said, the Prince of Wales. To Lady Caroline Barry, "Billingsgate" was accorded, because of her occasional indulgence in epithets other than choice. To Richard, seventh Earl of Barrymore, "Hellgate." To Henry "Cripplegate," he, like Lord Byron, having a clubfoot. And to Augustus "Newgate," a strange cognomen for one in holy orders,

[1] Appendix A.

acquired, it is said, by the fact, that the only prison he was not personally acquainted with was that one. The authority for the statement, however, omits to say whether in his professiona capacity, or that of a 'resident,' but no doubt the reader might supply that omission after his perusal of this work. To these was added "Profligate" for their tutor, but this must have been for the tutor of Henry and Augustus, for it has been recorded, that the Revd. John Tickell of Wargrave was not deserving of that appellation.

Lady Caroline Barry, when on a visit to France this year, 1788, married, at St. Germains, the Comte de Melfort, who had a fortune of 500,000 livres,[1] great grandson of John Drummond, Earl of Melfort, once Secretary of State for Scotland, who followed James II. into exile, and for this allegiance was created by him Duke of Melfort. This title was confirmed after by the French King, Louis XIV. After his marriage, the Comte de Melfort came to England, where he stayed for some time, and entered with zeal into the sports and pastimes of his brothers-in-law. But, at last, for some reason, their sister's marriage was annulled.

The Honourable Henry Barry was not gifted with the better traits of character and disposition which his elder brother possessed.[2] A gentleman who knew them all states in his memoirs that Henry and Augustus were ten times more mis-

[1] About 20,000*l.* sterling. [2] Henry Angelo.

chievous and profligate than their brother the earl, and utterly destitute of one of his many redeeming qualities. It is thought that to these 'honourable' gentlemen is due much of the earl's bad reputation gained by yielding through good nature and brotherly love to the wiles of the graceless pair. In fact, even at this period when neither had left school, they showed a precocity that augured ill for their future careers. Harry or Henry Angelo, a celebrated fencing master, instructed the earl in the use of arms, and became his friend, often accompanied Lady Caroline's playing on the harpsichord with his flute, a valuable instrument with silver keys. One day the flute was missing from its accustomed place, and all efforts to find it were fruitless. Some months after, Angelo was told by a person who styled himself "Joe the Conjuror," an exponent of all games of cards, "fourberie," that "Newgate" had "left" the flute at an avuncular relative's in Jermyn Street, as one of the means of providing for a trip to Newmarket. Another expedient adopted by them, Angelo affirms, for a similar purpose, was to put up to auction at a dinner party given by the earl, after the cloth was removed, any and every thing of value obtained on credit.

The individual who bore the cognomen "Joe the Conjuror," a German by birth, is said to have instructed the younger Barrys in some of his rascalities. But whether this were so or not, they showed scant respect for their alleged in-

structor. "Joe" had allowed his hair to grow so long that he was able to sport a queue, of which he was very proud. This offended Henry and Augustus Barry, who one afternoon plied "Joe" with brandy until he was drunk, then cut off his "tail" and threw it out of window. When "Joe" recovered, he swore to be revenged, and threatened legal and other proceedings. A *douceur*, however, prevented these threats from being put into effect, but this precious pair were never afterwards "at home" to "Joe" when he called.

CHAPTER V.

A stag hunt near Wargrave by the earl's hounds—The Earl of Barrymore's record at the First Spring Meeting, Newmarket, 1788—A whimsical bet—The earl bestows his patronage on the "prize ring"—Further account of the earl's racing successes—A match made by Earl Barrymore for which he had to pay forfeit.

PENDING the commencement of the racing season at Newmarket, Earl Barrymore pursued his hunting and other sports at Wargrave. The following incident occurred on February 27th, 1788. The earl had "turned out" one of his best deer at Maidenhead Thicket; the animal gave the hounds a good run for an hour and a half, and at length jumped through the open window of the dining-room at Mr. Neville's house, Lowbrook, greatly to the alarm of a servant who was occupied in the room, but who, fortunately, had sufficient presence of mind to close the door leading to the inner portions of the house. Upon the deer finding his progress stopped, he returned by the way he had entered. Soon after the hounds came up "full cry," rushed into the room, where they made a terrible havoc in scenting their prey, but not finding the quarry they likewise departed by the way they had come.

The deer ran to Walton before he was re-taken, and gave the earl and friends another good run a few weeks after.

The *Racing Calendar* for 1788, is the first that contains the Earl of Barrymore's name as one of its subscribers, and also records the racing colours of the earl: broad blue and yellow stripes, similar to those of two well-known supporters of the turf of our own time, the late Baron Rothschild, and Mr. F. Gretton, albeit, the latter gentleman styled his "purple and orange."[1]

The Earl of Barrymore was anxious the supporters and frequenters of the turf should witness the "form" of his stable, then under the care of the well-known Perren. He therefore made his first racing appearance this year, 1788, on the 12th March, during the First Spring Meeting.[2] In one event his lordship's representative upset the favourite, who started with seven to four on.[2] Lord Barrymore also won other races. The 'odds' against his horses winning was no doubt taken advantage of by him.

During the above mentioned meeting, the earl made a bet with the Duke of Bedford for a large sum, that he would produce a man who should eat a 'live cat.' A curious wager, discreditable to both parties concerned, that attracted much notice at the time, some members of the "press" being active in their researches for previous

[1] The racing colours of Henry, eighth and last Earl of Barrymore, in 1805, are registered as "purple and orange."

[2] See Appendix B.

specimens of brutality. One chronicler related that for a wager of 50*l*., a fellow who resided near Kildare, devoured five live fox cubs. But it is only fair for 'humanity's sake,' to state that this person was little better than an idiot, being deaf and dumb, and without a palate. Another journalist recites, that a tall raw-boned shepherd, ('gentle' he could not have been) of some forty summers, a resident of Beverley, Yorks, did devour a live cat for a wager of 5*l*., a few years anterior to Lord Barrymore's bet. It was probably this person whom the earl had in mind to employ to accomplish the feat for him. I am pleased to state that no authentic record can be found of the performance of this revolting wager.

Many disciples of Nimrod of the present day, would consider what has been already narrated of the Earl of Barrymore's sporting proclivities, sufficient, but he did not (though his attention had at this period begun to be diverted to the drama); he therefore added the patronage of the prize ring, just beginning to be fostered by sporting members of the nobility and gentry. A few of the principal supporters of the 'ring' were the Prince of Wales, the Dukes of York and Clarence, the Duke of Hamilton, General Fitzpatrick, Mr. Wyndham, Alderman Coombe, and the Earl of Barrymore.

The event of importance 'within the ropes' this year was the meeting of Humphries and Mendoza, for four hundred guineas, at Odiham, Hampshire.

The encounter took place on a twenty-four foot stage, raised to permit of their patrons viewing the contest to advantage. It is not proposed to give a detailed account of the fight, which ended in Humphries' favour, and occasioned much comment at the time, for it was deemed a scientific contest, and lent impetus to the pursuit, not only by the notice given it by the 'press' of that period, but by the establishment of 'academies' to teach the 'art.' These were conducted by various candidates for pugilistic 'honours,' with results no doubt, in a pecuniary sense, beneficial to themselves.

At the Second Spring Meeting, Newmarket, the same year, the Earl of Barrymore was credited with some matches and races.[1] The events lost by his lordship's stable were principally confined to open handicaps, in which the earl had no scope to show his special gift for handicapping, as he could in a match.

A race which took place at Newmarket, on the 23rd of April, 1788, is conspicuous for two facts. First, the opening race for the Macaroni Stakes of one hundred guineas each, h.f., (then for) horses that had never won a plate or match of twenty pounds. Six years old and aged horses to carry twelve stone. All others, 11st. 7lbs., D.C. For this there were seven subscribers; and was won by the Prince of Wales's chestnut colt, *Pegasus*, by *Eclipse*, four years, ridden by a Mr. Braddyll. Second, for the

[1] See Appendix C.

first public appearance in the "pigskin," of the Earl of Barrymore, who rode his horse *Sweet-william*, although in this essay, he did not catch the judge's eye.

On the following days, April 24th, and 25th, the Earl's stable "pulled off" two events.[1] But Saturday, April 26th, was a real "red letter" day for the Earl of Barrymore's stud,[2] for every match or other event entered for, was won, and as the first consisted of four matches made by him, it is clear that his ability for handicapping has not been over-estimated. On this memorable occasion, his lordship's first success in the "pigskin" was in a match against Sir George Armytage's *Star-gazer*, ridden by the jockey Jewison, 8st. 4lb., the Earl riding his own horse *Rockingham*, 8st. 12lb. It is mentioned in connection with this match, that three mounted jockeys were placed at various parts of the course, to show the Earl the way. But the old horse *Rockingham*, scorned their united assistance; as the competitors had no sooner been sent on their "mission," than *Rock-ingham* bolted with the Earl, and when across the flat, was leading *Stargazer* by a quarter of a mile. To prevent injury to his lordship, the doors of the "rubbing house" stable were closed, and precautions taken. These fortunately proved un-necessary, for the sagacious *Rockingham* stopped of his own accord at the *winning post*. Betting four to one on Rockingham.

The Earl of Barrymore's zeal in making matches,

[1] See Appendix D. [2] See Appendix E.

often led him to undertake more than he was able to perform; the following will suffice as an example. Lord Barrymore laid the Duke of Bedford a large sum, that he would "weight" a horse belonging to another member of the turf, who should run against, and beat a horse in his Grace's stable, carrying a specified weight. But, the Earl had "betted," (not "reckoned") without first consulting the horse's owner; and the latter, when his lordship acquainted him with the match he had made, refused to permit his horse to run, saying, "he could make and manage his own engagements." As this was a "play" or "pay" match, the Earl was upon the "horns of a dilemma," and at once sought the Duke at the Jockey Club, Newmarket, and explained his difficulty, concluding by saying he was prepared to pay forfeit for his over zealousness. The Duke of Bedford then suggested as a compromise, that he had heard mention of the Earl's epigrammatical powers, and, if he would exercise them there to his Grace's satisfaction, he would forego the bet. He was to write a song, on his churlish sporting associate, the first letter of each line to be one contained in the name of that person, with the term "Esquire" annexed, together with his place of abode in town. To this task the Earl of Barrymore agreed, wrote the words required in the form of a song, and sang it, with applause, before the members of the Jockey Club. Whereon his Grace put his pencil through the entry in his betting book.

CHAPTER VI.

The Earl of Barrymore appears in the saddle at Ascot—Al fresco entertainments at Wargrave—The earl as a "whip" and postilion—The Honourable Henry Barry's character as a rider—The earl's hackney coach freak—His turf record for 1788 continued—Racing at Lewes and Brighton—He plays the *rôle* of "crier"—Buys a horse with only two faults.

THE Earl of Barrymore, after the events narrated, gave his stud at Newmarket a rest; though he put in an appearance at "Black" Ascot where, on May 27th, 1788, he rode his mare *Columbine*, in a sweepstake race of one hundred guineas each, but could only get second. At the close of this meeting, he went down to his favourite country resort, Wargrave, where he made merry with his friends, and gave al-fresco dinners, and other entertainments. Some of these were held upon one of the numerous islets with which the Thames abounds, others in Blake's Wood near Wargrave. On several occasions, the Earl and his friends would prepare the repast themselves, and dig from the earth as required, wines of the choicest brands, previously buried there by the servants, who would mark the spot in some pre-arranged way.

At other times his lordship's guests would be preceded by a small hand waggon, drawn by two or three servants, who would, on arriving at a selected sylvan spot, pitch a tent, and therein spread a sumptuous cold collation. The Earl would then ask his guests to imagine themselves in the "Forest of Arden," and drive away care by song and revelry.

The power of fascination possessed by this eccentric person was so great, that men of most demure and discreet natures, were induced to fall in with his whims and humours, frequently in spite of the resolutions they had formed to resist his wiles. In fact it was often said, that the starched gravity of a quaker would have yielded to Barrymore's seductions. Therefore it may be imagined, that many were laid low at his convivial gatherings by potations other than wise. Yet the host himself, for the custom of that riotous age, was as a rule, but a moderate drinker and eater.

These entertainments were diversified by driving, riding, cricket, and other pursuits. The earl became one of the best 'whips' in the kingdom. Sometimes when he was driving along the Bath road, waggoners would stay his progress by monopolizing the 'crown' of the road, or by not keeping to the 'near' side. If upon remonstrance, one used bad or uncivil language, the earl would stop, jump down, and thrash the ill-mannered churl; and if, like "Colonel Quagg," he took it 'quietly,' or 'laying down,' the earl

would give the fellow a guinea as a solace to his bruises. If the offender on the contrary took it 'fighting,' sometimes his lordship would get worsted, when he would shake hands with his antagonist, and wish him better manners for the future.

A favourite freak of the earl's was to take some of his guests back to London, without announcing to them his intention to act as 'Jehu' or 'post-boy,' but simply that he and his brother Henry would accompany them. On the chaise being drawn up at the door, the returning guests would be requested to take their seats, but not to 'monopolize all the room,' as he and his brother would presently join them. But, as soon as they were seated, the door would be shut with a bang, and off the chaise would go helter-skelter. The affrighted occupants, thinking the horses had bolted, would put their heads out of the windows, and beseech passers-by to stop the supposed runaway animals. As every request of this kind did but lend additional impetus to the speed of the vehicle, it was soon discovered that the post-boys had started off with a determination 'to break the record' or their necks. The bumped and bruised occupants would now offer bribes for the post-boys to stay their wild career. These would be followed by entreaties, and threats of vengeance; these one and all were useless. At last, the occupants would take refuge in the straw, to save themselves from being jolted out of window. Upon the first stage being reached, the door on each side would

be flung open, and the affrighted passengers asked how they had enjoyed their ride, so far, 'if the pace was to their liking,' &c., &c., and before these sentences were finished, the jolted travellers would discover in the truculent post-boys, the earl and his brother Henry.

The latter, although not equal to his brother, the earl, as a jockey on the flat, or so good a judge of 'pace' and 'form,' excelled him as a rider in other respects, notably in the field, where he was bold to desperation. The earl, on the contrary, would one day plunge with his horse into the Thames, and swim him across to the opposite bank; and, the next day he would hesitate to take a fence, hedge, or bush, that a boy on a pony would 'negotiate.' His brother Henry was utterly devoid of fear when in the saddle, a matter for surprise when his infirmity is remembered.[1]

On going to or from London in a post chaise, the earl and his brother when a few miles on the road, would stop the vehicle, and change jackets and places with the post-boys, whom they would rattle along in a more than 'professional' style, till they wished themselves the drivers, instead of the driven.

Another freak of the earl's about this period, was to hire a hackney coach, when accompanied by others as 'harum scarum' as himself, he would drive along Oxford 'Road' as then called.

[1] Referring to his 'club foot,' he often said, he ought to wear the spur on the toe instead of the heel!

During their progress, the earl would mimic the cries of a woman in distress; these sounds always attracted some Briton, St. George-like ever ready to do battle for the fair, who would stop the coach, whereupon his lordship and friends would alight, and belabour the interposer for his impertinence.

However, these and other vagaries of this noble roysterer, were mere interludes in his sporting and dramatic pastimes. For the latter, the earl was forming grandiose plans, in fact, he desired, like every devotee 'of the boards,' to have a theatre of his own, though he did not yet put his wishes into effect.

Towards the end of July, 1788, the Earl of Barrymore resumed racing[1] at Chelmsford and Lewes. The latter meeting witnessed a match between horses owned by the earl and Sir John Lade, ridden by their respective owners. Sir John might as regards age and experience on the turf, have been looked upon as a 'master,' and the Earl of Barrymore, a pupil in the school of racing. But in the result the pupil beat the master.

The Earl of Barrymore while at Brighton in October of this year, 1788, rode in some horse matches, made while breakfasting with the Prince of Wales at the pavilion. These took place on the 13th. The Prince of Wales drove Lady Archer in his curricle, drawn by a pair of fine greys to the starting post, which was opposite Mrs. Fitzherbert's windows, on the Steine. As

[1] See Appendix F.

these matches do not appear in the *Racing Calendar*, I give them here. The first match was between the Earl of Barrymore, and his brother Henry, both mounted on ponies, this Henry Barry won easily ; the second between the Comte de Melfort and a Mr. Lee, this the Comte won; the third included the Earl, his brother, and Mr. Lee, which the Earl won; the fourth was contested by his lordship, and Mr. Lee, who rode a horse belonging to the Prince, and won. The fifth, and last match, was between the Earl and his brother Henry, the latter again beat his lordship, and thus won the stakes. The Prince of Wales was much pleased at the jockeyship all round.

The so-termed "back end" of the racing season this year, 1788, served to add to the Earl's racing laurels; and towards the end of September, his lordship, though still under age, is found measuring himself with Charles James Fox, the recognized master of the art of handicapping at that time,[1] whose representative started with the odds on him, but was beaten by the Earl's less fancied filly.

Another judicious match,[2] run on September 30th, made by the Earl against another turf veteran's[3] representative, fell to his lordship. The following month at the second October meeting, on the 14th, the Earl of Barrymore's representative won another match against a colt owned by Charles James Fox ; in fact, the same animal his lordship's filly had

[1] Appendix G. [2] Appendix H. [3] Lord Clermont.

defeated the previous meeting, though the Earl's representative was changed. It is possible Mr. Fox may have been dissatisfied with his colt's running, and matched him this time against a colt of Lord Barrymore's to show his true form; however, the ultimate result was the same.

But the most important antagonist the Earl pitted his stable against, this meeting, was the Duke of Queensberry, the ever-green "Old Q" whose racing career will be remembered, and spoken of, and referred to, as long as horse racing flourishes at Newmarket. For some forty years, had his Grace, first as Earl of March and Ruglen, owned, bred, and raced horses; in fact, was looked upon as the shrewdest of owners. The Earl of Barrymore did not let that reputation stop him against matching a favourite performer [1] of his own against one of his Grace's for 500 guineas, his lordship's horse conceding 2 lb. to the Duke's. The ring quickly followed "his Grace," as their successors in after years did "the Baron," and made his horse favourite with odds of 6 and 7 to 4 on. This must have been a fine opportunity for the Earl to make good any previous losses, as his representative won.

On the last day of this meeting, the Earl's representative won another [1] match against a horse owned by Lord Clermont. His lordship could hardly have had better proof of the quality and form of his stable, than the results shown by

[1] Appendix H.

them at this time, the racing studs of the Duke of Queensberry, Lord Clermont, and Charles James Fox, being high class, and efficient in all respects at this period.

Lord Barrymore's wit and humour was shown at Newmarket, as much as at other places better adapted for its display. Coming from his stables there, one day along the High Street, he stopped of a sudden, and began to call out lustily, Oh, yes! Oh, yes! Oh, yes! after the manner of the orthodox criers. So soon as a sufficient crowd had collected, the earl submitted this offer. "Who wants to buy a horse, that can walk five miles an hour, trot eighteen and gallop thirty."

"I do," said several of the bystanders in the same breath.

"Then depend upon it," said the earl, "if I hear of any such prodigy for sale, I will let you all know." He then turned on his heel and walked quietly down the street, followed by the laughter of his audience, who, now saw they had been 'sold.'

Nor did the earl fail to improve his knowledge of hippology, at any, and every opportunity. Being once at Henley fair, a horse "coping" joskin approached him, and after pulling his forelock, scratching his head, twisting the straw in his mouth, and otherwise following the fashion of his kind, asked the earl in the true confidential style of a horse dealer, "If he vanted to buy a noice galding."

"Is he good for anything?" asked the earl.

"Very, my lud, he 'as but two foolts."

"What's the figure?"

"Twanty guineas."

"I'll take him; and now, the deal concluded, tell me his brace of faults?"

"The fust, my lud, is, if he's lat loose in a padduck, ye can't val cotch 'im agin."

"That can soon be remedied by not putting him out to grass; but what of his other failing?"

"Vy, that my lud, to tel' the rale trowth is muir dastrassin', fur ven yu cotched 'im, he be'ant wurth the trooble."

The earl laughed heartily at being taken in by the horse-coper, and afterwards acknowledged it was a case of the "engineer being hoisted by his own petard."

CHAPTER VII.

Conclusion of the Earl of Barrymore's racing record for 1788—Some account of Sir John Lade—Dr. Johnson's verses on Sir John's coming of age—The Earl of Barrymore's fancy for founding convivial clubs—An example of these: the Bothering Club.

At the Houghton meeting, Newmarket, October, 1788, the Earl of Barrymore's racing stud fully maintained its character.[1] The number of racing engagements that he entered into this year was one hundred and four. This, for a beginner, cannot be said to err on the side of prudence, particularly as experience has to be purchased on the turf, as in most other sporting pursuits. The volatile earl heeded this but little; if he had taken to racing seriously—could an individual of his temperament do so—he might have carried on his other extravagancies almost with impunity.

Sir John Lade, who has already been alluded to as a great supporter of the turf at this time, played from time to time an important part in the career of the Earl of Barrymore. Therefore, some particulars of this "last of the Lades" will not now be out of place.

[1] See Appendix I.

Sir John's ancestors were long seated at Warleigh, Sussex, and a member of the family was made a baronet 1730, but the title became extinct in 1795-6, through failure of male issue. This Sir John Lade left most of his property to his cousin, John Inskipp, who assumed the name of Lade, and was made a baronet in 1806; he died some years later, leaving a posthumous heir, the Sir John of this notice, in ward to his uncle, Mr. Thrale of Southwark and Streatham. This gentleman was the friend of Dr. Samuel Johnson, with whom the young baronet was frequently brought in contact.

It is said the learned doctor found ample food for philosophy in the wild and reckless character of Sir John. In fact the 'wildness' of his friend's ward led the doctor to indite the following verses upon Sir John's majority:—

"Long-expected one-and-twenty,
Lingering year at length is flown:
Pride and pleasure, pomp and plenty,
Great Sir John, are now thine own.

Loosened from the minor's tether,
Free to mortgage or to sell;
Wild as wind, and light as feather,
Bid the Sons of Thrift farewell.

Call the Betsy's, Kates, and Jennies,
All the names that banish care;
Lavish of your grandsire's guineas,
Show the spirit of the heir.

All that prey on Vice and Folly
Joy to see their quarry fly;
There's the gamester light and jolly,
There's the lender grave and sly.,

Wealth, my lad, was made to wander,
Let it wander as it will;
Call the jockey, call the pander,
Bid them come and take their fill.

When the bonny blade carouses,
Pockets full and spirits high,
What are acres? What are houses!
Only dirt, wet or dry!

Should the guardian friend or mother,
Tell the woes of wilful waste,
Scorn their counsels, scorn their pother,
You can hang or drown at last."

Of course the sage did not frame these verses to present to the baronet, or for any purpose connected with Sir John's coming of age. In fact, after writing, he kept them by him for some time; but at last presented them to Mrs. Thrale with a request that they should not be shown to anyone. However, some years later that lady included them in a book she wrote. She also relates in a later work, "Johnsoniana," how the doctor levelled another shaft at Sir John Lade (then of age). This occurred at her house at Streatham. The house party being assembled one evening round the fire in the drawing-room, Sir John asked the doctor in a somewhat disrespectful manner,—

"Mr. Johnson, would you advise me to marry?"

The doctor answered,—

"I would advise no man to marry, sir, who is not likely to propagate understanding," and, rising from his chair, left the room.

Sir John appeared dumbfounded, but, before

he recovered his wonted demeanour, the doctor returned and, taking his accustomed seat, joined in the conversation, which he gradually led to the married state, expressing some learned opinions on that blissful condition. It is possible the doctor was thinking what might happen were his hostess to become a widow. Mr. Thrale died shortly after this, having made Dr. Johnson one of his executors.

In due time, it is said, Dr. Johnson made Mrs. Thrale an offer, which the lady declined.

Mrs. Thrale afterwards married Mr. Piozzi, by whose name she is better known to the reading public, than by that of Thrale. Her first marriage gave her wealth, Mr. Thrale being a brewer in Southwark, in fact he owned the brewery now known as Barclay, Perkins & Co.

Dr. Johnson's verses were prophetic of the career of Sir John Lade. It was probably their similarity—recklessness—that made the Earl of Barrymore tend towards Sir John, but it is only fair to admit, that the earl possessed abilities of which the other was destitute.

During his ephemeral existence, the Earl of Barrymore founded many social and convivial (so-called) clubs, some of which had his own places of residence for headquarters, others were housed at hostelries in town, Wargrave, and its neighbourhood.

One of the first of these was the "Bothering," whose principal meetings were held at his lordship's residence, Wargrave, for the purpose of

playing jokes, by confederates, on new guests or visitors. Some minister of the earl's 'Court of Folly' would say during dinner to the selected victim :—

"Allow me the pleasure of taking wine with you, Mr. Shufflebottom."

"With great pleasure, sir! but my name is not Shufflebottom, it is Bonsor."

"You joke, sir! Come! let us toast one another, but upon my word, you are the image of Mr. Shufflebottom, my neighbour in Elbow Lane, that I could have sworn to it."

"I assure you, sir, I know no gentleman who bears that name."

The next moment a confederate enters, first apologizing to his lordship for being late, turns and exclaims,—

"Oh! who do I see? why, my old friend Shufflebottom. Dear me! this is a pleasure."

"You err, sir," the perplexed guest would asseverate. "I am not Mr. Shufflebottom, but Charles Ezekiel Bonsor."

At which the table, learned in the art of mystifying, would break into a roar.

The bewildered visitor would then glance around for the friend who had brought, and introduced him. But that individual had discreetly left the room. On not finding his friend, the visitor would then appeal to his lordship; his answer was, as a rule,—

"He did not know what to think, but thought appearances against his guest," who still said

he was Charles Ezekiel Bonsor, and no other person. Whereon someone would say,—

"Hang it, Shufflebottom, you're 'smoked.'"

"What do you mean, sirrah?"

"Why, my good sir! Ha! ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho! ho! that you are simply Jacob Shufflebottom, mousetrap and nutmeg-grater maker of Elbow Lane, and the greatest wag in Christendom."

Others would supplement this pleasantry (?) by divers assertions, while some would artfully contrive to ply the astonished guest with wine, until, what with his perplexities, and the fumes of the wine, he forgot whether he was really Bonsor or Shufflebottom.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Earl of Barrymore erects a theatre at Wargrave—The building—The first performances held therein—The earl and his team of "greys"—Makes further additions to his stud—Some account of its performances during 1789—The earl acts as his own check-taker on a "theatre evening"—His kindness to distressed friends.

As an interlude in his racing and sporting pastimes, the Earl of Barrymore, during the year 1788, built opposite his cottage at Wargrave,[1] a theatre modelled after the then late Opera House, which was erected by Mr. Cox, formerly of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden. This little theatre was considered the most handsome and luxurious in the kingdom. Stage machinery was a special feature, as the earl purposed to produce pantomimes. The scenery was painted by Messrs. Young and Emmanuel. The wardrobe, which cost two thousand pounds, was supplied by the best costumiers of the day. In fact from first to last the earl expended something like sixty thousand pounds on this theatre alone. It was computed that the histrionic displays given in it, had

[1] A spot that is now walled and laid out as a garden, and an appurtenance to his lordship's cottage, now dignified by the title of "Barrymore House."

been the means of many thousands of pounds being disbursed in Wargrave and its neighbourhood by the numerous visitors, who came from all parts to attend the performances. These visitors were of all ranks, from the Prince of Wales to the yokel; for the earl generously gave the villagers an opportunity 'to see the play' on certain nights during his theatrical season.

Adjoining the theatre was a sumptuous salon, for the reception of visitors. Between the acts refreshments were served here from a recess, by six stalwart footmen in liveries of scarlet and gold. The illumination of this salon and theatre, was effected by twenty-eight handsome cut glass chandeliers; and over the niche alluded to, was displayed the armorial bearings of the Barrymores fully emblazoned.

The 'professional' managers of the Earl's theatre were John Edwin the younger, and 'Anthony Pasquin;' the latter was the *nom-de-plume* of J. W. Williams, a person who afterwards obtained unenviable notoriety; Mr. Williams also filled two other posts in the earl's service, those of poet laureate and secretary.

Soon after the inauguration of the theatre, a special performance was given on the 25th January, 1789, to which all the surrounding gentry, together with some *bon vivants* from London, were invited. On this evening the Earl of Barrymore played *Brass*, in the Confederacy and *Sebastian* in the *Midnight Hour*, but did not appear to advantage in the latter character,

although his *Brass*, coupled with the *Dick* of Harry Angelo, caused much amusement, and won applause. This was a marked improvement on the Earl's appearance at Brighton the previous September, 1788, as *Captain Bobadil* in *Every Man in his Humour*, before H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, &c., &c., when his lordship was ridiculed.

To celebrate the opening of his theatre, the Earl gave, early in February, 1789, a supper followed by a ball at March's Rooms, Henley, where a well-designed transparency was exhibited in honour of the event. On the Saturday preceding this, the last performance for the winter months at his lordship's theatre took place; the Earl on this occasion supplemented his own amateur company with Mr. Thornton's, lessee of the Reading Theatre; this additional force improved the representation of the pieces selected for performance. After the play, visitors, guests, and actors, were entertained with lavish hospitality, which was particularly appreciated by the actors.

The Earl of Barrymore at this period still wanted a few months of his majority, but months, days, or hours, were equally unimportant in this respect to this vivacious and precocious youth. He allowed nothing in the shape of money as long as he was able, to stand in the way of his desires. Therefore, seeing one day Lord Sefton "tooling" a team of handsome greys, he immediately wanted to emulate, or outdo him, and for this purpose every horse-dealer in London was

visited ; cost in this, as in all other gratifications, being of little or no importance. The animals desired were found, after much trouble, and purchased with admitted judgment, as to their points and matching. This team excited both admiration and envy when driven by the Earl in the street, the park, or on the course at Newmarket. They figured at the latter place at the First Spring Meeting of 1789, yoked to a particularly smart phaeton.

It was at this time that the Earl of Barrymore thought of going into the army, a project which furnished small talk to the Earl's numerous friends and acquaintances. One of these, informing a Major Ramsay of this intention, the son of Mars replied : " That to the French service, he might carry strong recommendation, he having made the Scotch (Scots) Grey's fly before him."

His lordship this year, 1789, made further additions to his racing stud, although his expenses must have been—like the " great majority " —always on the increase, what with the addition of his theatricals, balls, and other entertainments ; but of this no heed was taken by the " madcap " Earl. He bought from Sir John Lade the then well-known horse *Snowball*, also *Highflyer*, *Skiff*, *Tom Thumb*, *Smoke the Captain*, *Pallafox*, and *Toss* from others, which with those already acquired made a long and expensive " string " of animals in training. To follow the performances of the Earl's racing stud, would be, not only beyond the scope of the present work, but tedious

for any but a professed racing authority to "wade" through. I therefore transfer some of its principal winning records to an appendix,[1] where the Earl will be found pursuing his match-making against Mr. Charles James Fox, Sir Charles Bunbury, and others.

A race, which took place at Ascot[1] this year (1789), is singular by three out of the six competing owners, viz., Comte de Melfort, Lord Barrymore, and the Hon. Henry Barry, all relatives, only going to the post, who finished in the order named, but the Earl claimed the race on the score of being crossed by the Comte de Melfort, and the stewards allowed it.

It is an old axiom with racing men, to a certain degree true, "that it is not the weight, but blood will tell." This appears to have been the Earl of Barrymore's justification for a match[1] he made at an October Meeting at Newmarket against a horse owned by the Duke of Queensberry, who carried four stone less, and received a beating, though the ring thought he could not lose, only taking the odds of 5 to 2 in his favour; but it should be said the Earl's representative was five years old, and his Grace's two.

The number of races in which the Earl's horses competed in 1789 was ninety-four, of which only twenty were awarded "winning brackets," leaving seventy-four to the debit side of the racing ledger, a circumstance to be regretted, when it has been shown how the Earl might have obtained more

[1] Appendix J.

favourable results. Therefore, it is not matter for surprise, to find the following allusion to the Earl of Barrymore's affairs in a chronicle of those days: "Lord Barrymore is beginning to profit from his experience on the turf, at an age when few young men of fashion, have entered on its follies. He has full time to retrieve his fortune and fame from such predominant follies."

The Earl, with a view to making his racing colours popular, attired his coachman and footman in dark blue livery coats, with large yellow capes. But this was more than "Coachee," and "Jeames and Chawles," could stand; they finally gave his lordship notice to quit his service, when they said: the "lower ordurs" took them for infamous characters, clad in a penitential garb, which affected their "locus standi" so much, that even credit was denied them by "pussons," who before were only too anxious to "sarve 'em." This expostulation determined the Earl to form some less obnoxious way to parade his racing colours.

During the Earl of Barrymore's theatrical season at Wargrave, the tickets, or cards of admission and invitation, would be issued *en bloc*, for various nights in the week. One evening his lordship took it into his head to stand at the entrance to the theatre, and act as his own check-taker, when a sturdy farmer entered and handed him an order for admission, dated for the previous evening. "This won't do," said the Earl, "you should have got one dated for this evening."

"Vy noa! that's be's mur' than I's bargined fur. An' I needs must tel' thee a bit of my moind. I's got that thar ordur frum 'oon of my lud's sarvants, fur to see this 'ere show; an' if it be's ya' doan't let I in, I'll tal' Tummas, my lud's foitmun, an' he'll git thee turned away."

"That's a most grievous piece of news, indeed," said the earl; "but sure now, you won't be so cruel."

"Com'! com'!" answered the relenting yeoman. "Yoi be's a gude dacant koind of chap, an' I'll tel' 'ee what I'll do. Vy! if you'l be agrable, vy, I'll be agrable, joost to obleege."

"To *oblige*, then," said the Earl, "I will be agreeable for once in a way."

"Then th' short of the matter be, I'll giv' thee a shalling to pas' me in, an' we'll say no mur' aboot it."

The noble amateur accepted the proposal, and the farmer entered the theatre.

On the Earl's going into the green room, soon after, he recited his adventure with glee; though he believed himself liable to be brought before Mr. Justice Chase, at Reading, for taking money for admission to an unlicensed playhouse.

When the jovial farmer was told it was Lord Barrymore with whom he had negotiated his entrance, he exclaimed, with the true indepen d en feeling of a British yeoman, "Vell, an' if he be's a Lud, what cares I. I's Mr. Neville's tenant, an' pay's my rent ven due, and cares nothin' for

nobody, not I. Odd's rabbit! if he vanted to be's treated as a gintlemon, vy did he not tal' me *he vas a gintlemon.*"

Another diversion of the earl's, on a theatre evening, was to slip out after the performance, in a yokel's habiliments from the theatrical wardrobe, and then mix with the visitors coming out of the theatre. If he heard any criticism passed depreciatory of a performer, or upon others, they always heard of it from the Earl at supper, exaggerated with all his powers of wit and raillery.

As it is "a poor heart that never rejoices," so it is a more than bad one that does not contain, metaphorically, a little of the milk of human kindness for others, if only shown at remote intervals.

The Earl of Barrymore, with all his foibles, and means, as well as opportunities to indulge them, could, and did feel for, and assist a friend, or even an acquaintance in distress, especially so if the unfortunate person had in any way rendered him a service or kindness at any time. One example will substantiate this. His lordship, while a youth at Wargrave, had received many favours from a retired officer, Captain Josias Taylor; whatever these were it is sufficient to know the Earl remembered them, and having heard, after he had left the Rev. John Tickell's tuition, that his old warrior friend had been arrested for debt, and thrown into jail, he went to the place where the old soldier was incarcerated, and proffered the contents of his pocket-book to discharge the debt and costs. This Captain

Taylor gratefully declined, as his arrest had been effected unjustly. The captain interrogated his would-be benefactor as to why he had sought him. His lordship declined to answer, but again urged the acceptance of his pocket-book, the captain remaining firm in his refusal. The Earl of Barrymore, finding he was foiled in his endeavours to return the veteran to the bosom of his family, contrived with consummate tact and delicacy, to make such arrangements with his custodian as would render the stout-hearted old officer's detention as comfortable as possible.

CHAPTER IX.

Pugilism at Wargrave—Hooper "the Tinman's" adventure at Vauxhall Gardens—Marriage of Sir John Lade—Who the "lady" was—The Earl of Barrymore's Wargrave residence, and its accommodation—The Earl's peculiarities—Dining and diners at Wargrave.

The theatrical representations and hunting were not the only entertainments this erratic Earl afforded his guests. He would diversify these by boxing, or pugilistic matches, for which he would engage some of the most noted members of the ring, who would "be put up" at the "George," not as some affirm at his cottage.[1] Here at one time were located Johnson, Big-Ben, Hooper 'the Tinman,' The Brothers Ward, and Jackson. With these professors of the art of self-defence, the Earl amused his guests, who would be asked to take a "bout," only to find themselves "knocked out of time," much to the amusement of his lordship, and those who had had previous experience of these encounters. An outcome of this form of entertainment (?) was the retention of Tom Hooper as pugilistic tutor; although the pupil had already acquired as much

[1] Next door but one to that hostelry.

knowledge of the art as a pugilist, therefore, Hooper's post became all but a sinecure.

Hooper was also known as "Bully" Hooper. This man was a native of Bristol, a city that has been the birthplace of many noted pugilists; but it is doubtful whether it ever produced a more spirited and determined boxer than Hooper. Fear he knew not, and, in all his pugilistic encounters, entered the ring confident of victory. Nor did the superior stature, or greater strength of an opponent depress his courage. In fact Hooper was a true "lion-hearted" pugilist, a fact further proved by his small size, compared with many first-rate pugilists of those days, whom he often encountered. Combined with this indomitable courage and bottom, that outlasted his bodily strength, was thorough knowledge of the pugilistic art, which he showed in most of his encounters. He was a scientific boxer. Before adopting the "ring" as a means of livelihood, Hooper followed the trade of a "Tinman," in the Tottenham Court Road, hence his sobriquet. In his original calling he earned the reputation of a "well-mannered, civil young man;" but his prowess in boxing being found out by his companions, he was matched against Clarke, whom he easily defeated. This victory brought him into notice, and by it he acquired the patronage of the Earl of Barrymore.

The sudden elevation from mending pots and pans, to association with his superiors, proved too much for the equilibrium of Hooper, who, like

most uneducated persons, thought the favour shown him by the Earl and other noblemen and gentlemen proceeded from motives of pure personal friendship, instead of being a tribute to his skill as a pugilist, an error of judgment which not only caused much annoyance, but ultimately lost him the Earl's favour.

It is said, that Hooper fought more battles than any pugilist of his time, with success, in most cases.

At last Lord Barrymore had to turn Hooper into his lackey, to keep him out of mischief, while not engaged in training for some pugilistic match for which his employer had backed him.

An incident occurred while Hooper held this strange position in Earl Barrymore's service, which shows how ardently his lordship sought for novelty, even from a prize-fighter. After a dinner given by the Earl one summer, he suggested a visit to Vauxhall Gardens, then at the height of their fame. His guests being agreeable, carriages were ordered, and off the party went. The Earl had prearranged the visit in one particular. Some of his lordship's guests where hardly so grave as the *Sphinx*, as they were driven through the streets. But this perhaps, should pass unnoticed, after a dinner in the last century. The party, however, were put down safely at the gardens, and had not been long in the grounds, before the Earl walked up to a clergyman attired in the most orthodox fashion, and asked: "If he had had any supper."

"Vy, no, my lud, I've not as yet 'ad any."

His lordship's guests could not reconcile the clerical garb of the speaker, with his manner of speech.

The Earl then hailed a waiter who passed, and bade him supply the clergyman with what he wanted, at his (the Earl's) charge, and then turning to the "divine" told him to eat well; and to drink as much "arrack" punch, as he pleased.

"Thank ye, my lud, I begins to be a bit hungry, an' I don't care 'ow soon I pecks a bit."

This "pillar of the church," was no other than Hooper "the Tinman." The facetious Earl had had him disguised as a parson, and ordered to be "in waiting" at Vauxhall, in case any of his guests, or himself for that matter, should make or get into a row. All, however, went well till three o'clock in the morning; at this hour the Earl of Barrymore and his party, amongst whom were Lord Falkland, Sir Henry Molyneux, Harry Angelo, the Honourable Henry Barry, etc., were at supper. All of a sudden a tumult arose, accompanied by a rush towards the orchestra. To be in the fray, whatever it was, the Earl and his friends were as anxious as any present, so they hurried out of their box, upsetting in their haste plates, dishes and glasses. On reaching the scene of disorder, Hooper was discovered giving fight to all who interrupted him, as well as offering to box with any present. This outbreak was a natural result of unlimited "arrack" punch.

It need not be suggested to the reader that the display of "muscular Christianity" by Hooper on this occasion was not announced in the programme of the evening's entertainment. Matters might have assumed a serious complexion had not a stalwart military officer present, who knew Hooper by sight, seen through the prizefighter's disguise, and exclaimed,—

"You scoundrel, I know you in spite of your disguise; you are Hooper the boxer. Be off!"

Hooper, who had enough sense left to see he might further betray his character, as well as possibly get roughly handled by the crowd, picked up his hat and beat a hasty retreat out of the gardens. He was found at five o'clock hiding behind the Earl of Barrymore's carriage muffled in the coachman's box coat.

Sir John Lade did not accept Dr. Johnson's advice, for he entered into the bonds of matrimony; but he did not seek a wife from among the daughters or sisters of his peers. He married a woman named Smith, who had been a servant at a house in Broad Street, St. Giles', whose inhabitants were not endowed with every virtue; others assert that she had at one time been connected with the notorious Rann, *alias* "Sixteen String Jack," with whom she was last seen when he met with his death at Tyburn. However, Lady Lade's "past" is not a theme for these pages. Suffice it that she was a smart, bold woman, and became, under her husband's tuition, as deft a "whip" as Sir John himself. Lady

Lade also became a skilled horsewoman, and regularly attended the Windsor hunt. It was at one of these meetings that she attracted the attention of the Prince of Wales by her bold riding.

Confident of her skill in handling the "ribbons," Lady Lade once challenged a rival lady "whip" to drive a four in hand eight miles across Newmarket Heath for 500 guineas "play or pay." The match, however, did not come off, her rival not liking the conditions. Lady Lade's skill on the coach box inspired the following lines :—

"More than one steed Lactitia's empire feels,
Who sits triumphant o'er the flying wheels.
And, as she guides them thro' the admiring throng,
With what an air she smacks the silken thong.
Graceful as 'John' she moderates the reins,
And . . . . . strains.
Sesostris-like, such charioteers as these,
May! drive six harnessed *princes*—if they please."

It was further alleged that Sir John's epicurean tastes led to the marriage, his bride having been a cook. But this and similar statements must be looked upon as being "made to order." The facts were as recorded above.

Sir John Lade and his lady were both skilled in "stable" and other slang. Beyond which their ideas seldom, if ever, travelled, as the following testifies :—

In an invitation to dine, given by Sir John Lade, upon a racecourse in the neighbourhood of his residence, Cant's Hill, he promised his guest

"A trout spotted like a coach dog, a fillet of veal as white as alabaster, a 'pantaloon' cutlet, and heaps of pancakes as big as coach wheels. So . . . !"

Though Lady Lade was received or tolerated by her husband's more intimate friends, and honoured by the notice of the heir apparent, there were many families of "Ton" who would have nothing whatever to do with her. She, however, endeavoured to overcome this repugnance by every means in her power. Being at Brighton in 1789 she was made to feel by the then circumscribed society of that place the antipathy her presence inspired in noble dames of irreproachable record, and she prevailed on the Prince of Wales to dance with her at an assembly one evening, thinking that, after so distinguished an honour, few of her sex would debar her from their friendship. But in this point her judgment was at fault, for the Duchess of Rutland, Lady Elizabeth Luttrell, Lady Charlotte Bertie, and Mrs. Fitzgerald rose from their seats and left the room. The Duchess of Rutland, Lady Charlotte Bertie, with the Duchess of Ancaster left Brighton next day for Eastbourne, as a further protest against Lady Lade.

The Earl of Barrymore's residence at Wargrave was, and is, little more than a picturesque cottage. To make matters as comfortable as possible for his numerous guests, sometimes mustering twenty or twenty-five, he erected additional accommodation in the form of a long

two storied building facetiously called the "upper" and "lower" barracks. Here were arranged rows of beds for those who could snatch a few hours' repose to recuperate for the next day's pursuit of "folly" or "pleasure." This was often a difficult task to accomplish, as many guests when they retired to these apartments, would either sing or want to play cards, while those who would sleep if they could were frequently kept wakeful by the "jumps." Five o'clock a.m. was the usual hour for retiring, but woe betide the untutored visitor who essayed to slink off before the appointed hour of breaking up. So soon as he was missed search would be made, and, if in bed, he would be made the subject of some practical joke that often deprived him of further rest for that night or morning.

The Earl's own sleeping apartment was arranged after a peculiar manner, whether at home or abroad. His valet's first duty was to sew the sheets to the blankets, so that no portion of the latter could come in contact with his lordship's skin. The next was to cover every window, fan or sky-light with blankets, three or four thick; these were tacked to the window-panes, so as to exclude every ray of light, real or artificial, which had likewise to be shut out from any crack or crevice in the door; and should the season of the year necessitate a fire, every spark would have to be extinguished before the Earl retired. To sleep in a room under these conditions would be, to an ordinary person, like sleeping in a vault.

The breakfast hour at Wargrave was twelve o'clock, for which the Earl's guests were supposed to be ready, and to assist their host in planning entertainment for the day; although his lordship required little, if any prompting in this.

The dining-room was scarcely large enough to comfortably accommodate the number of guests often staying at Wargrave at one time; therefore, some twelve or fourteen would dine with his lordship, while the rest would be accommodated in another room. To add to his guests' comfort, as well as obviate, as much as possible, the necessity for the servants' entering and departing from a room of circumscribed dimensions, his lordship had a recess made in a wall, which had a communication with the offices; this much reduced the exits and entrances.

The reader will doubtless be able to form an idea of what a dinner at Wargrave in those days was like, presided over by a host possessing the wit, humour, and oddities of so singular a personage as Lord Barrymore was.

Anthony Pasquin, the Earl's "domestic" poet, amanuensis, or what you will, was not noted either for cleanliness of person or habits, a fault peculiar to many of the genus. One evening, when dining with his patron, he called a footman to bring pen and ink, so that he might note a *bon mot* of his host's. The Earl of Barrymore suggested that: "If he would wash his hands, he would obtain a quart of that fluid!"

Another time a guest of jocund renown, though

not a paragon of neatness in attire, came in from hunting after dinner had been served, entered the room, and took his seat in a state of more than ordinary dishevelment, as well as being spattered with mud from head to foot. The guests present covertly proposed to "roast" this person for his ill manners, and one of them remarked to the too ardent sportsman that, "he had heard he was the boldest hunter in the country."

"You're 'ironing' me," returned the hunter.

"That, indeed, would be d——d hard," interposed the Earl, "to iron before they washed you."

"Ah, well," said the butt, "if you don't mangle me, I will be content."

At this display of wit, an explosion of laughter ensued, and the negligent guest was left alone.

CHAPTER X.

Preparations at Wargrave to celebrate the Earl of Barrymore's majority—Names of the principal amateur and professional actors at the Earl's theatre—Visit of the Prince of Wales to Wargrave—The prologue and epilogue spoken before H.R.H.—Names of the plays, farces, and pantomimes produced by the Earl at his theatre—Some account of the meeting between Big Ben and Johnson, and the latter with Perrins.

As the Earl of Barrymore attained his majority in August of this year (1789), arrangements were made at Wargrave, to celebrate the event by balls, masquerades and theatrical performances.

Allusion being now made to the theatre, it will not be out of place to record the names of the amateur and professional performers who appeared "on the boards" at Wargrave. Among the amateurs were the Earl of Barrymore, and his brothers, the Honourable Lucius Cary, Mr. Blackstone, Mr. Ximenes, Mr. Nassau, Mr. Impey, Captain Davies, Captain Taylor, Captain Wathen, Captain Middleton, Captain Dives, Mr. Wade, Mr. Pollard, Mr. H. Angelo and Anthony Pasquin. The professionals were Mr. Palmer, Mr. Bannister, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Incledon, Mr. Munden, Mr. M. Williames, Mr. R. Palmer, Mr. Whitfield, Mr.

Moses Kean; while the list of actresses included Mrs. Goodall, Mrs. Rivers, Mrs. Weston, Madame Delphini, Miss Richards, Miss Chapman, Mrs. Hall and Mrs. Maddox. The professional dancers were, Mr. Vestris and Mdlle. Hilsberg, composer, Mr. Thomas Carter, prompters Messrs. Hamond and Le Brun, carpenter Mr. Reuben Cox, and six assistants; the printer was Mr. Hopwood.

The following and others were the plays produced. *The Constant Couple*, *Every Man in his Humour*, *The Follies of a Day*, *The Beaux's Stratagem*, *The Battle of Hexham*. Farces: *Hob in the Well*, *Miss in her Teens*, *The Padlock*, *Guardian and Apprentice*, *The Mayor of Garratt —Poor Soldier*, *The Midnight Hour*, and *Try Again*. Pantomimes, under the management of Delphini: *Robinson Crusoe*, *Don Juan* and *Blue Beard*.

Upon the 21st of August, 1789, the Earl of Barrymore gave in honour of the event just recorded a grand dinner at Wargave, to be followed by a special theatrical performance at his lordship's theatre. The Prince of Wales honoured the Earl with his presence, on this auspicious occasion. The prince came from Brighton, the same day, to be present, and rode post for the major part of the journey, which he and his suite accomplished in good time, but for the last two stages recourse was had to post-chaises, by which means Wargrave was reached at 4 p.m.

The accommodation afforded by the Earl of Barrymore's cottage, or small villa, was inadequate for the comfort and entertainment of H.R.H., to say nothing of other guests. The Earl's friend Mr. Hill, who resided in a spacious mansion half-a-mile out of Wargrave, generously came to his assistance, by placing the house at his disposal, for the use of the Prince of Wales and his suite. The Earl therefore sent a small army of servants, chefs, etc., as well as every luxury money could purchase—to prepare a banquet fit for his royal and noble guests, some days before their arrival. When the Prince arrived everything was in readiness. The company sat down early, as the fashion went, and rose about nine o'clock, so as to enable H.R.H. to attend the "Theatre Royal" Wargrave, as it might thenceforth be styled. On the Prince of Wales entering the box prepared for his use, Mr. Henry Angelo, stepped forward and spoke the following prologue, specially composed for the occasion :

"Of all the schemes the weak or wicked use,
'Tis sure the meanest talent to abuse.
In tracing charms the best are apt to halt,
While every ass can find, or make, a fault.
The wise alone in other arts succeed ;
In this the blockheads only take the lead.
How much the world to *Cant* its homage pays,
How hang the fate of Empires on a phrase !
The modish critic, void of force or fire,
No common fool, a lord, at least a squire,
Wrapped in the vastness of unsocial pride,
And high contempt for all the world beside,
Cold, careless, vacant, vain, serene and sad,
Thus ekes his wondrous judgment, 'Tis too bad.'
'Tis monstrous bad,' cries chattering Lady Bridget,

Her tongue a mill clack, and her frame in fidget.
She, who can twelve stout beaux at once engage,
And gaze at all things but the stage,
'Twixt mirth and malice, ever pert or mad,
Just spares from scorn and scandal, ' 'Tis too bad.'
' 'Tis very bad,' the Cornhill critic cries.
' D——n me, too bad ! ' the Wapping sage replies.
In some ' spruce ' term, that suits in every place,
(Whether immortal Shakespeare penned the play,)
Or some dull driveller of the present day)
These useful words on all occasions sit,
Thus save the toil of learning, sense and wit !
And man's own bias lets the arrow fly,
Prone to each other's hurt, we know not why.
But stings like these let London wights annoy,
Here, no black rancour blights the budding joy.
Avaunt ! vile phrase, it is, it must be good
With harmless mirth to cheer one's neighbourhood.
To spread the generous bliss, is always right,
Which fills the social circle with delight.
Power, thus employed, the fairest ends pursues,
And proves e'en ' luxury ' of modern use ;
For sure no ' railer ' can with truth deride
The genuine joys of wealth when well applied.
Our zealous leader has no scheme in view,
Save this : the heartfelt pride of pleasing you.
They who taste most delight : the most regard him.
Be all content, and then you'll best reward him.
And sure to-night no vulgar fame we boast,
A splendid tribute to our generous host !
Superior lustre gilds our humble scene,
When princely ' Brunswick ' shows his manly mien.
Not that the *Muse* a servile flattery pays
To him, the first to scorn a fulsome praise.
Oh ! where'er he moves, may all just honour greet him,
And nothing but the fame he merits meets him.
Then must his worth, the coldest breast convince,
And all applaud the patriot in the prince."

Upon the termination of the comedy, the following epilogue, written by Mr. Blackstone, was spoken by him. This gentleman was a clever, but erratic son of the judge, who was the author of the celebrated "Commentaries on the Laws of

England." Mr. Blackstone had promised his friend, the Earl of Barrymore, to write an epilogue, but had put off doing so till the preceding day, when, having partaken too freely of the "good things" provided by his noble host, he was found on the morning of the eventful day, sitting up in bed in the "upper dormitory," his head encompassed with a wet towel, when he threw, or "reeled off," to be poetically correct, the lines which follow:—

EPILOGUE.

"Close at the end of every scenic treat,
Follows the 'epilogue,' 'grace' after meat,
Indulgencies to ask, for misbehaviour,
T' extenuate faults, and sue for future favour.
But tho', all anxious, every nerve we strain,
How can we hope your plaudits to obtain?
Here the spectator, no dark Bastile perceives,
Pasteboard Versailles, or canvas Tuileries.
No keen remarks concerning French affairs,
No dancing Turks, alas no drumming hares.
Nor,—as most fit, in a gymnastic age—
Does 'Ben' with 'Johnson' fist to fist engage.
Nor 'Humphey's' here, *Antæus*-like renew
His stubborn contest with the rival Jew.
But then, in lieu of these you've got
Priscilla's, 'Tom Boy,' boxing little Watt!
Then be content, whoe'er dares to frown,
'Gibbet,' the curtain dropped, shall knock him down.
And if the lovelier sex shall look reproaches,
Hounslow and Bagshot shall attack their coaches,
And rifle from the tender, trembling things,
Their trinkets, jewels, necklaces and rings;
Tear e'en the circling bracelet from their arms,
And leave them glowing in their native charms.
But, lest our threats should fail, I'll e'en try prayer,
And trust our sentence to the generous fair.
Halting, like veteran on a broken leg,
Our noble host thus sends me out to beg.
And let not all his pleasing hopes be wrecked,
That 'good intention' may supply defect.

Though fearing much, yet hoping more he sends,
For, in the gay parterre 'all' are his friends.
Candid he found you ; hopes you'll be so still,
And measure, not ability, but will.
This boon the critic's spleen alone denies,
But milder judgments beam from Beauties' eyes
What tho' untaught in the theatric air.
We want the measured step, the practised stare.
Fearful to offend, solicitous to please,
We fail to attain an unembarrassing ease.
Their gentle bosoms never will condemn
Those whose first object is the pleasing them ;
And if our mimic efforts can beguile
Their blooming features of one happy smile,
Or chase one moment hence 'loathed melancholy.'
Come ! clap your hands, approve us with a volley.
But hold ! whilst trifling thus can we forget,
— In every Briton's heart it's recent yet—
When, darkly gathering o'er the land of late,
The lowering tempest menaced Britannia's State.
His virtues then, her first best hope unveiled,
Resentment spurned, his private ease withstood,
And gave up comforts for his country's good ;
And if to-night, this prince, by all approved,
By strangers honour'd, but by Britons loved,
Deigns to accept our faint attempt to please,
Shall not our grateful breasts the moment seize,
By honest truth, the noblest trophy raise,
For here the voice of truth, the voice of 'praise.'"

The whole performance, with the prologue and epilogue, was duly appreciated by the prince, who expressed himself to that effect to the Earl. The ball then commenced. H.R.H. stayed till 5 a.m., when he departed for York.

The reference made by Mr. Blackstone to the meeting between 'Big Ben' and Johnson, was one in which the Earl of Barrymore was interested, being one of 'Big Ben's' supporters. The encounter took place at Banbury, upon a raised stage, on which Big Ben's patron and other

persons stood during the contest. It was evident, from the continued "shifty" tactics of Big Ben, that he would get beaten; at last the crowd testified their disapprobation by hissing, etc. Lord Barrymore thought "Ben's" conduct arose from want of courage, and accused him of this, his lordship having a large amount of money at stake; he reproached "Ben" for his conduct, whereupon that fistic worthy looked in the Earl's face with serene delight, and spluttered,—

"Vy, my lud, yu' be'ant up to my gossup, I ken lick 'im ven I loikes, do'ant moind I, plaise; I's only coddin' ye!"

A match had previously been held at Banbury, between Perrins[1] the Birmingham or Manchester giant and Johnson for which the Earl of Barrymore had backed Johnson. But his lordship was prevented from attending through illness, and being anxious to know the result, he got two trusty friends, staying at Wargrave, to attend and post back with the name of the victor. Perrins' appearance in the "buff" brought forth admiration from those assembled. Perrins had originally been a whitesmith, some say a machinist, and used at his work tools double the weight of those used by an ordinary workman, in fact he looked a modern Hercules, being over six feet high and stalwart in proportion. Johnson, though a tall, well-proportioned man, was not the "giant" his adversary was. The weather on this day was not good for either combatants—interspersed with

[1] Sometimes spelt Perrings.

bright bursts of sunshine, which Johnson availed himself of by manœuvring to get the sun in Perrins' eyes. Nor was this Johnson's only tactic. He was afraid to close with his antagonist as he knew that, by Perrins' superior strength, a blow might put him hors-de-combat; in order to prevent this Johnson fell or slipped down each time Perrins got within range. Sometimes Perrins' impetus was so great that he fell over Johnson as he lay "self" stretched on the stage. These tactics continued for some time, and occasioned much consternation to Perrins' supporters, who observed, also that their favourite was getting exhausted by his ineffectual efforts. Johnson on the other hand was comparatively fresh having acted on the defensive, and now made a desperate onslaught at Perrins, and succeeded in getting home some effective body blows. Johnson, when retaliated on, pursued his falling-down tactics. At last Perrins was 'floored' by a terrific blow from Johnson, and failed to come "to time," whereupon Johnson was awarded the fight.

Two well-known patrons of the ring, in those days, were upon the 'stage'—Colonels Tarleton and Hanger; who were both "interested" in the success of Johnson. The Earl of Barrymore's emissaries posted back to Wargrave, to inform their host of the success of his "man."

CHAPTER XI.

The Earl of Barrymore astonishes the natives—His friendship with the son of a Berkshire yeoman—Strange diversion for a summer's day—Account of the Warble Club—J. M. Williams, LL.D. (Anthony Pasquin)—The mock Court of Justice held at Wargrave—J. M. Williams assists the Earl in the formulation of "Waggery," etc.

The Earl of Barrymore's volatile and eccentric temperament never flagged. If he were out for a walk with friends, while at Wargrave, he would create amusement. His tact in "bamboozling" was so fine, that common folk never thought they were being made fun of. One of these favourite pursuits the Earl termed "circumnavigating, or taking measure of the understanding," accomplished thus: Approaching a garrulous countrywoman his lordship would say,—

"I am informed, madam, that Mr. Æsculapius, the apothecary of your village is dead, and Mr. *Boreas* has married the widow."

"Lor, sir! I niver 'eard of sich fulks; but bide a bit, there vas sum sich houtlandish surt of a pusson, who travel'd th' country a toime back, with sum sich crump name as Bowerass, but I'm tuld him's sattled in the North."

"He was wise, madam. I am sure he could not find any point of the compass more congenial to his purposes. But permit me to inquire, if you ever see any of his children in these parts, Master *Zephyrus* or *Favonius* or the little *Breezes!*"

"I did hear say, sur! that he'd only vun son, an' he liv'd in Lunnon, sumwhur about Hoondsdatch."

"That is as much as to say, madam, that the gentleman has gone to the dogs!"

Among the Earl's rustic acquaintance, was the son of a Berkshire farmer, named Stone, who lived near Reading; he was a man of means, and repute. Young Stone and the Earl became friends; with this no doubt the native simpleness of the youth had something to do.

The earl took him to London, where he "showed the yokel round," as he termed it. The visit made so much impression on young Stone's mind, that he was always requesting his lordship to take him again, and this, either the Earl or his brother did. On these occasions, Stone noticed the diffidence shown to the Earl of Barrymore and his brother, by the proprietors of the various posting-houses at which they stopped, and thought he could not do better than emulate them; so he proceeded to dash about in a chaise and four,—hired on credit. The persons who supplied him with that expensive luxury, imagined it was all right. From seeing 'young hopeful' so often in the company of the Barrys, they regarded him as a person of means at least. He lived in this

style for a time, till he was found to be the son of a farmer. Those who had trusted him, then sent him their bills, and clamoured for payment. One day, shortly after, it happened that young Stone had to go to London on business matters, but told a friend before his departure, that he would have to cross the country *via* Windsor and Kingston. The reason why he chose that route, was then asked. When Stone replied: "I 'av too many bills on the 'roight road,' an' as I be'ant the mon they once tuk I's fur, I may git in troubl'."

Once, this "agricultural" friend of the Earl's was asked on a visit to Wargrave for a few days, but he contrived to extend his stay to as many months! The Earl of Barrymore having pressing affairs in town, desired to be rid of his then 'unwelcome' guest, who would or could, not take the most simple hint that he was not wanted. At last his lordship petulantly said to "farmer" Stone! "Be off Stone, go to the devil!"

"Nae, daint be cross, my lud, let I stay an'thur few days."

"Well," said the Earl, "if you will say a smart thing for once, you shall stay a week longer."

"Then 'ere goes, my lud! I vish's as how I vas th' bruther next to ye, an' that ye vas lying double fatter'd in Newgit, an' going to be hang'd to-morrer."

"D—d good!" exclaimed his lordship. "That's the best thing I ever heard you say;

to-morrow I return to town, and you shall go with me and stay a month."

The Earl of Barrymore's vagaries and eccentricities were perhaps given more scope at Wargrave than in London, more particularly as regarded practical jokes. His lordship being almost the only person of rank dwelling in or near Wargrave, the tradespeople and other residents allowed the Earl's oddities more latitude than is the wont of the usual village inhabitants. In this they erred on the side of the "loaves and fishes," for they all benefited by the large number of visitors who attended the Earl's theatrical performances and balls; besides being amused and entertained themselves on certain nights throughout the season at the Earl's theatre. Therefore, no resident of Wargrave was ever surprised at anything the Earl did, or by what occurred at his revels.

So they were not surprised, or rather shocked, to see the Earl followed by a file of brother roysterers walk through the village in the full sunlight of a summer's day clad in their shirts only. This freak originated in one of his lordship's friends having answered a remark he had made, "That it was frightfully hot!" with "had not he better divest himself of his clothes." The opportunity was too good for the Earl to let pass by, he therefore retorted by challenging all present to strip to their shirts and follow him through the village. The unfortunate suggester of the divesting operation with his friends, had to

comply, in order to prevent retaliatory measures being taken by the Earl for their cowardice and prudery.

One of the many clubs founded or presided over by the Earl of Barrymore was the "Warble," whose members frequently met at the "World's End," Leatherhead. The rules of this convivial association were as follows:—

I. That there be no more members admitted into the room than it will hold.

II. Resolved, that this amicable society shall have *two anniversary* dinners each year.

III. Resolved, that if any member has more sense than another, he be kicked out of the club.

IV. Resolved, that any man who cannot tell his right hand from his left after being asked three times, shall be denied the privileges of the society.

V. Resolved, that no member of this society shall presume to eat garlic unless it be proved that he likes it better than any other vegetable.

VI. That no member of this society shall marry until he comes to years of discretion, and as that is a most desperate hope, it is recommended for all to live bachelors.

VII. Resolved, if any curate, being a member of this club, builds a church out of his pay, he is to be branded as an outcast from policy, and sent handcuffed to his diocesan.

VIII. Resolved, that every man who is more ugly than his neighbour, shall pay a fine of three-

pence to be expended in tobacco, unless his wife, if he has one, swears he is a better man than he appears to be.

IX. Resolved, that every member who has two ideas, shall be obliged to give one to his neighbour.

The above rules are neither voluminous nor difficult to commit to memory, but they are hard to adhere to. The society, however, for which they were framed being of a jovial character, some show of wit in its code had to be made.

The Earl of Barrymore's poet, amanuensis, and playwright, was J. M. Williams, LL.D., already mentioned, better known then and now by his pseudonym, "Anthony Pasquin." The surname of this appellation was borrowed from the Roman cobbler-epigrammatist of that name. Williams upheld his prototype's reputation by his satirical writings and sayings. However, Pasquin or Williams had real talent, although he often misapplied it. In fact, he may be said to have been a man of "parts," as he could engrave, an art he is said to have studied under Bartollozzi,[1] paint, dramatize, and act as a newspaper critic, or even conduct a paper. As Williams did not care for engraving, he turned his attention to the pen and pencil as a means of obtaining a livelihood.

How this person and the Earl of Barrymore were brought together, it is difficult to say. It may have been his dramatic ability that attracted the Earl's attention. At any rate, Williams

[1] Very doubtful; Matthew Darby more likely.

served his lordship well, his wit and raillery being invaluable to his lordship at various festive and other meetings at Wargrave. But Williams's abilities were much discounted by his slovenly and untidy habits of dress. However much Earl Barrymore may have respected Williams for his talents, nothing but the great eccentricity of his own character could account for his perambulation of Bond Street with the unkempt Anthony Pasquin on his arm.

To keep his varied guests within bounds at Wargrave, a mock court of justice was created; before which any who had been indiscreet or troublesome were arraigned. These trials were usually held at two o'clock a.m., and the punishments awarded, on conviction, were summary and ludicrous. Anthony Pasquin presided, as judge, a part he enacted to the life; a certain Captain Taylor was generally counsel for the prisoners, while the eccentric Earl pleaded on behalf of the prosecutor, assumed to be his Majesty of Decency. That able but dissolute actor, John Edwin, the younger, officiated as mace-bearer. Crier to the court was enacted by Mr. Charles Delphini; constable by W. C. Richards, another actor; ordinary to the culprit by any clerical friend present; and jury, by the Honourable Henry and Augustus Barry, Captain Middleton, Mr. Stone, Mr. Wade, and Mr. Blackstone. These mock trials tended to keep the noisy element of his lordship's guests within bounds.

When nothing of importance transpired during the day's revels to warrant a "court" being held, the Earl would start after dinner some pastime more waggish than usual, for which he would enlist Pasquin's aid. The latter, in making a fallacious charge, had certainly no equal at Wargrave. The procedure would be the making of a false allegation against some guest, privately named by the Earl, which would be as preposterous as it was untrue; and would rouse the anger of the accused, who would refer his calumniator to his name and reputation. Neither would appease the instigator of these proceedings, who would then turn and appeal to Pasquin, thus giving the latter his cue. Pasquin would exclaim,—

"Sir! I can believe anything against the gentleman."

"What do you mean, sirrah?" replied the incensed guest.

"Nay, my good sir, do not put yourself in a flurry," Pasquin would reply, with judicial calm, "I will appeal to the company," to whom he would propound: "What is *that* gentleman not capable of, who shaves himself with the razor with which his wife cut her throat," an assertion that would drive to all but frenzy the indignant visitor, who, more often than not, got up and left the room. When this happened, the door was locked, and a cry raised, "Put it to the ballot." The box and balls were then brought in, and the vote taken, which would be, the black

balls in a majority of two or three, to one white. The Earl would then deem the charge proved, when the following resolution would be framed and passed: "That a man capable of such an offence against good taste, must be sent to Coventry." The unfortunate delinquent was then sought, and willy nilly dragged into the room to hear the resolution read. When, if it had not dawned on him to recollect where he was, that he was being made a fool, there was nothing left for him but to pack up and be off, which would also mean walking the village all night. On the other hand if his mother wit permitted him to see he had been "smoked," his best tactics were to laugh the loudest and longest at the joke, and enrol himself one of the confederacy, to play similar tricks on some other guest on a future occasion.

CHAPTER XII.

All other matters deferred for the theatre by the Earl—Account of one of the prompters at Wargrave—That worthy's linen—The Earl of Barrymore's skill as a "whip"—An amusement of the Earl's when on the box—The Je-ne-sais-quoi Club—Lord Barrymore engages Delphini the *pierrot* for his theatre—A curious tale narrated—The Earl made the subject of censorious press comment.

THE festivities at Wargrave this year occupied a great portion of the Earl of Barrymore's time, who was now riding his new hobby hard. Therefore, all field and other sports and pastimes were deferred for the Temple of *Thespis*. Thus, the Earl's fine stud of hunters and racers at Twyford and Newmarket were literally "eating their heads off;" but his lordship cared little for that, as he did not, at this period, purpose giving up the pleasures of the chase or field, although the glare and tinsel of his new hobby had eclipsed them.

The Earl's humour was accentuated by another "dry" rogue; one of the prompters, a person, if anything, more regardless of his personal appearance than even "Pasquin." The Earl must, however, be acquitted of leaning to slovenliness, for he dressed well and showed much taste in the choice of his habiliments. But for all

this his love of wit led him to disregard how a person was clad, provided he had the natural humour and ability; that constituted a short road to his favour. The prompter just mentioned had not been long enough in his lordship's employment to replenish his stock of linen or renovate his wardrobe, which a lengthy spell of 'no work to do' had brought so low that it was difficult to discover when last his linen had had acquaintance with the wash-tub. However, the piquancy of the prompter's conversation found favour with the Earl, who did not care to wound the feelings of the man, circumstances being considered. Nevertheless, his lordship, prior to a performance at his theatre, to witness which many fashionable members of society had been invited, requested his 'company' to appear at their best.

The poor prompter felt himself in a predicament; besides, his personal proportions were so large as to prevent his being able to procure a ready-made shirt. So nothing was left him but to send the only one he possessed to the wash, that he might appear with a "bosom of snow" in the evening. The prompter then went about his duties in the theatre buttoned up to the chin to hide the absence of linen. While he was engaged during the rehearsal of a piece which was to be performed that evening, a child appeared at the scenes, and blurted out she had been sent by her "mammy" to say: "She had brought the shirt."

"What!" exclaimed the enchanted prompter, "has she 'dressed' it already, my darling, in two hours! d—n me, if that is not expeditious!"

"No, sir! she has not washed it."

"What! not washed it!" cried the now vexed prompter. "What's the meaning of her not doing so?"

"Well, sir, my mammy says as how your shirt is so old and worn that she is afraid it will rub to pieces in the tub."

"Nonsense! nonsense!" cried the prompter, with a face the colour of a turkey cock, as everyone on the stage could hear the discussion. "I think, my dear, you must have made a mistake, and misunderstood your mother, who appears to be a very silly woman. Take it back to your 'soap and soda' dam, and say, if she is ignorant of the way to wash a shirt, I will teach her. If the shirt is so fine! that she is afraid to place it amongst coarser articles, bid her pin it to the wall and throw hot soap and water on it until clean."

Whether these instructions were carried out cannot be vouched. Nevertheless, the prompter appeared at his post in the evening in clean linen.

One of the pugilistic encounters the Earl of Barrymore's fistic tutor and lackey engaged in was with a west country "bargee," whom Hooper, to use his own parlance, "did over" in less than twenty minutes. Both competitors were near the same age and of equal spirit. But the difference

in their respective weight was so great as to make the backers of the bargee anticipate an easy victory. Hooper scaled scarce eleven stone, while his antagonist turned the scale at sixteen, really a "weighty" difference. The result caused a great deal of comment in boxing circles at the time, being regarded as one of the greatest triumphs of skill *v.* strength that had occurred since the "ring" was inaugurated. A large sum of money is also said to have changed hands on the issue.

The Earl of Barrymore's skill with the "ribbons" was proverbial. In spite of his frolicsome nature, his friends would sit behind him any hour of the day or night without fear. A coachful of guests would frequently start from Wargrave for Newmarket in the middle of the night, with his lordship on the box, who would "land his load," Jehu fashion, safely in good time, at their destination.

A favourite freak of the Earl's, when driving from London late at night, as he passed through a narrow, ill-paved road in Colnbrook, facetiously called "Feather Bed Lane," was to whip right and left as he went along, thereby cracking or breaking the windows of the houses. This he called "fanning the daylights." By the time the luckless occupiers could jump out of bed, unfasten the sashes and peer out, his lordship would be out of sight.

A west end convivial club, which numbered the Earl among its members, was presided over by

the Prince of Wales, who held the post of perpetual chairman, this was 'The Je-ne-sais-quoi Club,' by some called the 'Star and Garter Club,' because its meetings were held at the tavern of that name situated in Pall Mall. Meetings were held on the second Monday in each month; on these occasions, glees, catches, duets, and solos were sung. The musical department was under the charge of Dr. Parsons, the glees were sung, as a rule, by four professionals retained for the purpose; some of the solos were rendered by well-known vocal performers of that time, as Mr. Bannister, Mr. Johnson, &c. The solos, however, were mere interludes in the efforts of the club members. The Prince of Wales often "obliged," and a song he is said to have sung with great effect was "By the Gaily Circling Glass!"

A peculiar custom belonged to this club: there was no specific qualification for membership; no member could bring forward a friend for admittance, nor was there any committee to elect, or ballot for admission. All members were elected at the will of the president, who proposed whomsoever he thought fit, a selection approved *nem con* by his fellow members, who, at this time numbered amongst others, the Dukes of York and Clarence, the Dukes of Norfolk, Bedford and Dorset, the Duc d'Orleans, Earls Craven, Barrymore, and Rawdon, Sir Charles Asgill, Cols. St. Leger and Hulks, Captains Morris and Sutton, being joint secretaries. During this year the

royal president gave his brother members a grand ball at Festino's Rooms, in Hanover Square, which was numerously attended, and considered one of the chief events of the season.

The Earl of Barrymore at the end of this year (1789), expended more time and money than ever on his theatre. To enable him to outvie his previous performances, he specially engaged Delphini, a celebrated 'Pierrot,' with whom his lordship had become acquainted when connected with the Royal Circus. Delphini, who had attracted the notice of the Prince of Wales, was an "oddity," his manner of speaking the "king's English" was enough to provoke mirth alone, without his posturing antics. His engagement by the Earl, involved that of his wife, a homely woman, as housekeeper at his lordship's Wargrave residence. She fulfilled her duties well, and did all she could to stop the dreadful waste in the establishment. Delphini used to relate a story, for which he vouched as a fact, in his broken English, as follows :—

"In the neighbourhood of St. Mark's, Venice, lived a pastrycook, who became wealthy by selling a dainty meat pie, the piquancy of which was so pleasing to the palate, that they were eagerly bought, far and wide, so that the demand always exceeded the supply. Many conjectures were formed as to their contents, some asserted it was veal, others ortolans, and others an admixture of both. The fellow tradesmen of the maker of these dainty patties, endeavoured to emulate

them, but in vain. Now, as this pastrycook's culinary fame increased, it was noticed that the number of lost or missing children progressed in the same ratio. To such a pitch did this rise, that it became a source of great concern and comment in the Republic. The guardians of the city were ordered to increase their efforts to regain the lost children, which they did without success; only to add to the grief of their sorrowing relatives and citizens. At last, chance revealed what diligent search denied. A dish of the aforesaid patties being placed on the table of a senator, one was found to contain the joint of a child's little finger. The conclusion was, that the pastrycook was the fiend who waylaid, stole, and murdered the lost children. Official notice being given of the discovery, a troop of soldiers were dispatched to make rigorous search on the pastrycook's premises. This was effected at night; at first nothing could be found to warrant the cook's arrest. A soldier who had been told off to search a portion of the ground floor, however, did not return to report his investigations. The officer in charge, knowing his subordinate to be an able and tried man, feared some evil had befallen him, and as he did not answer to his name when called through the premises by his comrades, his commander concluded he had met with some mishap. He therefore gave orders for the pastrycook to be seized and brought before him. The man was threatened with instant death, did he not divulge what had become of the missing

member of the troop. The villain, seeing that he had a determined man to deal with, and his escape hopeless, showed the officer a skilfully constructed trap, in one of the rooms on the ground floor, which covered a deep vault; through this the missing soldier had fallen after stepping on it, when the trap resumed its position by a cleverly contrived spring. This might have entrapped others of the search party, had not the officer acted with promptitude. A soldier then had a rope tied round him, and was lowered into the vault, where he found, with the aid of a lantern, his lost comrade more frightened than hurt, his fall being broken by the dead bodies of several little children recently slaughtered. Here was damning evidence of the pastrycook's guilt. He and his family were arraigned before the senate, and found guilty. The sentence on these miscreants was singular. They were ordered to be conveyed to their house, round which a circle of troops was drawn, the doors and windows of the premises were then barred, so as to prevent all egress, inflammable materials were then piled round the building and ignited, when the murderer and his family with the contents of the edifice were consumed. A little while after the walls were razed, the rubbish carted away, and a handsome obelisk erected on the spot, to the memory of the unfortunate children.

The Earl of Barrymore, when he heard this story narrated, asked if Delphini thought he could put some of its most important situations

and features into a pantomime! This the Earl put in a "quizzing" way.

"Yes," Delphini answered. But, it is needless to record that the burlesquing of such a horrible crime, was not put into effect.

About this period, some of the Earl's escapades were noticed by the daily press, and brought to his lordship's notice. He gave, as a rule, one invariable reply: "If such writings can get these scribblers a dinner, let them write and be d—d." Perhaps this was a wiser way of treating libellous attacks, than the method of the present day, "Throwing away good money after bad," as a verdict in vindication of one's character, is too often a barren honour; and if of any effect at all, only hastens the defendant's journey to the Bankruptcy Court, a bourn he would probably reach sooner or later of himself.

CHAPTER XIII.

Hunting and theatricals at Wargrave in the winter of 1789—The Earl of Barrymore increases his racing stud—Sir John Lade and Charles James Fox—Encounter between Hooper and Watson—The Earl's turf successes in the early part of 1790—The Earl runs against a horseman in Kensington Gardens—His strange way of recovering his stolen watch—The Earl's character as portrayed in a newspaper of that period—The song of the "Brogue-makers."

HUNTING was the favourite sport of the Earl and his friends at Wargrave, during the winter of 1789. The evenings were devoted to theatricals, conviviality, mock trials, and other hilarious proceedings.

The Honourable Henry Barry became possessed this year of a pack of harriers, which he ran alternately with his brother's staghounds. Meets were held on Mondays at Warren House, near Billingham. The sports of the field appear to have reminded his lordship that he had a stud of racehorses at Newmarket, and he purposed to be "keen" for that sport, so soon as the season opened. With this purpose in view, his lordship, early in 1790, made further additions to his stud, which then numbered thirty, and purchased, with a view to increase his success on the turf, *Sir*

Charles, *Tully*, *Kiss my Lady*, *Mosquito*, and *Impudence*, from Sir John Lade, *Pilgrim*, from Mr. Bullock, as well as the famous *Chanticleer* and *Seagull* (for which he paid, with their engagements, 4000 guineas), from Charles James Fox.

An anecdote of both these gentlemen may be related in this place.

Sir John Lade, better known as Sir John "Jehu," had an outstanding gaming or racing debt due, or owing, by Mr. Fox, who, one morning after a lucky night at the faro table, at the Jockey Club, Newmarket, found himself in a position to discharge it. Mr. Fox accordingly sent a note to Sir John, in which he asked for an appointment, to hand him his obligation. When they met, Mr. Fox produced the sum he owed, which he placed on the table. Sir John Lade then called to a servant for pen, ink and paper, and began to compute the interest.

"What are you up to?" demanded Mr. Fox.

"Only calculating the interest!"

"Are you, though," replied Mr. Fox coolly, at the same time returning the notes to his pocket. "Why! I thought, Sir John, that my debt was a debt of honour, but as you seem to look at it in another light, and intend making a trading debt of it, I beg to inform you, I make it an invariable rule to pay my Jew creditors last; you must therefore wait a little longer for your money, Sir John, and when I next come across my money-lending Israelites, I shall most certainly think of Sir John *Jehu*, and expect to have the honour of

seeing him in the company of my worthy friends from Duke's Place."

Sir John long recollected this rebuke from the brilliant debater and politician, and at the moment showed more good sense than he was wont to display, by not attempting a reply.

It is a matter of history, that Fox was deeply in debt to Jewish and other money-lenders, at this period; these gentry were for a 'consideration,' most obliging to him, when heir presumptive to the barony of Holland. His prospects were destroyed by the birth of an heir, but the event instead of perturbing Mr. Fox, gave him an opportunity for making it the subject of profane jest against his creditors, that "the birth of an heir, was another Messiah sent to plague the Jews!"

On February 19th, 1790, the Earl of Barrymore brought off a *coup* he had had for some time in preparation, this was an encounter between Hooper "the Tinman" and Watson alias "Will of the Wisp." This match was shifted about as to time and place, till many doubted it coming off at all. These tactics were used, no doubt, to gain "points" in the betting, which, since the first mention of the match was in Watson's favour. At last the day was finally arranged, and the ring was pitched at Langley Broom, near Colnbrook. For the first quarter of an hour, no change occurred, after that the odds veered round in Hooper's favour, eleven to five being laid. The cause of this, was a squabble as to

the repeated falling of Watson to gain time in recovering from a blow. He was beaten after the first hour. The odds from this, steadily increased in Hooper's favour; Watson only continued by the advice of his umpire and bottleholder, who refused to let him give in. At last he had to be borne off the stage from which the "Tinman," in ring parlance, "stalked off full strong." A singular circumstance occurred in this encounter, two face blows only were delivered, though they marked the combatants.

After the battle being awarded to Hooper, the Earl of Barrymore, who was present with a party of friends, conveyed the victor to town in triumph on his coach. The 'Wards' "showed up" Watson; and, Messrs. Johnson and Butcher, Hooper. The umpires were J. Warton, Esquire, and Major Churchill. The Earl of Barrymore it is said, much intimidated the ring by the tactics displayed over this match, by which he won twenty-five thousand pounds.

At the Craven Meeting, Newmarket, the Earl commenced his racing record for the year 1790, which his lordship seemed to think would be incomplete without some prowess of his own in the '*Atalantain*' sport. Therefore on April 16th he ran a match in Kensington Gardens against a Captain Parkhurst, the Earl on foot, the captain mounted on a horse. It was thought the distance would be in favour of the pedestrian, being only thirty yards straight, thence round a tree, and return; the best of four heats. However, in the result

both competitors were credited with two heats, thus neither won. A large company of notabilities were present to witness this singular match, amongst them, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Clarence, who were much amused by its novelty.

This affair increased the Earl's taste for pedestrianic performances, and he offered to run against the Bath Coach, from Hyde Park Corner to Hammersmith. But the project was abandoned on the grounds that "odds" were not obtainable, the source from which these generally emanate, the betting ring, having been "dried up" for a time by the Earl's "Watson-Hooper" triumph.

With the Second Spring Meeting, Newmarket, May 3rd, 1790, the Duke of Bedford's horse *Cardock* lost [1] two matches to the Earl of Barrymore's *Pellegrini* and *Highlander;* while the Earl's winning list was increased by his horses *Vixen*, *Pallafox* and *Toss*. But at the next meeting, in June, his lordship was extremely unfortunate, as he won but one match.[1] Nor did the Ascot meeting increase his winning record.

One day during the latter meeting, the Earl's watch was stolen. So soon as he missed it he resolved on a singular expedient for its recovery. Looking around he noticed a man hurrying away; this person he concluded, had stolen the watch. He followed and kept him in sight, until perceiving a well-known member of the prize ring, to whom the Earl stopped and spoke, at the same time "relieving" the pugilist of his watch. Upon the

[1] Appendix K.

owner expressing surprise at the Earl's conduct, his lordship jocularly replied, "Your friend!" pointing to the receding person he suspected, "I have every reason to believe has stolen my watch; you shall have yours when you bring me mine." The pugilist knew the Earl well enough to agree to the terms, and soon after returned with the Earl's repeater, when he at once received his own, no doubt with a *douceur*.

At the July meeting, Newmarket, his lordship's horses fulfilled numerous engagements, though the results were not as anticipated; however,[1] two matches were won by them against Mr. Fox's crack *Seagull;* which horse passed, as already recorded, into the Earl's possession during this year. On the 15th, the Earl again appeared in the pigskin, riding his own horse in a match[1] which he won.

Among other allusions and criticisms concerning the Earl's peculiarities and extravagances which appeared from time to time in the press of that period, one was as follows:—

"The present age, we are told, has to boast of a young nobleman whose splendid abilities far exceed the late Earl of March;[2] this young lord can drive four or six horses in hand from morn to eve. For contriving, destroying, purchasing, and

[1] Appendix K.

[2] The Earl of March is better known by the title of Duke of Queensberry, to which dignity he had succeeded his uncle in 1778: though he is, perhaps, still better known to readers of the present day by his sobriquet "Old Q,"—of evergreen racing memory.

disposing, none can equal him. He is the coachman, the player, the spendthrift, and indeed everything but what his fortune entitles him to be. If none excel him, it is hoped none will attempt to equal him. Beware, ye youth, how you are entrapped into ruin by bad example."

A strange homily for a newspaper to publish; for what heed the earl took it might have never been printed.

Another jest played by the earl upon a guest, previously selected, after a dinner at Wargrave, was the "Brogue Makers." A guest, who knew the joke, would be requested by the earl to oblige the company with the song so entitled; at the same time it would be intimated to the person who had been marked out for the evening's waggery that he might anticipate a treat of song and humour. The "obliger" of the song would commence in a somewhat loud tone, "There were three jolly Brogue Makers," only to be interrupted by one of the confederacy, by being told that he was not in "tune." This the singer would resent; the expectant guest would invariably join issue with the singer, and appeal to his noble host on the impropriety of the interruption. The earl would acquiesce and ask the singer to proceed, if only to oblige Mr. "Newcome," only to be again interrupted. Thereupon the disappointed guest would remonstrate directly with the disturber of the harmony, who would return an answer calculated to further raise the indignant guest's ire; this would lead to a further heated



discussion, which frequently ended by the two disputants jumping up with the avowed purpose of thrashing one another. But before they could reach each other they would find their progress stayed by those present, who would keep them apart till the earl had explained that the celebrated song of the "Brogue Makers" began and concluded in one line, and that the whole affair was "humbug."

CHAPTER XIV.

An encounter at Brighton—The Earl of Barrymore's wager there with the Duke of York—A singular prank played on an inhabitant of the Steine—The Earl adds to his extravagance in the cause of *Thespis*—His pedestrian contest at Brighton—Racing record there.

To the earl's rule in respect to newspaper or other articles against his mode of living and doings, the following must be recorded as an exception (it is the only instance of personal interference I have met with). The earl, unfortunately, was wrong, both as regards the person accused and in his own conduct on the occasion. The deplorable incident occurred at Brighton, July 27th, 1790. As the earl, accompanied by his brothers, was walking on the Steine, Mr. Fox, junior (son of the lessee of the Theatre Royal, Brighton), passed. This person was said to be the author of a pamphlet animadverting on the earl. Thereupon the Barrys thought the opportunity propitious for redressing the wrong. They jostled Mr. Fox several times as they paraded the walk, making remarks on his alleged conduct. Their observations became too personal; Mr. Fox wisely prepared to leave the Steine. But the Earl of Barrymore, having

noticed the Prince of Wales with the Duke of York, accompanied by Colonel Tarleton, coming up, thought his royal friends, seeing Mr. Fox's sudden departure, would be sure to comment on the explanations given of the publication of the obnoxious tract. Therefore, to get up a scene, the earl pulled Mr. Fox's hat off, threw it on the ground, and began "to introduce his shoemaker to Mr. Fox's tailor." Satisfaction for the assault was at once demanded, and a ring formed, whereupon peer and commoner stripped to their shirts, and set to, Mendoza-fashion. After a few rounds Mr. Fox was advised to give in, as much rough play was beginning, though it is said the Prince of Wales behaved in a most "honourable" manner, doing his utmost to prevent any unfair practices. This appears to allude to the conduct of his lordship, who quite lost his usual self-command when engaged in a fistic encounter, which caused the prince to exclaim, "D—n me, Barrymore, behave like a man!" The fight terminated soon after, when the earl was found to have received a blow which disfigured him for a time; while his adversary was much bruised about the body.

Other tactics, however, were, it was said, likely to be brought to bear upon the above controversy, viz., the refusal of Mr. Fox, senior's, theatrical license at the next assizes. But if such a measure were really proposed, wiser counsels prevailed ere the time arrived for its execution. For, even had Mr. Fox, junior, been the writer of the incriminating

pamphlet, that could scarcely be judged sufficient grounds for depriving the father of his livelihood. To prevent any repetition of unpleasantness with the "pavilion set," Mr. Fox, junior, wisely left the town during their sojourn, when the matter dropped.

The Earl of Barrymore at this period had a house in Pavilion Row, afterwards at No. 5, the Steine. One of his many exploits here was a bet with the Duke of York, made during a conversation at the Pavilion as to who would or could wade farthest into the sea as then attired. The preliminaries concluded, down the pair walked to the beach, accompanied by numerous friends, to decide their curious wager. The contest soon attracted a crowd. But the "hero" of the Flanders campaign, not being as tall as his opponent, was troubled by the incoming tide, so much so, at last, as to beat a hasty retreat for fear of being carried off his feet, thereby leaving the earl victor.

An adventure of the madcap earl's at this period might have been attended with serious consequences. He caused a footman named Frank to be placed in a coffin, in which he was strapped, the foot-board was then removed, and the supposed corpse carried with much solemnity by his lordship and other "choice spirits" and placed upon the doorstep of a Mr. P—— in the Steine. The bell and knocker were then vigorously applied by one of the amateur undertakers, and the whole party made off to "cover,"

from whence they could witness the "fun," as they were pleased to term it. On the maid-servant's answering the noisy summons, she started, and seeing, as she concluded, a dead body on the doorstep in a coffin, uttered an appalling shriek and fell down in a faint.

The family, dismayed at the uproar, thought the premises were being attacked by robbers: rushed out armed with the usual household weapons of defence. Paterfamilias, of course, with his blunderbuss, or horse pistol, which he discharged at the "corpse" in the coffin; whether intentional or accidental is not known. As if the wearer of the "wooden overcoat" was what he no doubt suspected him to be, a corpse, there was surely no need to "kill him," to use an "Irishism." However, the sound of firearms was quite sufficient to disturb the equanimity of footman Frank, who at once unbuckled the straps, uncoffined himself, and bolted. The coffin, on being recovered for the Earl and his companions, who thought it discreet not to appear on the scene, was subjected to an examination, when it was found the bullet had entered the coffin, going through the bottom board, scarcely an inch above the footman's head. The man had had a narrow escape of being a corpse in earnest. So the farce all but concluded with a tragedy.

A less erratic and prodigal being than the Earl of Barrymore would have been content with one theatre, as that which he possessed at Wargrave

could comfortably accommodate 400[1] visitors. Not so his lordship, whose *furore* was now at its height, and who, like all provincial actors, professional or amateur, sighed for London. Other reasons than mere self-exhibition determined the Earl. One was the inability to accommodate his visitors with comfort, especially those of the fair sex, to his theatre at Wargrave, nor did the village contain hotel accommodation fit for persons of rank; therefore his lordship thought if he could transfer some of his dramatic entertainments to town, he would be able to provide his friends with the pleasures his theatre at Wargrave afforded without a disagreeable or perhaps inclement journey.

To a person of the Earl of Barrymore's temperament, action was all but equal with thought, so to acquire a theatre in Savile Row, W., known as "Frantiocini's Marionette Theatre," was the negotiation of a few moments. This accomplished, a new stage was erected, fresh scenery was painted, and the auditorium altered, refurnished, and embellished; result, a well-arranged, handsome bijou theatre. All being ready, the Earl determined to open his "London Theatre," on July 22nd, 1790, for which purpose a select circle of friends were invited. The prologue on this occasion was written and spoken by Thomas Fitzgerald, Esq.:—

The bell rings violently several times, when enters Manager in a passion meeting prompter.

[1] Some say 700!

Manager. Why in the name of fortune this delay?
Prompter. Where is the *prologue* to the play?
The gentleman is ready, but I fear
He will not speak a word while you stay here.
Manager. If ready, why the devil don't he come?
Here am I roaring like a kettledrum.
Prompter. Oh! here he comes, sir!
Clear the stage, make way.
[*Enter prologue speaker.*]
Speaker. What! must I speak a *prologue* to your play?
Sir! I am no puppet to be moved at will,
Nor skin on wires to show my master's skill.
Yet, if you'll go and leave the stage to me,
I'll plead your cause without a bribe or fee.
[*Exit manager and prompter.*]
This stage, which late a charming scene displayed,
Of many a wooden head in masquerade,
Our manager, a *Thespian*, Quixote grown,
Saw, and, like Sancho's master, knocked it down.
In dread confusion, dolls on dolls were tossed,
Some heads were broken, and some limbs were lost.
No more their mimic action shall delight
Of Fashion's full-grown babes, the fickle sight.
Yet, let not malice satirize the plan;
Each day displays the tricks of puppet man,
A mere automaton, by interest led.
His passions governed by the slightest thread,
He bows subservient to his patron's sway,
Weeps if he weeps, and if he smiles is gay.
Yet some there are, who nobly dare to be
At once in action and in judgment free;
Who scorn the acts by which the servile rise,
Detest their flattery, and their success despise;
Who noblest ends by noblest means pursue:
That such there are, methinks I see in you.
But shall the ladies grieve for pleasure past,
And mourn the "Frantiocini's"—could not last,
We'll share each weeping fair one's grief, and then,
Instead of puppets, we will give them men!
Who feel the influence their smiles impart,
Glow on the cheek, and vibrate in the heart;
Who knows no power like beauty to improve
The mind's best feelings, in the School of Love!

The curtain now rose on the *Beaux's Stratagem*;

after which a song in character was given by Captain Wathen—*The Greenwich Pensioner*, followed by the play called *The Citizen*. The evening's entertainment concluded with a *pas de russe*, danced by the Earl of Barrymore and Delphini; in which, it is said, they were inimitable. At the intervals between the acts, the visitors were liberally supplied with ices and other refreshments, in true "Wargravian" profusion. The performance did not conclude until 2 a.m., when the night was terminated, or morning was begun, with a splendid supper.

An encounter took place this year, 1790, between the Earl of Barrymore's "pet," Hooper, and "Tom Tight," *alias* Howard, a Reading bargee. This match was made by Lord Falkland[1] (a constant visitor at Wargrave), who backed "Tom Tight" against the Earl's representative, Hooper, for fifty guineas. An important stipulation was made, that the first competitor who fell, without being knocked down, should be disqualified. Many bets were made, each partisan's friend being sure of victory. To witness this match, many well-known pugilists were asked and attended; amongst them were Johnson, Ward, and Ryan. "Ropes" were pitched on a ten-foot stage, erected in a field near his lordship's residence at Wargrave. "Tom Tight," when "buffed," appeared a most muscular fellow, near six feet in height; the "Tinman," a spare, compact man, five feet five

[1] Afterwards killed in a duel.

inches. The encounter had scarcely lasted ten minutes when Hooper got his opponent in a corner, and, in ring parlance, "glutted him," scoring an easy victory. The outcome of this was a match between the winner and "Big Ben."

During the "season" at Brighton this year, 1790, the Earl of Barrymore engaged in another trial of pedestrianism. The subject being mentioned at dinner there one day, Mr. Bullock, a well-known "turfite," and a large, corpulent man, offered to run the Earl 100 yards, provided he was allowed thirty-five yards' start, together with choice of ground. To these conditions the Earl agreed, anticipating an easy victory, and he next day was named for the race. Meanwhile the Prince of Wales was told of the match, and expressed a desire to witness it. He sent his equerry to inquire the hour and place of meeting; but the first rendezvous could only be given, as Mr. Bullock refused to divulge the ground he intended to select. However, H.R.H. and a numerous party attended the specified meeting-place. Mr. Bullock then led them to one of those narrow alleys (of which some remain in the old part of the town) with scarcely room for two to walk comfortably, to say nothing of competitors in a race, one of whom weighed eighteen stone, and the other eleven. His lordship was equally surprised and angry at being thus outwitted, but there was no help but to run it off as well as he could. A start was made, the Earl quickly running up to Mr. Bullock, but could not pass, for

his opponent rolled from side to side, using his arms like the sails of a windmill, thus effectually preventing himself being overtaken. Mr. Bullock must have won a considerable amount in bets, as everyone anticipated an easy victory for his lordship, who was freely backed, Mr. Bullock accepting the bets at every opportunity.

At the race meetings at Brighton and Lewes, August, this year (1790), the Earl of Barrymore's horses ran and gained winning brackets in a match, and a couple of handicaps of no great importance.

CHAPTER XV.

The Earl of Barrymore's expenses—Curious result of an arrest for debt—John Edwin the younger—His benefit at the theatre, Richmond—The Earl's racing record at Reading—Encounter between Big Ben and Hooper—The Earl of Barrymore's fête at Wargrave.

With the addition of a London Theatre to the Earl's other expensive luxuries, the "bow" of cost was bent indeed. But this did not prevent his lordship from still further straining it. He considered a fine town residence, with stabling, etc., in Piccadilly,[1] necessary to enable him "to do the host in style" to the theatrical visitors at his "Town" theatre, in particular, who almost always concluded their evening's entertainment by supper at the Earl's house.

Although large sums of money had been expended or squandered by the Earl of Barrymore, all claims had so far been fairly well met. Balances remained due on certain accounts, but with this exception the statement is correct. His lordship now found that the purchase of a racing stud, hunters, hounds, theatres, and residences,

[1] Not the residence quoted as being his—105. Its real position can only be premised by after results, its purchase by the Duke of Queensbury (who is known to have lived farther west), about 1790.

were not the only cost these things implied, as the expense of maintaining them was more severely felt and increased by the addition of his new mansion. The Earl's racing engagements were always promptly met; and it is said no one, except perhaps Mr. Fulke Greville, met losses with greater nonchalance. On the other hand, no person at that time had won larger bets, than his lordship.

Previous to the Earl of Barrymore acquiring a town residence, he invariably stayed when in London at Wood's Hotel, Covent Garden, and would sometimes visit the Bow Street Coffee House, for whose proprietor he had a liking.

The inevitable consequences of the Earl of Barrymore's extravagances began to make themselves evident soon after the house in Piccadilly was occupied by the Earl (although his affairs were then comparatively in "order"). One day, as he was on the point of proceeding to the Prince of Wales's levee, elaborately dressed, he was arrested by two sheriff officers (who had obtained admittance disguised as Jockeys), at the suit of a fashionable tailor, for a small bill of seven hundred and fifty pounds. This the Earl at once paid, to the great consternation of the tailor, who thought he had lost a good customer by his hasty conduct, the result of some rumour concerning his lordship's affairs. But the tailor's surprise was great when he received an order to attend the Earl, with his measure and latest patterns, which his lordship examined, and then ordered several suits. On the tailor's taking his noble

patron's measure, he was requested to furnish his account for the clothes there and then; and his lordship at once paid the amount, thus becoming or enacting the proverbial "bad" paymaster who pays beforehand. However, this did not trouble the Earl, who told the tailor he was not in the least offended by his enforcing payment of the debt; it was, perhaps, necessary to save his credit even for the very existence of himself and family." Great was the surprise of the tailor at the termination of an unpleasant business.

Anthony Pasquin, one of the earl's theatrical managers, has already been alluded to: some notice should now be taken of his other minister, John Edwin, the younger son of the well-known comedian of that period. "John," Jun., showed dramatic ability at the early age of eight; his schoolmaster, the Rev. John Dicks, of Hart Street, Covent Garden, noticed the lad's precocity, which he fostered by making him recite on every suitable occasion. Thus Edwin the younger appeared a most promising youth, and great things were expected from him as he approached manhood. But unfortunately, before he had arrived at years of so-termed discretion, Henry Angelo introduced Edwin to the Earl of Barrymore, and he soon acquired the tastes and notions of the Wargrave *triumvirate*, and developed some of his own. In fact, like Hooper, he all but forgot his position in his patron's establishment. He had constant bickerings with his brother professionals, and with the servants, because many of the latter

declined to obey his behests, as one of the family! That his conduct was tolerated was due to the Earl's easy good nature; but the sobriquet bestowed on Edwin shows what the outside world thought of the "Fourth shaven brother 'Bottle-orum' of the Wargrave fraternity." The Earl testified his approbation of Edwin's dramatic ability with a lavish hand. One time he presented him with a racehorse, no doubt on an implied wish of Edwin's; the animal was sold before it had time or opportunity to run in its new owner's colours, and the proceeds were squandered.

At the Richmond Theatre, on the 11th August, 1790, the Earl of Barrymore further assisted Edwin by appearing at his benefit. The performance that evening comprised "*The Minor*," "*The Poor Soldier*," and an extravaganza called "*Don Juan*," in which the Earl played *Scaramouch*, the cunning, foolish clown, to the life. Edwin appeared as the hero, *Don Juan;* though the scenic effects and properties placed at the disposal of the performers were not "Wargravian" in character. Had not the Earl's name been associated with the undertaking, it is doubtful if the performance would have attained the end in view. However, many of the good people of Richmond, determined to see his lordship on the boards, waited in force at the entrance to the cheaper parts of the theatre, and as soon as the doors were opened, forced their way through, past pay-boxes and check-takers, and filled the

cheaper seats. By his lordship's appearance, Edwin obtained the honour of the presence of the Prince of Wales and the Dukes of York and Clarence, with their suites—no small distinction for one who could not then be classed one of the first actors of the day. The evening's representations were concluded with a "shower of fire," although the theatre is said to have been quite "warm" enough without it.

A newspaper of those times, alluding to the performance on this evening, makes it a vehicle for comparison with the revolutionary troubles then existing in France, as follows: "Thus we see there is no reason to land the instruction of the levelling principles of France into this country; our peers have good nature enough to level themselves."

The Earl of Barrymore being as well known at Reading as at Wargrave, it was only natural that the annual race meeting of the county town of Berks should receive his support. On the 24th and 25th August of this year, 1790, the Earl's stable is credited with winning three events at these meetings.

Betting and wagering at this period were far more rife among the upper classes than many would suppose. The evil, as this is now admitted to be, is regarded as a concomitant of horse-racing; then it was brought to bear on almost every matter, even to an expressed opinion. If the assertor would not back his words, he was met with the cant phrase of the times, "Bet or be silent."

The election of an M.P. for Bedford during 1790 gave the Earl of Barrymore an opportunity to wager with the Duke of Bedford on its result. No doubt, the duke thought he ought to know who was likely to be returned for a town where his influence was supposed to be all powerful, and he laid the Earl £5000 his man would be returned; the Earl accepted, and won the bet.

The match made between Hooper and "Big Ben" took place on the 30th of August, 1790, at Chaselowsevel (in England, near Newbury. The meeting was timed for a late hour in the afternoon. Hooper's antagonist was a different sort of man from many he had met before, and his superior in weight and strength, as well as his equal in science. Hooper knew this, therefore exercised the shifty tactics known to this lay—falling down to escape a blow, dodging about all over the stage, squirting water in Ben's face, calling him opprobrious names, etc., etc., for the purpose of taking Ben off his guard. Big Ben, however, was much too wary for these tricks to have the desired effect. In this fashion, 154 rounds were fought, to the utter disgust of those patrons of the ring who were present. At last, as it was getting dark, the battle had to be declared a draw, after having lasted three hours and a half. Neither combatant was much hurt, as the reader may have already assumed. Hooper was not wanting in pluck, and having played his part, he turned to the Earl, who with some friends was present, and said,—

"My lud, ven yu bets on I, if ye dusn't vin, I'll take care as 'ow yu shouldn't lose!"

This month, August, 1790, the Earl of Barrymore purposed to celebrate his birthday by giving a grand fête at Wargrave. This, however, had to be deferred, owing to the incomplete condition of some temporary buildings he was having put up; it was not until the 20th of September that he could inaugurate the festivities, which were arranged to last a week. The programme was, for the first three nights, consecutive performances of "*The Follies of a Day*" and a pantomime, "*Robinson Crusoe* or *Harlequin Friday*"; in the first of these the Earl sustained the parts of a drunken gardener, and that of a clown in the second. These performances were necessary to entertain his lordship's numerous friends, as well as to afford gratification to the villagers, whom, with all his faults, the Earl did not forget. On the fourth night a grand dinner was given to a numerous company, followed by a ball at Reading on the fifth night. The fête concluded with a *bal masque* at Wargrave on the 27th, which is said to have been one of the most brilliant spectacles ever seen in this country. Amongst the five hundred persons of rank and fashion who attended from all parts were the Duchess of Bolton, Lady Aylesbury, Earl Craven and his daughters, Lord and Lady Kinnaird, and many others. In this entertainment the Earl of Barrymore endeavoured to outdo himself in the costliness of every detail. No consideration was

allowed to interfere with his plans for self-gratification and the comfort and pleasure of his guests. But the Earl overlooked the fact of Wargrave being unequal to the task of accommodating a moiety of the guests invited; every room that could be had was allotted days before to visitors from a distance, while those who could not procure accommodation in the house were compelled to don their costumes in post-chaises or coaches. Among dresses representing almost every subject, profession, or country, were two "masks," one personating a barber, the second a hairdresser (this savours of Henry and Augustus Barry), who shaved and powdered all who came in their way. A third mask was a quack doctor, who distributed, in an empirical way, the following handbill:—

"NEWLY ARRIVED."

DR. KAPTANTROBUS VAN GATEN HIPPOCRATES, M.D., F.R. AND A.S.S.; A.B.C.D.E.F.G.H., ETC., ETC., ETC.

Physician, Surgeon, and Apothecary. He cures all sorts of diseases. But for Hypochondriac complaints in particular, such as vapours, glooms, melancholy, and dumps, is superior to the great Katterfelto,[1] with his black cat into the bargain.

"Ye swains and nymphs who are devoured with ennui,
Thro' ill-luck at small whist and through sipping of tea,
All you, for the spleen, who for physic have need,
Come away with your doctor to Wargrave full speed.
Tho' a quack I appear, yet I there keep a shop,
Which the country all knows has been well fitted up;
There for pills and decoctions you've jellies and fruits,
And for pestle and mortars gay fiddles and flutes.
There, on labels inscribed, fit for each person's cure,
Is everything ready, except *aquæ* pure,

[1] A charlatan of the period.

And of all such a plenty, I'm sure there's enough
The whole country to physic with choice doctors' stuff.
There other than *Vitus*' dancers resort,
And those who seem dropsied have skinfulls of port.
And if many light-headed by chance you should see,
Such are just in the crisis of humour and glee;
Far other than that of hysterics their laugh,
Far other than nauseous the phials that they quaff.
For the draughts that those phials yon bottles contain
Are Burgundy, claret, old hock, and champagne.
Then take of your doses and swallow your pills,
And away with all fear about paying my bills,
With the help of my lord I dispense without fee;
Come, here's his good health, then, with a three times three."

Between one and two o'clock a.m., supper, supplied by Daubigny, the celebrated restaurateur of those days, at thirty shillings a head, was served in a temporarily-erected structure.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Earl of Barrymore talks of contesting the city of Oxford for a seat in Parliament—Description of the Earl's late seat in Ireland—The Earl as a *chef*—The Humbug Club—How members were installed—The Earl "sees life" under all conditions—Joins in the convivialities at Jacob's Well—His racing record at the First and Second October Meetings, Newmarket, 1790.

In September, 1790, the Earl of Barrymore proposed to contest the city of Oxford at the next election for a seat in Parliament (as an Irish peer, he had no seat in the English House of Lords), but the matter went no farther than his name being put forward as a possible candidate, as, on inquiry being instituted, his lordship thought his opponent, a Mr. Annesley, too strong for him, or any other political adversary, to dislodge, and wisely withdrew. However, then, as now, there were not wanting those "who rush in where angels fear to tread." A Mr. Ogilvie, whose name twangs of the "border," which is as much as to say he should have known better, opposed Mr. Annesley, and received a sound beating for his pains in the form of a 500 minority. Disappointed in his ambition to woo the suffrages of the University city, the Earl of Barry-

more thought he might fare better where he was known, and therefore determined to contest the borough of Reading at the next bye or general election. To ingratiate himself with the free and independent electors of that borough, he gave a dinner at the Crown Hotel *pro bono publico*. In order that the partakers of his liberality should feel like "Aldermen" for once in their lives, the Earl sent a turtle, weighing 150 lbs., from London, for the soup. The dinner took place on Thursday, September 30th, 1790, and was numerously attended.

The Earl of Barrymore's residence at Wargrave has already been described, so that an account of his once noble residence and estates in the sister kingdom ought now to be given.

The ancestral house of the Barrymores was at Castle Lyons, five miles to the east of Fermoy, in the East Riding of County Cork, about 145 miles from Dublin. Here one of the lords of Barry erected a noble edifice on the site of a former castle of the [1] O'Lehans. This is described as having been a strong and stately quadrangular building. On one side was a spacious hall, hung with implements of war and the chase, in various devices; the domestic offices, to which water was brought by an aqueduct from the river Bride, were on the other side. On the north side was a handsome gallery, ninety feet long, and two stories high, barely finished in 1750. In this portion of the building were several good apart-

[1] Corrupted into Castle Lyons.

ments, hung with family portraits. The gardens lay to the west, and contained a large basin, or canal, which led to a charming deer park, through which flowed the river Bride. This residence, said to have had as many windows as there are days in the year (365), was unfortunately destroyed by fire about 1771, through the negligence of plumbers while repairing the roof.

The estates which appertained to the earldom of Barrymore, in 1750, contained thirty parishes:—Clonmult, Dungorry, Inchenbacky, Ballyspillane, Ballynawnia, Garran, Kinseaky, Agbaddy, Titeskin, Ballycorney, Templenicarigy, Lisgoold, Mogesby, Carigrobil, Temple Ribbon, Clonmell, Kilgowane, Temple Usque, Little Island, Cahirlag, Kilquane, Killervane, Dunbullogue, Anlngsly, Kilshanoghan, Ruthcormuck, Gostroe, Templehodune, Castle Lyons, and Britway, which at this period numbered 204 plough-lands, containing some 79,159 Irish[1] plantation acres.

The earldom of Barrymore (conferred in the third year of the reign of Charles I.) was followed by Letters Patent, dated December 12th, $16\frac{27}{28}$, of the manors of Barryscourt, Buttevant, and Castle Lyons, Timoleague, Rathbury, Shandon, and divers other lands. In the next reign, of Charles II., the then Earl of Barrymore petitioned the king: That the manors mentioned should carry with them other lands, known by "distinct

[1] Equal, roughly, to some 139,000 English acres—a nice estate.

appellations," and prayed letters might be granted to pass them. This was granted on the petition being referred to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland for confirmation.

The island in Cork Harbour, now called the "Great" Island, bore at one time the name of Barry, or Barrymore, Island, and was an appanage of that family.

Among the Earl of Barrymore's "good, bad, and indifferent" accomplishments was that of a skilled chef! When, how, or where he learned the culinary art, I have not been able to discover. However, when a cooking "freak" entered his head, his lordship would array himself in the white cap and garments of a chef, and prepare a supper for some chosen roysterers, previously invited, with almost as much skill as a Daubigny of those, or a Soyer of later, times.

The "Blue Bottle" club was another favourite resort of the Earl of Barrymore's when in town, though later it became known as the "Humbugs." Amongst other select convivialists of the period who were members, Colonel Hanger and Captain Morris's names appear. The meetings of the Club were held at a tavern under the piazza, Covent Garden; their second title originated from the mode in which members were elected. This was to put up two candidates, who were usually present at the time, when some expedient would be found to set them quarrelling, the members present enlisting themselves on the side of each disputant, to fan the flame. Some-

times a quarrel of this character terminated in a challenge to fight, but before either party resorted to blows, the noble chairman would interfere; taking each individually by the hand, he would assure both that they were excellent members of the "Humbug" Club, and that they had just been Humbugged, as no real cause for quarrel existed.

The Earl of Barrymore had often met Incledon the actor after the following circumstance he acted frequently at Wargrave, and he suggested that he should become a member of the "Humbugs," adding that, upon so auspicious an occasion, he should be proposed alone. Incledon consequently expected that some deference would be shown, when he attended the Club the first time. Upon that evening, a member present asked Incledon to oblige himself and fellow members with his favourite song, "Black Eyed Susan," one in which he excelled. Incledon readily consented, but had scarcely sung the first line, ere he was interrupted with "Why, Incledon, it is too bad to 'Humbug' like this." So strange an interruption disconcerted one who "brought down the house" every time he sang this song in public, and he stared with amazement around. At almost the same time as the interrupter, others begged him not to notice their "dined" friend; whereupon Incledon began again,—"All in the Downs the Fleet was moored"—"Incledon!" "Incledon!" shouted a score of voices. "Recollect you are not singing to the

gallery at Covent Garden Theatre." Incledon stopped, then peered into the faces of those nearest him, to discover whether they were playing off a joke on him or not. But all were so well versed in the art of "Humbugging," that no one was betrayed by a smile. It was now time for the "Humbugs" taking the opposite side to deploy; this they did by asserting, "It was a d——d shame—a most unjustified interruption—ungentlemanly behaviour," interspersed with cries of "chair, chair," "order, order." Incledon, at last, was again prevailed upon to proceed, but was again interrupted by a turbulent "Humbug" shouting "stuff, stuff" (hiss), but this one was outdone by another, who asserted, "Incledon, by Jove! you're drunk." "Who says I am drunk?" roared Incledon, like a lion roused. Whereupon, a number of the members again expressed their sympathy with Incledon; but such loud cries of "chair, chair," "order, order," were raised, that the room was in confusion. At last a lull ensued, when Incledon challenged the room with "I'll give any man twenty pounds who says I am drunk, or who will give me the lie." This was like putting a match to a keg of powder. An explosion followed in either case, and the words "you're drunk," "you lie," which came from all parts of the room, staggered Incledon, who thereupon jumped up, pulled off his coat, and offered to fight any one present, "For the value of his benefit." It was now time for the Earl's interference, and he rose and said that he hoped

"Incledon would not proceed with his blood-thirsty intentions, as he had only been humbugged." The meeting, which till now had been disaffected, now burst into a roar of laughter, each member coming forward to shake Incledon by the hand. His lordship again addressed him, "Why, you know, Incledon, we are called the 'Humbugs.'" "Yes," he replied, "D——d Humbugs." So terminated Incledon's installation.

It sometimes happened that an amicable result of such pranks was not easily attained, or even not attained at all. Colonel Hanger brought two Irish friends to be inducted one evening, who appeared to have been indulging somewhat freely. They were soon set at variance by the members present, and on being told "They had been 'Humbugged,'" their indignation knew no bounds, and they required the Club, by those present, to apologize. This was not done, and a riot ensued; the table was upset, bottles, glasses, and plates flew about like hail, and in a few minutes the room was all but empty. The waiters, hearing an uproar, rushed in, to find his lordship and one of the Irishmen trying their respective pugilistic powers, and the room strewn with wreckage of furniture, china, and glass. In a corner, strongly entrenched behind a barricade of chairs and tables, was the well-known actor, Dicky Suett, uttering his favourite exclamations, "Oh, dear! Oh, la! Oh, la! Oh, la!" Some members then returned and separated his lord-

ship and the Hibernian, who was got away somehow with his companion by their introducer. The club-room could not be made habitable again that evening.

The Earl of Barrymore was determined "to see life" in all phases, from the palace to the hovel. To visit the latter he assumed a disguise, but his device could not deceive any who had seen him once. In this manner, his lordship, accompanied by two or three friends, would go the "rounds" of innumerable cellars, kitchens, dens, etc., etc., in the purlieus of "Old" Drury or St. Giles. At other times the Earl would order his carriage after dinner and go to Jacob's Well. On one occasion, attended by some jovial companions, he alighted a short distance from the "Wells," so as not to attract attention, entered the room devoted to dancing, singing, took part in those entertainments, and charmed the company, who were ignorant to whom they were indebted, with his humour. Shortly after a person entered and asked the Chairman if he knew "what noble Lord was honouring them with his company." All eyes were turned on the Earl, who shortly after left the place.

On September 18th, 1790, Frederick, Duke of Cumberland, died. The theatres being closed in consequence,[1] Bannister, the actor, was enabled to accept the Earl of Barrymore's invitation to Wargave, which was couched in the following terms:—

[1] Adolphus's "Life of Bannister."

"DEAR BANNISTER,—The Duke of Cumberland is dead,' —in the original H.R.H. is called by a designation not necessary to repeat.—'and your theatre closed on that account. You will make me very happy if you will come down for a day or two this week. Our plays are Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, 21st, 23rd, 25th. You can have no excuse, my good boy, so pray let us see you. You shall have the great bed and every other necessary commodity. I daresay you are in high spirits at the National misfortune; for now it's all holiday with you. Ah, friend! 'All work and no play makes "Jack" a dull boy.'

"Ever Yours Sincerely,

"BARRYMORE.

"Turn over, for God's sake. P.S.—I assure you our theatre is really elegant. We play 'Try Again,' the last night of our performance. You would oblige me exceedingly if you would procure me the dress you wore, and also the Walloon uniform, which I will take great care of. from Colman."

This letter is curious, for two reasons: firstly, it gives the Earl's own opinion of his Wargrave theatre; secondly, it affords a characteristic specimen of his lordship's epistolatory style, specimens of which are rare. Bannister, however, was not a stranger to Wargrave, being much esteemed by his lordship, and treated by him and his fellow roysterers with what was not extended to many, sincere respect.

At the first and second October meetings, the

Earl of Barrymore's racing stud continued its record for this year. Àpropos of the death of H.R.H. the Duke of Cumberland, that event, it appears, did not greatly curtail his nephew's amusements :—

The Prince of Wales's horse *Serpent* was beaten by the Earl of Barrymore's *Chanticleer* at the first[1] meeting.

[1] Appendix K.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Joe the Conjuror" at Wargrave—Fatal accident outside the Earl's theatre at Wargrave—*Anthony Pasquin's* poems—Anecdote of David Garrick—The Earl of Barrymore's racing successes at the Houghton Meeting in 1790.

ALLUSION has been made to an individual nicknamed "Joe the Conjuror." This worthy took to travel about the country, accompanied by his wife, performing various feats of dexterity for a livelihood.

During his peregrinations, "Joe" found himself, and partner, in the neighbourhood of Wargrave, while the theatrical season was in "full swing."

And he thought this a propitious moment for visiting that village.

The arrival of so cunning a prestigiator as "Joe" was soon known, and reached the ears of the Barrys, who, with their sportive friends, resolved to "serve 'Joe' out," did opportunity serve.

Previous to a performance at the Earl's theatre, the driver of a hackney coach, who had brought some visitors from Reading, came into collision, in turning his coach round, with the Rev. J. Tickell's garden wall, was thrown from his box, fell on his head, and was picked up dead!

It is said the unfortunate man ought not to have driven the hackney coach, as he was not sober.

The serious accident quickly brought assistance from his lordship's attendants, who, when they found the case beyond the aid of medical skill, carried the corpse to Guy's beer-house, where it remained till a more suitable place could be found for it.

On the conclusion of the performance, Henry and Augustus Barry heard that "Joe" was staying at Guy's, and forthwith devised a plan of action.

The pair "interviewed" the landlord of "Guy's," who consented to become their confederate. Soon after this, the Barrys, joined by other wags, proceeded softly to the room where the body of the unfortunate driver lay, and quietly carried it to the bed-chamber of "Joe" and his wife, who were sleeping soundly, and placed the "uncanny" thing between the sleeping couple. They then stealthily left the room and premises. When "Joe" and his wife awoke in the morning, they were almost demented with terror at beholding a corpse by their side, and rushed, shrieking, from the room. They had not gone far along the passage before they met their landlord coming up, as he said, "To see what the hulla-ba-loo was about." When he was told what he already knew, that a dead body had been placed in their bed, he coolly replied that "He presumed *they* knew well enough how it had got there, as they had, no

doubt, lured the man to their room, killed, and robbed him."

Joe and his wife stoutly denied the landlord's statement; but the circumstance (as few knew the real facts) soon got wind, and Joe and his wife, for the time, looked upon as murderers. After breakfast the unfortunate couple were subjected to a rigid examination by the village constable, whose services had likewise been enlisted by the Barrys. At last the pair were allowed to depart, on some one—no doubt an emissary of the Wargrave fraternity—coming in to ask about the body of the driver, who had been killed by an accident. Joe did not wait to be told a second time he might go; but departed with his wife, instantly, muttering all sorts of imprecations against Wargrave and its inhabitants.

The Earl of Barrymore's dramatist and amanuensis, *Anthony Pasquin*, had, a short time before he entered his lordship's service, written a volume of verse entitled "Pasquin's Poems," which were published by J. Strahan, and dedicated to the Right Honourable William Pitt and Sir Joshua Reynolds. The list of subscribers numbered some five hundred, including members of the aristocracy and gentry. The Earl of Barrymore's name appears for two copies; his brother Henry's for five. Anthony could relate an anecdote well, and is responsible for the following: David Garrick wished to enlarge the stage of "Old" Drury, for which purpose he required certain premises in

Drury Lane. To arrange the matter, Garrick waited on the Duke of Bedford's steward, a Mr. Palmer. This gentleman, who knew the acquisition was all but indispensable, as well as Garrick's character for "nearness," asked one thousand pounds for the property.

"No! no! Mr. Palmer," testily ejaculated the English *Roscius*, "I will *never* give any such enormous price—depend on it—the old stage, with all its inconveniences, shall remain as it is; therefore, I wish you a very good-day!" Then he took up his hat and cane and left the room with a tragic air. A short time after Garrick returned, and said, "He had a consultation with Lacy, his co-patentee, who suggested he should give the sum demanded."

But, unfortunately for Garrick, Mr. Palmer was as astute as himself, and when he found Garrick was in such haste to close the transaction, he replied that he also "had considered the matter, and should now require fifteen hundred pounds for the same property."

"What!" exclaimed Garrick, with amazement. "What!" he repeated,—"fifteen—hundred—pounds—for a few houses, as rotten as the linch-pin of the world! No, may I for ever be branded as an ass if I give my money away in that manner! No! no! Master Palmer, you have got the wrong pig by the ear this time; I wish you good-day, sirrah!"

Garrick again sought advice and consolation from his friend Lacy, who discussed at length

on the many advantages to be gained by the proposed addition, whereon it was determined to acquire the property at the increased price. Garrick, who was frightened lest another visit to the duke's agent, on that day, might increase that shrewd person's cupidity, thought it expedient to ask his company at dinner. At the same time, he cherished the hope expressed by the proverb in a modified form, viz. the absence of wit with wine! But again Garrick's conclusions were at fault. For on broaching the subject of the property, Mr. Palmer almost froze the blood in Messrs. Garrick and Lacy's veins by saying, "The proposed negotiations had caused him much concern, and could not consistently with his duty to his Grace, take less than two thousand pounds for the property desired."

"What!" shrieked Garrick, "two thousand pounds? Why, it is not six hours since you would have sold me the property for half the sum. For goodness' sake, take the price you now demand, as, if I *delay* another five minutes, you will probably demand half my fortune for the fee-simple of a huckster's chateau!!!"

This fully illustrates the adage, "Delays are dangerous." About this time the Earl of Barrymore became prone to delays with respect to his monetary affairs, which led, as it always does, to complications. More so with this volatile lord, who, by the celerity with which he put his ideas of pleasure into action, was allied to Napoleon the Great—who is often mentioned as a man without

an arm, his hand being, as it were, attached to his head, so that to form a plan and put it into execution was the matter of one and the same moment. But this promptness benefitted ultimately neither the emperor nor the peer.

The Earl, after spending the season at Brighton, returned to town; but soon afterwards went to Newmarket to attend the Houghton Meeting, held on November 2nd, 1790. It was at this meeting that certain matches and races were run, which made a great stir in racing circles of that time, and the first steps that resulted in the Prince of Wales's giving up his stud. In some of these events the Earl of Barrymore was concerned—a fact that does not seem to have been much commented upon by latter-day writers of racing history. On the day just mentioned, the commencement of the sequence of events took place as follows:—

"Lord Barrymore's *Seagull*, 8st. 8lb., beat the Prince of Wales's *Magpie*, 8st. D.I. 200 guineas, 5 to 4 on *Magpie*. A result that confirmed his lordship's, as well as Mr. C. J. Fox's opinion of *Seagull's* capabilities; as well as further proof of the Earl's racing perspicuity. Chifney, the jockey who rode *Magpie*, says in his "Genius Genuine,"[1] that he suggested this match to H.R.H. after the defeat of *Seagull* in a handicap a few days previously, and urged, as a condition, that both animals should carry 9st., the match to

[1] Published in 1795 at 5*l.* a copy, as a means to assist the writer, then in indigent circumstances.

take place on the day following *Seagull's* defeat. Though, in the race just narrated, *Seagull* gave *Magpie* 8lb.! Chifney further states he had reasons why the match should have been run as suggested, and goes so far as to assert that he expressed a wish to H.R.H. the match should be for 200 guineas, and further assured him that he would have the best of the market odds, which were certain to be in *Seagull's* favour, while he ventured to express an opinion that H.R.H. might with safety lay out five or six hundred pounds on the result. To prove his belief in the capabilities of the Prince's horse, *Magpie*, Chifney offered, with H.R.H.'s permission, to lay him fifty pounds that *Magpie* won. The day after this conversation, H.R.H. sent for Chifney, and told him, in the presence of Mr. Lake (the Prince's racing *factotum*), that that gentleman had been to the Jockey Club the previous evening, but could not arrange a match with *Seagull's* owner. H.R.H. further said,—

"You know, Sam Chifney, one cannot always match as we wish, but Mr. Lake shall try and arrange a match with Lord Barrymore this evening."

Chifney thanked H.R.H., and replied,—

"That if the horses were not matched that night to run the next day, he would decline to have anything to do with the matching."

In the evening Mr. Lake made the match related, but upon totally different conditions to those requested by Chifney. On the morning of

the match, H.R.H. sent for Chifney, and asked him "If he thought *Magpie* would win?" Chifney said "He did not."

"Why?" asked the Prince, "it is your own match, Chifney!"

"Yes, your Royal Highness, it is my match,[1] and I am very thankful to your Royal Highness for indulging me; but I do not think *Magpie* will win."

To this his patron replied,—

"That Frank Neale [H.R.H. training groom] had just left the room, having asssured him *Magpie* was as fit as any horse could be."

But the only reply Chifney vouchsafed was,—

"If *Magpie* was fit and well, he was as sure of winning as any horse could be; but in spite of Neale's assertion, he wished, with all due respect, H.R.H. not to lose more than the match money."

When *Magpie* was stripped to be saddled, Chifney asserts, "He knew him to be exceedingly unfit to run" (but whether from ignorance or rascality on Neale's part, he would not say).

On the match being run, *Magpie* was beater with extraordinary ease, Chifney being unable to get him out at any part of the race. When Chifney returned to scale, he passed Mr. Lake near the betting ring; the latter observed how

[1] Chifney, in the body of his pamphlet, denies the match was made on the conditions desired, but acknowledges that he gave the answer quoted. Why did he not then complain of the departure from his original stipulations!!!

easily *Magpie* had been beaten. The Jockey answered, "He would have been glad had he tried him, as the horse ran 150 to 200 yards better at one time than another."

Mr. Lake rejoined, "That Frank Neale had told him Magpie had bad legs, and he dared not gallop him"!!!![1]

This was the last race that *Magpie* appeared in, as shortly after he was turned out of training, though Chifney states that he never exactly "knew why!" The reader, therefore, must draw his own conclusions; not a difficult matter.

The same day as the *Seagull-Magpie* match was run, the Earl of Barrymore again appeared in the pigskin, riding in a match[2] against a horse that had previously been in his stable, then owned and ridden by another aspirant to racing fame—none other than "Farmer" Stone, whose acquaintance the reader has already made.

At this meeting, on the 6th, another match, discussed by Chifney, took place,—

The Earl of Barrymore's horse, *Highlander*, aged, 7st. 6lb., beat the Prince of Wales's horse *Traveller*, 5 years 8st., 7lb. B.C. 500 guineas, 15 to 8 on *Highlander*.

Chifney asserts, previous to this match being run, that the Prince's representative was tried against other horses in his stable—*Phalanx*, *Bubble*, and *Archibald*. Chifney rode *Traveller*.

[1] Compare this statement with Neale's to H.R.H.
[2] Appendix L.

When about half-a-mile from home the four competitors were so much distanced by *Phalanx* that Chifney called out to Messrs. Lake and Neale (who were on rising ground watching the trial) to know if he might not "rein in," as it was only distressing his mount, for no good; at this time *Bubble* was many lengths ahead of *Traveller*, who was about a length in front of *Archibald*.

On the morning of the match H.R.H. sent for Messrs. Lake and Chifney, when he asked Chifney if he thought *Traveller* would win?

"No, your royal highness," replied the jockey.

"Why?" asked Mr. Lake. "You know he ran a good horse in his trial, for you rode him."

"Yes, sir! I rode him, but I don't know he ran a good horse."

This reply incensed Mr. Lake, who remarked with warmth, "Yes, you do know that he ran as a good horse, for he was not beaten more than half a length—he was not beaten a length!"

Whereupon Chifney exclaimed with astonishment,—

"Not a length, sir!"

"No," said Mr. Lake," he was not beaten but very little more than a length, certainly not a length and a half."

This prevarication proved to Chifney that Mr. Lake wished to disguise the facts of the trial, and as Mr. Lake's warmth appeared to disturb the Prince of Wales, Chifney thought it prudent to retire, but determined to tell H.R.H. the facts

of *Traveller's* trial at the first opportunity. He found one on the course, before *Traveller's* match was run, and approaching the prince, he said,—

"With your Royal Highness's permission, I shall be glad to describe how *Traveller* performed in his trial."

"You may name," replied the prince.

Thereupon Chifney told H.R.H. the facts of the trial.

The time having arrived for the match, Chifney departed to inspect the saddling of his mount. *Highlander* defeated *Traveller* with ease. In fact, the former ran a worse horse than in the trial, Chifney being unable to get him out at any point of the race.[1]

These incidents alone, in the racing career of the Prince of Wales, show, to say the least, he had some very "peculiar" persons among his racing retinue; "but more remains behind," for a later chapter.

The Earl of Barrymore's racing engagements this year (1790) numbered 140, of which fifty obtained winning brackets, not at all a bad record. This raises the question, How came a person of the Earl's insight to lose money? Because he would "Not let well alone." As no one sport or fancy ever claimed his undivided attention long, it was thus, when his mind was

[1] To show what the Earl of Barrymore thought of *Highlander's* effort in this race, he ran him in another match the same day. Appendix L.

occupied with matters foreign to racing, that owners who knew his foible got the Earl to commit himself to matches (which were accompanied or managed by underrating of one of his favourite racers) which with his "racing cap" on he would have scorned. By these and other artful tactics, jealous and unscrupulous owners contrived to obtain advantages over his lordship, who in his calmer mood was equal to the best judge of form then on the turf.

With the advent of winter, the Earl's theatrical ardour revived, as both his "Town" and "Country" theatres were kept in full working order. The first was often crammed to repletion. This is mentioned by a chronicler of those days, Lady Theresa Lewis, who edited the correspondence of Miss Berry. "I went to fetch my niece, Sophia Walpole, home last night from her mother's," writes Miss Berry, "and found Little Burlington Street blocked up with carriages. Lord Barrymore, his sister, Lady Melfort, and Mrs. Goodall, the actress, were performing the *Beaux's Stratagem*, at his lordship's theatre." Many of these entertainments, with the suppers by which they were usually terminated, were very expensive, the cost frequently amounting to 1500*l.* a night.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Theatrical season at Wargrave, 1790 - 1791—Wargrave Theatrical Club Ball—The Earl of Barrymore in the ball-room—Fight between Johnson and Big Ben—The Earl's freak while receiving a fencing lesson—The Earl compared with man's "Three Evils"—Additions made by the Earl to his racing stud—Notes—The Earl of Barrymore's turf career compared with "Old" Dick Vernon's.

THEATRICALS, Balls, and Fêtes, in London and at Wargrave, were continued well into the year 1791, and were diversified by sporting and hunting, in fact, anything to beguile the time and squander money!

One of the entertainments was the Wargrave Theatrical Club Ball, at Maidenhead, to which a large number of people were invited, and among those present were some of the best county families. The ball-room was handsomely decorated with artificial flowers and transparencies. One of the latter represented "Comedy" on a pedestal supported by Harlequin and Pierrot, life-size, and inscribed "Wargrave Theatrical Club Ball." Another bore the Prince of Wales's plume, the British flag, and an Anchor, with the motto "*Vive Harmonia;*" the allusion was to the harmony existing between the royal brothers,

the Prince of Wales and the Dukes of York and Clarence. Three cut-glass chandeliers, holding a profusion of wax candles, threw a mellow light on all assembled—a method of lighting on which modern art has not yet improved. The ball opened with country dances, which were danced until supper was announced at 2 o'clock a.m. After supper, catches and glees were sung by the Earl of Barrymore, his brothers, Captain Wathen, and John Edwin, junior, until dawn, when the guests dispersed. At another ball, the following incident happened:—A handsome young lady was dancing with a short, stout, podgy gentleman, who was not skilled in the terpsichorean art, and his fair partner slipped and fell, spraining her ankle. The dancers stopped, and the musicians likewise, when the lady was borne from the room. Lord Barrymore, who had witnessed the accident, could not resist the temptation to raise a laugh; so he bade the conductor of the band strike up, "Shepherd, I have lost my Love." The strain was received with roars of laughter from all except the fat and ugly *Corydon*, who was sitting in a corner, instead of administering to the needs of his *Phyllis;* this nonchalant attitude he retained, in spite of the glances of those present, and no doubt took the melody for "part and parcel" of the entertainment.

On January 17th, 1791, Johnson, the hero of the ring, fought his last battle. Johnson is said to have been one of the best men that ever held the Championship, for which his match with Brain, *alias* "Big Ben," was fought, with 500

guineas added money. The incident is alluded to here only because the vanquisher of Johnson, Brain, was a former antagonist of the Earl of Barrymore's "professor" in the "noble art," and because the Earl backed Johnson. This battle cooled the Earl's enthusiasm for the "public" ring, though he still retained Hooper in his service.

But on the curtailment of his patronage of the "Fancy," the Earl gave increased support to a far better "field" sport—Cricket; in fact, some of the most notable matches were played at this period, either under his patronage or by elevens elected by him.

In those days, tuition in small sword exercise was indispensable to the education of a gentleman, unless a "man of fashion" desired to be "spitted" by the first draper's assistant posing as a gentleman by picking quarrels at Ranelagh and Vauxhall, perhaps Marylebone, with persons of rank, whose "ways" resembled those of the Earl of Barrymore and his companions.

In the days when Richard, Earl of Barrymore flourished, he, as well as every man of fashion, carried his life, in a sense, in his hands. Therefore his lordship was quite wise in taking lessons in *carte* and *tierce* from that expert, Professor Henry Angelo, who not only enjoyed a lucrative practice, but by his talent as an amateur actor, reciter, and vocalist, secured the Earl's personal friendship, and also that of several other members of the aristocracy.

Angelo, in his old age, compiled two or three amusing volumes of "small talk" on the society of an earlier period, and testifies to his pupils' eccentricities. He relates how, on one occasion, his volatile pupil managed to extract fun and frolic from so matter of fact a thing as a fencing lesson at his house in Piccadilly. On Angelo's appearance, the Earl produced two new white kerseymere jackets, gave one to Angelo to put on, and donned the other himself. He then rang the bell, and on the entrance of his valet, Trebby, ordered him to fetch the "blacking pot." This was brought, and placed on the floor, when the Earl dipped the point of his foil into it, and desired Angelo to do likewise, remarking that "fair play is a jewel" (a favourite maxim of his). The pair then set to thrusting vigorously at each other, with the result that both master and pupil were soon spotted like leopards.

Angelo protested against so extravagant a freak, which, if continued, meant several new jackets. But the Earl only laughed and said, "He purposed to continue his novel manner of recording a 'hit' until he had made Harry Angelo as black as the *devil!*"

Men's lives are said to be beset by those three great evils, "wine, women, and money." Now, as regards the first of these, the Earl of Barrymore was not a sot, or intemperate, if judged by the low and lamentable standard of his day, though at one time the best of all vintages could be had as freely as water at his lordship's Wargrave resi-

dence, where the very "bargees" might obtain, for the asking, as much Burgundy or malt liquor as they could swallow. As regards the second, it is not going to be urged that the Earl was a paragon of virtue, but these pages shall not record the escapades that have not escaped research. While for the third, money, no one ever regarded the circulating medium in its character of "dross" more practically than did this spendthrift Earl. To him money meant only the thing that could buy so much pleasure, but the coffers of a *Crœsus* would not have sufficed for the demands his whims would have made upon them.

With the beginning of the flat-racing season, the Earl of Barrymore, in spite of clouds on the horizon of his finances, still added to his stud. He purchased the following horses from Mr. Bullock: *Moses*, *Putt*, *Old Gold*, and *Halbert*; *Treecreeper* from Mr. Paxton, and others. These horses were all selected with a judgment, as stud book-lore can confirm, which, had any other than the erratic Earl possessed, might have guided him into the path of "Old" Dick Vernon, of that day's racing fame. Vernon commenced his career as an ensign in the Guards, but soon developed a taste for gaming of all kinds, and was initiated later into the "mysteries of the turf," a pursuit which he followed with caution and success. By these means alone, without one tithe of the natural ability for the sport as the Earl of Barrymore possessed, he managed to convert a slender patrimony of £3000 into a fortune of £100,000 before he quitted the turf as an owner.

CHAPTER XIX.

Mr. Bullock aptly named—The Comtesse du Barri and the Barrymores—The Earl's pleasure mentioned as business—Parody on the "Deserted Village" by Anthony Pasquin.

Mr. Bullock, whose name has often occurred in these pages in connection with the Earl of Barrymore's sporting adventures, appears to have been an extraordinary man; in fact, to have borne a strong resemblance to the beast whose name he bore. Of an inactive and unwieldy form, his mind was active and fertile with a number of lucrative pursuits; for he was connected simultaneously with a brewery and a gambling-house, and carried on under his more immediate supervision the trade of an usurer, charging interest a trifle (?) above "bank rate." These constituted the business of his life; its relaxation was found in owning and running a small but carefully selected stud of racehorses. Many of these he sold to great advantage, particularly after a race. This person had numerous transactions with the Earl during his turf career; it would have been to his lordship's advantage had he never made his acquaintance.

In the month of January, 1791, the Château de Luciennes, the residence of the famous, and infamous, Comtesse du Barry, was robbed in her absence, and jewels stolen to a considerable amount; among these were some valuable diamonds, purchased for her at a great cost by Louis XV. The robbery necessitated a journey to London on the part of la Comtesse—several, in the long run—to give details respecting the articles stolen, the thieves being traced to London. With the foregoing, or even the eventual recovery of the missing jewels, this memoir has little to do; though an incident that arose from "Madame's" visit has. This was that the Comtesse's *de jure* husband, Comte Guillaume du Barri Ceres, had been acknowledged by the late Earl of Barrymore as a scion or offshoot of his noble house, in which he erred. For it is now admitted by French genealogists that the father of this Comte du Barri was a man of obscure origin. On the other hand, it is equally certain that there was and still is a descendant of the Earls of Barrymore among the French nobility, who is known as Comte Barry de Mervel (Château de Mervel, Seine Inférieure), whose ancestor accompanied James II. Inférieure into exile, 1690. This nobleman's arms are similar, and the motto the same as the older branch (the Irish) of the Barrymores. Therefore, the sixth Earl of Barrymore was correct in saying he had collateral relatives in France, but wrong in the family he selected for the honour, for Barri was a common appellation in many parts of France.

There is, or was, in the Galerie, or Salon Carrè, at the Louvre, a picture for which Madame du Barry paid 4000 livres in 1771; it represents King Charles flying from his pursuers, accompanied by a page, said to be a Barrymore; authentication is, however, wanting, also for the picture's having been painted by Vandyke. Madame du Barry had this picture hung in her boudoir, her royal paramour's customary seat, and she would point to it and tell him that if he permitted his parliament to have too much liberty they might possibly behead him, as they had beheaded King Charles, a prophecy which was fulfilled in the person of his grandson, Louis XVI., whose fate the prophetess shared.

The Earl of Barrymore's passion for notoriety made him acknowledge the Comtesse du Barry as his relative, by marriage, of course; in this he only perpetuated his father's error; though had he known the facts, he might possibly have persisted in the fiction.

On the other hand, many doubted whether the "Comtesse" would recognize the head of her husband's family, or regard him as a "strolling player." The Comtesse appears to have been well received by many notabilities of that period, of course including the Prince of Wales.

The following curious paragraph appeared in a newspaper on March 10th, 1791, stating that "it was the intention of the Earl of Barrymore to have a public night once a week (referring to the Earl's London theatre), the only difficulty

being to find one not already overcharged with business; for it may be ranked amongst the elegant improvements of the age that we have contrived to make pleasure happily go hand in hand with business." In this the Earl's intention appears to have been laudable, but the papers would not let him have credit for even that good intention.

A work edited by Anthony Pasquin some years before he entered his lordship's service, was the "Devil," a weekly, later a "weakly," journal, embellished at top with a small woodcut of his dark majesty. This brochure was supposed to be conducted by a society of literary gentlemen and published at the singular price of $2\frac{1}{2}d$. The information, essays, letters, etc., it contains are of little, if any, interest to the present generation, though an excellent parody of a portion of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" must be excepted. This is termed "Innovation," and treats the "stage" as Goldsmith did the village, lamenting departed glories. Nor is its point much dulled by time; there is something applicable in its censures now. It is characteristic of Pasquin.

"INNOVATION."

"Sweet playhouse! best amusement of the town,
Where oft, at half-price, for half-a-crown,
I've with such glee thy opening visit paid,
When oysters first are sold, and farces played.
Dear boxes! where I scarce my nose could squeeze;
Where play, and dance, and song were sure to please,
How, often happier than king or queen,
While loud applause has marked the well-played scene,
How often have I paused on every charm—

The speaking silence, the expression warm,
The never-failing start—the gushing tear,
The broken accents trembling on the ear;
The moon that vainly tried to pierce the shade,
Impervious scene, for love or murder made.
How often have I bless'd the parting day,
When, tea removed, I hurried to the play,
And both the galleries, from labour free,
Wept at the actor's woe, or shared his glee.
While many a first appearance has been made,
The young contending, as the old surveyed,
And many a gentleman walk'd o'er the ground,
While hisses, cat-calls, off! and groans went round.
And still, as each repeated effort tired,
The stage-struck wight became still more inspir'd.
The rival *Romeo's*, that sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down.
The *Scrub*, right conscious of his well-chalked face,
While bursts of laughter echoed round the place.
The timid *Juliet's* sidelong looks of love,
The critic's glance who would those looks reprove.
These were the charms, sweet playhouse, joys like these,
With quick succession, taught e'en 'Rich' to please.
There round the theatre, alternately shed,
Laughter and tears—but all these charms are fled.
Joy-giving playhouse! best delight in town,
Thy merit's fled, and any stuff goes down.
'Midst thy bays the pruning knife is seen,
And critic' fury tear away the green;
Monopoly now grasps the whole domain,
And authors, actors, starve, nor dare complain.
No wit, or humour, marks the lively play,
But puns and quibbles make their saucy way.
Along thy tragedies, a sleepy guest,—
Dull Declamation snores herself to rest.
The place of elegance a stare supplies,
And affectation that ne'er laughs or cries.
Ease, nature, grace, are now neglected all,
For he acts best who can the loudest bawl;
Or by a squint, or grin, or squeak engage,
To fright astonished Reason from the stage.
Ill fares the town, to various tastes a prey,
Where Opera's multiply and Plays decay.
Pageants and shows may flourish or may fade,
A puff can make them, as a puff has made;
But well-writ plays, the stage's noblest pride,

When once destroyed, can never be supply'd.
Time has been, ere monopoly began,
An Author has been treated like a man.
For him attentive Managers could feel,
And public wounds by private kindness heal.
His consolation (failing of success),
That rudeness would not aggravate distress.
But times are altered, Taste shall curse the ev'nt.
Managers, Members of Parliament!
Behind the scenes, no studying actor goes,
But 'gainst some lounging lord he runs his nose;
And actresses, close watched from side to side,
Their parts resign to vanity and pride.
Those sallies which were wont to shake the place,
Filling between each scene the lingering space;
Those jests that set the green room in a roar,
Ah! they that made them are, alas! no more.
Of polite gravity, the green room's full,
And actors are almost—as patriots dull.
Poor Stage!—best parent of the moral hour,
Thy scenes confess the Innovator's power.
Here, if perchance a modest woman goes,
'Midst ranks of *Jezebels* and lobby beau's,
If hap'ly the unpilfered 'scape to view,
That stage to fame which under Garrick grew;
While as from box to box the puppies range,
She hears the veteran renter curse the change.
Remembrance waking, with her busy train,
He thus laments his pleasure turned to pain:
"In all my counter-marching here and there,
In all I've seen,—and I have had my share;—
In all the riots, when the offended town
Have broke the sconces and pulled benches down
When plays have been hissed off before the close,
The authors robbed of profit and repose—
I still had hopes—for men are foolish still,
This patriot manager, with cunning skill,
If not in parliament, might here in peace
Display his vacant system of police.
And as those squires, who the sly fox pursue,
Snore off their bumpers in the parish pew;
I too might sleep—all care left in the lurch,
As safely here as in a country church.
Oh! peaceful corner, friend to life's decline,
Retreat from riots, that can ne'er be mine!
How blest is he, employment growing scarce,

Who cries the play, and laughs throughout the farce;
Who sees, unmoved, the flirt her ogles try,
And calmly can the wanton danger fly;
For him no wretch her want of virtue weeps,
He all his stock of love for Betty keeps.
No surly husband—madame's honour gone—
Breaks on his peace with actions of *crim. con.*;
But on he jogs—to meet his latter end,
Wisely content with his domestic friend,
Sinks into second childhood's kind decay,
And, babbling still old stories, the old way.
His fleeting intellects impair so fast,
'Tis hard to say what moment was his last.
Sweet was the sound, when at the music's close,
Obedient to the bell—the curtain rose;
There Garrick, as he sadly stepp'd, and slow,
In *Hamlet*—look'd unutterable woe!
There, torn with jealous hate 'gainst her he lov'd,
Barry grew agonized, "in not much moved."
There noisy *Bachanals* from *Comus*' court,
Milton and Arne taught how to laugh and sport.
There Boyce and Dryden wak'd with hound the morn,
Or vocal Johnny Beard, with early horn.
There the apt tune in timely moment played,
To fill each pause the *exeunt* had made;
But now Simplicity's soft accents fail,
And Irish jigs th' assaulted ear assail.
No friends to nature on the boards now tread,
But all truths faithful portraiture is fled!
All but yon hearty iron muscled thing,
Who feels in advanced age life's second spring;
He, healthy veteran, who his boyish tricks
Can play, at th' Shakespeare, turn'd eighty-six,[1]
Can roaring patriots' meetings well adorn,
Sing all the night, and burn his wig at morn.
He only left, sense strengthing with his age,
The faithful Mentor of the sinking stage.
Near yonder church, where once the garden smil'd,
And still where many a garden flower goes wild,
There, where the opening shops the place disclose,
The little Manager's snug mansion rose.[2]
A man he was to all the playhouse dear,
And passing rich—for he was close and near.
Envy and wonder of the strolling race,

[1] Macklin. [2] Garrick's.

At Hampton, he'd a very pretty place.
Disdainful he to fawn—so great his pow'r,
He must himself be flattered by the hour;
And still his heart indulged the worthy whim,
Raising their salaries who stooped to him.
His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their freaks, but n'er relieved their pain.
The *Romeos* and the *Hamlets*, not his guests,
But on the garden—heav'd and thump'd their breasts.
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
A trial claimed, and had his claim allowed.
The country *Roscius* civilly ask in,
For all work fit—could anywhere begin,
Call up a look, grin—start or force a tear
At will, be drunk in *Brute*, or mad in *Lear*.
Pleas'd with the terms, the little man would glow,
And yield—like drops of blood—ten pounds or so.
But, careful every prospect still to scan,
The engagement made ere charity began.
Thus, to relieve the wretch was his delight,
Could his own interest be advantag'd by't?
To fill the house, still prompt at every call,
To cry, and laugh, and start, he taught them all.
And as an aged horse tries every pace
To lure the colts and fillies of the race,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Pointed to *Roscius'* chair, and led the way.
Beside the tomb, entranc'd where *Juliet* laid—
Mute sorrow, frantic love, by turns displayed.
The wondrous actor stood, at his control,
Despair and anguish chill'd the harrow'd soul;
While, as a contrast to each whisper'd pause,
The thund'ring house re-echoed with applause.
Upon the stage, blest with each native grace,
His looks did what he pleas'd throughout the place.
Truth from his lips the enraptured hearers aw'd,
And those who came to scoff—stayed to applaud.
The curtain dropt—around the little man,
The actors all with honest pleasure ran.
E'en scene men followed with quaint vulgar wile,
And praise him up—to share the good man's smile;
The smile a master's consequence express'd,
The flattery pleas'd, but not the sly request;
He'd laugh—but, 'gainst their wants as firm as rocks
His serious thoughts had rest in his strong box;
As some rich Nabob with pagodas stor'd,

Massacres nations, and comes home a lord,
Tho' scorned and branded with the public curse,
Smiles at the thousands glittering in his purse.
Besides Charles Street, where hackney coaches meet,
Where two 'Blue Posts,' adorn famed Russell Street,
There in an alehouse, taught to play the fool,
Good master Shuter first was put to school.
Nature's adopted son, tho' mean and low,
Alas! "I knew him well, *Hora-tio.*"
Well did the tittering audience love to trace
The miser's thrift, depicted in his face.
Well would the busy whisper circle round,
When, in Corbaccio, at Volpone he frown'd;
Yet he was kind—and if absurd in aught,
The love he bore to blackguards was in fault.
The chimney sweeper swore how much he knew,
'Twas certain he could act and mimic too;
Could tip the London cries—nay, it was said,
He—for his benefit—'King Richard' play'd.
In guzzling too, the landlord own'd his skill,
For tho' as drunk as muck—he'd guzzle still.
While Quaker's sermons, given in drawling sound,
Amazed the 'prigs' and 'kiddies' rang'd around.
And still they gap'd, and still the wonder grew,
That one droll head could carry all he knew.

But past is all, his fame, the *Rose and Crown*,
Where he so oft got tipsy—is burnt down.
Near to the wardrobe stairs one storey high,
Where ermined robes and jewels caught the eye.
Dull is that dressing room—by Quin inspired,
Where, once, choice wits after the play retir'd;
When playhouse statesmen talked with looks profound,
And apt quotations—meant for wit—went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The tinsell'd splendours of the motley place;
The warlike truncheon, prone upon the floor,
The herald's coat, that hung behind the door;
The clothes—their different duties made to pay,
To deck the stage by night—the street by day.
The pictures slyly drawn on Hogarth's plan,
Garrick i' th' lantern, Quin in the sedan.
The toilet stock'd, to decorate the play,
Paint, Indian ink, burnt cork, and whiting gay.
While on the clothes, pins ranged in gaudy show,
Robes decked with foilstones—glittered in a row.

Vain, transitory splendours, could not all

Reprieve the minic moments from his bill.
Observe, he sinks—forget his worth and name,
For S—— furnish the smallest fame.
To paltry player—no more shall he impart
An hour's delight to the convivial heart.
Thither, no more shall witty Lords repair,
To sweet oblivion of the senate's care.
No more the anecdote—the luscious tale,
The mirth-inspiring good thing shall prevail.
No more the "Fop" his cobwebbed scenes shall cheer,
Pollock his flippant tongue, and learn—to hear.
Fat Quin himself no longer shall be found,
Careful to see the chuckling sun go round.
Nor the young actress—anxious to be tried,
Shall blush to speak some pointed speech aside.
Yes! let the ranter scoff at—in his rage,
The *simple* beauties of the ancient stage;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.
Spontaneous gifts, where nature has its play,
Ken hypocrites, to be just, shall sway,
Boldly they speaking conviction to the mind,
Nor are to trammels of the scene confined,
But the vain pomp, the pageantry, parade,
To joy the eye, and not the heart display'd.
In viewing these, tho' fools their wish obtain;
With men of sense, they sicken into pain.
For vainly, Fashion, sanctions the decoy,
If common Sense, disdains to call it Joy.
  Ye friends to Truth, ye critics who survey,
False Tastes increase, and Merit's fast decay,
'Tis yours to judge, as censors of the age,
Between a *brilliant* and a *moral* stage.
Proud swells the tide, with loads of capering heels,
And vacant Folly shouts applause in peals;
Hoards, even beyond the miser's wish, are thrown,
To deck some sham farago for the town.
Yet count the gains, 'tis but an empty name,
A puff to lift this nonsense into Fame.
Not so the loss—the sums that feed this pride,
The salaries of many have supplied;
Money for dresses, money for new scenes,
New music, decorations, and machines;
The cost of these, including every freak,
Would pay ten decent actors four pounds a week
But to afford engagements so enlarged,

Such useful members must be all discharged;
In some poor barn the needy actors fly,
Starved, the gull'd town with mummery to supply.
And, thus the stage, first meant for Reason—all,
In Folly's splendid trappings waits its fall,
As some plain youth, from College issuing forth,
Depends for introduction on his worth,
Slights all the glare that tinsell'd Wit supplies,
And having sense—expects to pass for wise;
But when deserted—for he knows not how
To simper—or to make a modish bow,
Wisdom he shuns, for Folly's mad excess,
Reasoning profoundly still—but it's on dress!
Thus fares the stage, by pageantry disgrac'd,
Where Nature's beauties are no longer traced;
But verging to decline—its turrets rise,
Its vista's strike—its palaces surprise.
While scourged by Famine from the royal place,
The mournful actor joins the strolling race,
Reduced to double parts, to laugh and rave,
To play the ghost, and after dig the grave.
Where then, ah! where, shall Nature's sons reside,
To 'scape the pressure of theatric pride?
If, taking some poor town, they bribe the Mayor,
Sinking the vagabond, to spare the player;
The pittance poor and scanty which they get,
Obliges them to run away in debt."

This is all that appears to have been published of this clever parody. Although it bears "To be concluded in our next," the following numbers do not contain any further reference to it.

Another work on the stage by the writer of the foregoing was the "Children of Thespis" (published in book form), which acquired some notoriety. A writer in a magazine some 30 years after relates a *bon mot*, made by "Anthony Pasquin," who, in describing the steeple of the obstacle church in the Strand (St. Mary-le-Strand) as a milestone run to seed—a really witty comparison—declared this to have been one of the

few good things given forth by his brick-dust brain, in one of the few happy moments vouchsafed to it. Probably posterity may judge differently after reading this parody.

CHAPTER XX.

An anecdote related by the Earl of Barrymore—Production of the pantomime *Bluebeard* at Wargrave—The flat racing season begins—The Earl enters the House of Commons—How an amateur actor was brought from London—The Earl's dislike to being driven in a post-chaise—Captain Wathen, the theatrical amateur—Newmarket Second Spring Meeting, 1791—The Earl in love—Mrs. Goodall, the actress, at Wargrave.

THE following anecdote was related by the Earl of Barrymore. He was dining with a gentleman at Great Marlow, his amanuensis Pasquin being of the company. His host, who had just lost and buried his wife, was asked by a footman if he might speak with him, and was answered, "Speak out, John; we have no strangers here." The man informed his master that a "pusson" wished to speak with him on urgent business. "Then show him in," said the gentleman. "I have nothing to hide from my guests."

The caller's urgent "business" proved to be the undertaker who had conducted the funeral obsequies of their host's late wife. He asked if he might mention his business before company.

"Proceed, Sir!"

Whereupon he began the usual stock drawl:—"Bills to meet," "Scarceness of money," "bad

trade!" and then placed in the widower's hand his "leetle" bill.

"What!" cried he, glancing at the sum total of the account. "What! Sixty-seven pounds for burying a man's wife! it is an enormous amount for laying a silent female horizontally! You must have made a mistake."

"Not in the least article," replied the undertaker. "Handsome hearse, three coaches, six decent well-dressed mutes, and the best pall in the county! No one could do it honestly for less, your honour."

"But it is a large item," urged the widower. "But stay, Mr. Undertaker. I now recollect the poor woman would have paid twice as much with cheerfulness to have buried me." He turned to the Earl and said, "So, my Lord, I must not be behind in doing an act of kindness! There, undertaker, is a draft for your bill; receipt it, and be off."

With the opening of the racing season, theatricals and other entertainments were brought to a close. On April 15th, 1791, a new pantomime, "*Bluebeard*," was produced, after many rehearsals had been held. One of these was a "full dress" one, to which his lordship admitted gratis as many of the villagers as the theatre would hold—a motley crowd, who afforded as much amusement by the amazement their stolid countenances depicted to the Earl and his friends as the performance. Some expressed their thought and delight in the loudest of "stage" whispers. One chat-

terer remarked to his village "beauty," while Blue Beard was about to murder *Zelicia*,—

"I'll be domned, Margery, if that ban't Dalpheni."

"Lawks, is it?" said the red-cheeked wench. "Wot a willan to be sur!"

This pantomime was written by "Pasquin," who did not strictly adhere to the story of the murderous Turk. One character acted by him was his Satanic Majesty. His costume was of the usual symbolic character, heightened by a liberal display of red fire, as he ascended by the trap to the stage, and this caused the bumpkins to shriek with terror. Pasquin, who desired to learn the effects of his representation, as soon as possible disrobed and went amongst the audience in the boxes, where a whispered discussion was going on between one of the theatrical amateurs and a countryman as to the mission of "Old 'Arry" in the piece, on which Pasquin explained it was the genius of the country where the scene was laid, who had appeared to protect *Zelicia*. Whereon another yokel interposed.

"He be wundarful queerly drassed, Mister, an' my I's nevar go to Sonning ag'in if he hadn't got no shoes on."

You need not wonder at that, you egregious blockhead," remarked a gentleman standing by,— "to find a genius without a shoe to his foot."

The dialogue, jokes, and songs of this pantomime are said to have been excellent. One of the latter, sung by Delphini, ran,—

"My Zelicia! now your black eyes may behold
My coffers, my jewels, my plate, and my gold.
With wonders on wonders, this key will unfold,
And all shall be thine when we're married.

"This key ope's the casket where emeralds lie,
And this, where my costly array meets the eye,
With silks, far more bright than the Tyrean dye,
And all shall be thine when we're married.

"But I charge you, by all that is sacred and great,
Not to open 'that' door and embitter your fate.
If you do, you'll be cursed by the Furies' fell hate,
And you and I will never be married."

At one of the rehearsals, and before the actors thoroughly knew their parts, Delphini, while singing the above song, substituted "Admirals" for "Emeralds" in the second verse; the prompter called his attention to the error, when he replied,—

"It be yure meestake, Mistar promptar, it is! de 'admiral' dat Blue Beard did murdar and buried dere!" It was only by the most patient and persistent explanation that Delphini could be made to understand he was in error. The composer of the music for this piece, as well as general composer and chef d'orchestre to Lord Barrymore, was Carter, who has immortalized himself by his "Oh, Nanny, wilt thou gang with me?"

At the Craven Meeting, Newmarket, April 25th, 1791, the Earl of Barrymore began the racing season fairly well, winning several matches and races.[1]

The Earl of Barrymore attained this year a

[1] Appendix M.

"privilege" he had long wished for—a seat in the House of Commons. This was acquired through a well-known channel. The borough that honoured the Earl with its inaptly termed "vote and suffrage" was that of Heytesbury, Wilts, one of those "pocket" boroughs which so long disgraced the elective rights of the People before the passing of the Reform Bill. One important privilege of a member of parliament in those days was freedom from arrest. The state at which the Earl's finances were slowly but surely arriving showed he would require to avail himself of this immunity. Heytesbury was not the borough he wished to represent, as he still cherished the desire to sit for Reading, and ultimately contested that borough. However, he prudently accepted the smaller borough in the meanwhile, and gave a sumptuous dinner to a numerous company at his mansion in Piccadilly to celebrate his return.

That Lord Barrymore never permitted money to interfere with his whims or pleasures this further testifies. Almost on the eve of a theatrical performance at Wargrave, an amateur comedian who was to play an important part wrote to say he could not attend. The Earl was annoyed, but on surmising that the state of the roads, with the thereon expense of posting, might have something to do with his friend's proposed absence, he despatched a footman with a letter to the defaulter which contained a fifty-pound note, coupled with the request to "repair" to Wargrave "in style".

on "pressing business." Which of these commands influenced the amateur comedian I will not decide, but it is certain the Earl's dramatic companion posted to Wargrave in a chaise and four, and returned by the same means after the play.

Mentioning post-chaises reminds me of the dislike the Earl had to using those vehicles. This was remarkable, when it is remembered how he would outdo "Hellfire Dick," of Newmarket fame, as a postillion to this class of conveyance. But to sit inside and be carried along at any pace above the ordinary, he never would, if he could avoid it.

Captain Wathen, one of the Earl of Barrymore's most able coadjutors in the dramatic entertainments produced at his London and Wargrave theatres, was a clever actor as well as a tried soldier. He had distinguished himself in his martial capacity at the siege of Gibraltar, under Lord Heathfield. In one of the volumes of "Bell's British Theatre" there is a frontispiece engraving depicting Lord Barrymore and Captain Wathen in the characters of *Archer* and *Aimwell*, parts in which they respectively excelled.[1]

[1] Characters in Farquhar's comedy—*The Beaux's Stratagem*—representing two gentlemen of broken fortunes, enacting the part of servant and master. This character the Earl appears to have changed, afterwards, for that of *Scrub*, a witty servant "of all work" to *Squire Sullen*, who thus expresses his multifarious duties:—". . . . Of a Monday I drive the coach, of a Tuesday I drive the plough, on Wednesday I follow the hounds, of



LORD BARRYMORE AND CAPTAIN WATHEN AS *ARCHER* AND *AIMWELL* IN THE "*BEAUX'S STRATAGEM*."

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Racing still occupied the Earl's attention. At the Second Spring Meeting, May 25th, 1791, he rode his own horse, and won the first of the renewed Macaroni Stakes of 100 guineas each, betting, 5 to 4 on the Earl's mount, *Sister to Astonishment.*

At this period some unpleasantness occurred between the Prince of Wales and the Earl of Barrymore, which his lordship attempted to remove at the Ascot meeting the following month. To this end, he invited H.R.H. to two sumptuous luncheons he had ordered to be prepared in a marquee on the course, for which he gave a *carte blanche* as to cost, provided everything was there, "in or out of season, and of the best." On neither occasion did the Prince appear; the Earl with one friend sat down to one meal; Lord Falkland, his lordship, and Pasquin to the second. These luncheons cost Earl Barrymore 1700 guineas, or about 350 guineas a head.

The year 1791 is memorable in the life of this evanescent peer as being the one in which *Cupid* smote the Earl with an arrow from his bow. The lady whose charms attracted him was a Miss Ponsonby, to whom he paid the most polite attentions, not lost, it is affirmed, on the object of his veneration; but the "course of true love was promptly interrupted," the affair being broken off by the lady's father, who had investigated the pecuniary condition of the suitor. So ended his

Thursday I dun the tenants, on Friday I go to market, on Saturday I draw warrants and a Sunday I draw beer"!

lordship's first attempt to enter the holy estate of matrimony.

But even this revelation of the fast approaching crisis in his money matters did not check the Earl in his gratification of every desire that could be attained by the expenditure of money.

He wished to give a representation of the "*Constant Couple*" at Wargrave; but where was he to get an appropriate "*Sir Harry Wildair*"? No actress in Mr. Thornton's company at Reading could sustain the character; only one course was open to him, an appeal to the inimitable Mrs. Goodall, an actress too well known to fame to need any further reference. A friend was at once despatched by his lordship to obtain her consent to impersonate the character. This she accorded, with the permission of the Drury Lane management. The Earl of Barrymore's ambassador was also instructed to request that Mrs. Goodall would visit some leading costumier and order the best and most appropriate costume she could invent, regardless of cost, as his gift. After the performance, Mrs. Goodall received the highest encomiums for her rendering of the character from his lordship, accompanied by a handsome present.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Earl of Barrymore contests the Borough of Reading—One of the Earl's clubs—Anecdote of Dennis O'Flynn—Racing at Newmarket—Preparations to resume theatrical performances—Captain Wathen purchases the lease of the Richmond Theatre—The Earl's new carriage—Anecdote of George II. and Brentford—"A new way to pay old debts."

In June, 1791, the Earl of Barrymore contested the borough of Reading, but with his usual procrastination about matters which concerned his own benefit, he put off his nomination until two or three days before the day of election. The contest was occasioned by a General Election. The two late members, Messrs. Neville and Annesley, again sought the suffrages of the electors. His lordship, according to the custom of the times, treated the latter "most liberally," in order to arrive at a forecast of the votes he might obtain. This expedient did not avail him greatly. It was one thing to drink his health, another to cast votes in his favour.

The Earl was ill-advised not to have made a personal canvas of the borough, especially as his manners and language were so insinuating that they would have procured him more votes than all the beer drawn on his behalf. One important

factor seems never to have entered his lordship's head—that one of the members he was trying to oust was a tried representative, and both were men of influence and property, as great a power as bribery then to lesser favourites of *Fortune*. It is not a matter of surprise to find the result of the voting against the Earl, as recorded in the following account, according to the manner then in vogue :—

[1] For Mr. Annesley, alone	16
For Mr. Neville, alone	17
For Lord Barrymore, alone	44
For Messrs. Neville and Annesley, together .	233
For Mr. Annesley and Lord Barrymore, together	145
Mr. Neville and Lord Barrymore, together .	66

Did not vote, 41. The number of the voters on the register was 562. Upon the votes being dissected, the result was as follows :—

For Mr. Annesley	394
For Mr. Neville	366
For Lord Barrymore	255

Although beaten, the Earl did not consider the result (taking all matters into consideration) unfavourable, but he regretted that he had not commenced his candidature earlier, and by personal solicitation. He therefore, perhaps, acted wisely in accepting his position—at the bottom of the poll with grace, as well as showing his appreciation of the efforts of his supporters, by issuing a general invitation to the electors to dinner, which he concluded with these words :—

[1] This, I think, must allude to a show of hands at a nomination meeting.

"That the larger the number that came in response to his invitation, the more he would feel favoured."

The Earl of Barrymore, no doubt, purposed to contest the borough again at the first opportunity, for all expenses incurred during the election, as well as the cost of the public dinner, were promptly discharged, as though to keep himself in good odour with the people of Reading.

Among the numerous clubs of which Lord Barrymore was a member—some of these hardly deserved this designation—was "The 2 o'clock Club," a society whose members, more numerous than select, met at that hour. Although the Earl only attended these meetings of the unemployed "Knights of Error" when "going his rounds," as he termed it, in pursuit of fun, frolic, and folly. The club claimed the "dregs of society" for its supporters. Its rules were not onerous, nor was the subscription burdensome; the first being the unwritten code expressed by the maxim, "Honour among Thieves," which meant that members' property, when the owners were present, was to be considered "sacred;" the second amounting to "Sixpence" on admission to membership.

The "Finish," where the "Bloods" and "Bucks" of those days ended their nightly revels, was a coffee-house near Covent Garden, kept by "Mother Butler." Here, nightly, could be seen as motley a crew as ever Hogarth's or Cruickshank's pencil portrayed, from the dissi-

pated "Blood" to *Eve's* frailest daughter in tawdry and bedrabbed finery. But all were welcome to "Mother Butler's" den, provided they could "pay their way." With these and similar institutions the Earl and his brothers were far too well acquainted, nor did anything please this graceless trio more than to get a "greenhorn" from amongst their aristocratic friends and take him *nolens volens* to see the sights of the town in all their "glory" and—hideousness.

The adage, "Like master, like man," was well exemplified by the Earl of Barrymore's servants, who were reckless and extravagant; but withal it was his lordship's lot to be well served. He did not confine himself to retainers of his own nationality. At one time he had in his employ a German, a Frenchman (an excellent valet de chambre), an Englishman, and an Irishman; the latter was one, Dennis O' Flynn, "A broith of a boy," equal at table to half a dozen of the "plate snatchers," called waiters, who beset Vauxhall and Ranelagh at that time. This Irish prodigy was possessed of a keen sense of humour, and conceived (as our American cousins say) a "great notion" for waiting on guests "of quality." O'Flynn had, however, a too pronounced taste for the drinkables so temptingly arrayed on his master's sideboard during dinner or supper, and thus fortified, the "Dutch courage" they generated made him feel equal to some of "lesser" quality who frequently 'graced' the Earl's table, and would, after partaking too freely of wine, overstep

the mark of what little good breeding they possessed by ordering and demanding things from the footmen in a tone and manner their noble host would not dream of using. These commands were always received with dudgeon by the "Jeames" and "Chawles" of the Earl's establishment, and in particular by Dennis O'Flynn, who on one occasion, being more badgered than usual by a curiously mixed group of visitors, at last bounced from the dining-room, slammed the door, and exclaimed loudly enough for the Earl and guests to hear, "Och, what would the foithur of Dennis O'Flynn say culd he but look out frum the graave an' see his son of an Oirish gontlemin waiting on the loikes of them swaapin's of H—ll!!!"

At the July meeting at Newmarket, 1791, Earl Barrymore's stable added to their winning record.[1]

Preparations were made during the month (July) for the resumption of theatricals at Wargrave and in London. For the first the Earl secured the professional services of Miss Richards, who had been a member of the York company, to play the leading lady characters in the pieces he purposed to produce. Miss Richards was not a stranger to the Wargrave "boards"; she, and also her mother and father, had often appeared there.

It was about this period that Captain Wathen acquired the lease of the Richmond (Surrey) Theatre, and he offered the management fifty

[1] Appendix M.

pounds to go out. This offer was declined, and Captain Wathen had to wait until their time expired, when he obtained possession, and engaged Mr. Williams, late of Drury Lane Theatre, for his manager. The latter produced some good pieces on his patron's behalf.

The Earl of Barrymore about this time added to his already long list of vehicles a new vis-à-vis, considered a marvel of the coach-builder's art. The body was of light blue, the undercarriage of the same, picked out with buff and red; the lining was buff colour, trimmed with blue, red, and white lace; these, with handsome plated lamps and minor decorations, made up a sumptuous vehicle, envied by all brother whips. But a carriage of this description was only suitable for park work, and would have fared badly on the road to Wargrave, particularly in wet weather by road through Brentford, a village (although then the recognized county town of Middlesex) of which his Majesty George II. used to say, when passing through its ditch-like streets, "I do love dis place; dis so mooch like Garmany!"

That "ill news travels fast" was exemplified by the rapidity with which the rumours of the derangements in the Earl's finances reached Wargrave, with the result that his lordship's tradespeople began to clamour for their money. Nevertheless, the Earl's affairs were not yet in *extremis*, but this did not prevent the tradesmen's persisting in demanding a settlement of their

claims. To gain time, as well as to teach them a lesson, the Earl of Barrymore had a circular sent to his country creditors, in which he asked their presence in the green-room of his theatre upon a specified day, to meet his accountant, who would investigate and pass their accounts, with an order for amount, etc. On the day appointed the Earl received his various creditors with great politeness—it will be needless to say, assumed. Upon the last one appearing, the Earl asked if they were all present. On being answered, he checked the names off by a list, and found the number complete ; then asked in his most winsome manner, "If they would permit him to leave them for a while, adding that his man of 'figures' would soon join them." The Earl then leisurely sauntered across the road to his cottage, met a friend, got into a curricle he had ordered to be held in readiness, and sped to Henley, where the pair made a "day" of it, his lordship laughing at the trick he had played his clamorous creditors, and added, "they would know how to wait civilly now!"

CHAPTER XXII.

The Earl of Barrymore's racing record at Brighton and Lewes, 1791—Dispute between the Honourable Augustus Barry and a French officer—The Earl drives six greys-in-hand—The Earl thrashes a butcher for cruelty—Anecdotes of the Prince of Wales and the Barrymores at Brighton—The Earl's kindness to actors—*Les trois magots*—Cricket at Brighton, 1791—The Earl of Barrymore reduces his racing engagements.

ACCORDING to their usual custom, the Earl of Barrymore and his brothers paid their annual visit to Brighton in 1791, in time to commence the "Sussex fortnight," as the period which includes the principal race fixtures is now called. The Earl's stable at the Brighton meeting, August 3rd, 1791, was credited with a handicap,[1] and on the 4th, at Lewes,[1] two sweepstakes.

The races over, the usual founts of amusement were opened by the Earl and his friends. One of their exploits might have had a serious ending for Augustus Barry.

The Earl had sent his French valet Trebby to bring his brother clandestinely away from a military college in France, where he was pursuing his studies. Discipline and tuition were just

[1] Appendix N.

beginning to have a favourable effect on this wild youth, but whatever benefit he had derived from them was soon lost when he got to Brighton. In fact, he got into mischief. As the three brothers Barry were walking on the Steine one afternoon, Augustus accidentally or purposely elbowed a French officer, and afterwards stepped behind mimicingly, and laughed aloud at him.

The officer turned and said that his conduct was rude. This merely incited Augustus Barry to additional methods of annoyance. At last the Frenchman seized the aggressor by the arm, which he twisted, whereupon the youth became even more insulting than before, on which the French officer challenged him to fight a duel. At this moment the Prince of Wales and his suite appeared on the scene, and, taking in the position of affairs at a glance, bade the disputants repair with him to the "*Castle Hotel*," where they could place the matter before Col. St. Leger.[1] The Colonel, on being told both sides of the affair, turned to the French officer and said, "You cannot be in earnest; Mr. Barry is but a youth; in fact, has just been brought away from a French school."

The Frenchman met this objection by saying "He would meet Mr. Barry with pistols at six paces, and give him the privilege of firing first."

Neither H.R.H. nor Col. St. Leger liked this alternative, and, being fully acquainted with the mischievous ways of Master Barry, suggested he

[1] 'Handsome' Jack Leger.

should apologize for his ungentlemanly conduct, then and there, to the holder of King Louis' commission.

This decision was accepted; so ended an affair that might have ended disastrously to one or both of the disputants.

The Earl of Barrymore, before coming to Brighton, had acquired Sir John Lade's team of greys, for which he paid a high price. These, with his own pair, enabled his lordship to delight his friends and the natives by driving a coach and six round the Steine, a more difficult feat than it would be nowaday. The Earl's performance was acknowledged to be a perfect specimen of the "tooling" art; in fact, he is said to have been the best whip in the town at that time.

Lord Barrymore, at this period, had a "little affair" with a butcher at Brighton, who was provoking two dogs to fight. His lordship remonstrated, and rebuked the fellow, who made an impertinent reply. An altercation ensued, followed by blows. The butcher, though the stronger of the two, soon found his skill in the "Art of Self-defence" very inferior to that of his adversary, who soundly thrashed him, so that he adopted the better part of valour and ran away, leaving his lordship master of the street, which was becoming filled with passers stopping to witness an encounter between one of the best known habitués of the Pavilion and a blue-smocked butcher.

An aquatic incident is related by Erridge, in

which William Miles, better known as "Old Smoaker," plays the hero.

One morning, when the Prince of Wales was taking his "dip," Old Smoaker, who had charge of the prince's bathing arrangements, thought his Royal patron had ventured out as far as was prudent; whereupon he called out, "Mistar Prance, Mistar Prance, come back!" H.R.H. either did not hear him or did not care to regard his advice, but struck further out.

This exasperated 'Mr. William' Miles so much that, to enforce obedience to his commands, he dashed into the sea, swam to the prince, whom he seized by the ear and forced to swim back with him to shore. On the Prince's remonstrating with the "gentle" Smoaker for his conduct, that blunt old "sea-salt" roared out "a good round oath or two," which he supplemented with,—

"I ar'n't gorn to let the King hang me fur lettin' the Prance of Wales droon himself, not I, to plase nobody, I can tell yer;" a reply that so tickled H.R.H. that he extended his patronage to "Old Smoaker" by establishing the "Smoaker" Stakes of 20 guineas each at the Brighton Races.

'Mr. William' Miles was also "a bit of a wag," and would often turn a joke against its perpetrator. One day, as this "old dipper" was walking "the front," on the look-out for customers, two 'exquisites' from London approached and asked his assistance towards a supply of asses' milk, which they had been ordered to recruit their health. "Old Smoaker"

thought the appeal was put too offhand to be genuine. He therefore suggested, "They could, no doubt, supply each other with the desired lacteal fluid." At least, this is the gist of his answer, which was scarcely expressed as politely. Allusion was made to this old dipper and "Old Martha Gunn," who acted a similar part for the ladies, in a song which was often sung on the beach, and began thus,—

"There's plenty of dippers and jokers,
And salt-water rigs, for your fun.
The king of them all is 'Old Smoaker,'
The queen of 'em 'Old Martha Gunn.'"
Etc.

A few years since, an old inhabitant of Brighton, who well remembered the days of the Pavilion and its coterie, confided many of his reminiscences to a Mrs. Merrifield, who included them in a work on Brighton which she compiled. One or two anecdotes illustrate the eccentricities of the Barrymores, Lades, and Hangers, and others. On the occasion of a party given to some friends of H.R.H., who had come from town and had been requested to stay, one of these guests yelled out, upon retiring, that the "devil had come for him," whereon some of his friends ran to his assistance, to find the cause of his woe in an ass, tied by its forelegs to the bedstead; on its head was fastened a large pair of bulls' horns, and several lighted crackers were tied to his body; these so terrified the poor animal as they went off, that it was difficult to say which was

the more frightened, the guest or the ass. The proceedings at the Pavilion at this period were so notorious as to cause Lord Thurlow, who cannot be called a Saint, to avoid calling on H.R.H., who met the occupier of the "woolsack" on the Steine one morning, when he (the Prince) was promenading with the Barrys, Sir John Lade, and other eccentric persons. The Prince of Wales said, "Why, Thurlow, how is it you have not yet called upon me?" Lord Thurlow (glancing round at the Prince's companions) replied, "I cannot do so until your Royal Highness keeps better company!"

On another occasion, Lord Thurlow, in the absence of some of the Prince's wild associates, had accepted an invitation to dine with H.R.H. at the Pavilion, but on the day appointed Sir John Lade arrived suddenly from London and was asked to join the dinner party. Upon the Prince going into an ante-room to receive Lord Thurlow, he took the opportunity to apologize for his party being larger than anticipated, at the same time alluded to Sir John's arrival, saying that he could not help extending his hospitality to him, as he was an old friend. On this, Lord Thurlow growled out, "I have no objection to Sir John Lade in his proper place, which I take to be your Royal Highness's *coach-box*, not your table!"

This old Chancellor was equally severe with friends or dependents. Leaving London for Brighton once, he desired his valet to be sure

and pack his favourite walking-stick. On arriving, he asked for the stick; it was not forthcoming. "Then, sirrah," he said to the valet, "you will just walk back at once and fetch it. Mind! I say, walk back and fetch my stick, and if you are not back in 24 hours, you are my servant no longer."

Foote, the comedian, was a frequenter of "London-super-Mare" at this period, when he sometimes exercised those mimictic powers which rendered him so famous, although he was not always happy in the selection of his subjects. One respected inhabitant, the Revd. H. Michell, he ruthlessly caricatured. This reverend gentleman suffered from palsy, and some of his friends met Foote on the Steine one day, when they threatened to horsewhip him. Upon this, Foote stumbled out some sort of an apology, and, without losing his presence of mind, said, "Why, I take myself off sometimes," then made for an opening he had noticed in the rails, and thus "took himself off."

Young Fox, son of the lessee of the Brighton Theatre (with whom Lord Barrymore had had a disagreement), now became reconciled with his lordship, who often patronized the theatre with his friends.

A satirical print directed against the Barrys appeared at this time. It was by the celebrated caricaturist Gilray, and named "The Three Scamps," though it bore the French appellation "Les Trois Magots," and is now a scarce work

of that humourist. The Earl is depicted as a tall, meagre person, in a boxing attitude; the words round the support on which he stands are, "A Hellgate Blackguard." The left of the picture is occupied by the Honourable Augustus Barry, in a sitting posture; the inscription on his pedestal is, "A Newgate Scrub." While the figure to the right represents the Honourable Henry Barry, in a lurching position, booted and spurred, labelled, "A Cripplegate Monster." The lines appended are:—

"To whip a top, to knuckle down at taw,
To swing upon a gate, to ride a straw,
To play at push-pin with dull brother peers,
To belch out catches in a porter's ears,
To reign the monarch of a midnight cell,
To be the gaping chairman's Oracle!
Whilst a most blessed union Rogue and W——,
Clap hands, huzza, and hiccup out encore,
With midnight howl, to bay the affrighted moon,
To walk with torches through the streets at noon,
To force plain Nature from her usual way,
Each night a vigil, and a blank each day;
To match for speed one feather against another,
To make one leg run races with his brother,
To coin new-fangled wagers and to lay them,
Laying to lose, and losing not to pay 'em,
The Magots, in that stock which Nature gives,
Without a rival stand!!!"

This scathing production did not ruffle the Barrys or check their exploits; in fact, they looked upon it as a good advertisement of their roystering feats!

Cricket formed one of the principal morning amusements of the Earl and his friends while at Brighton this year. So soon as his lordship had

improved himself and friends by practice, he made a match with a Mr. Bean to produce an eleven against one he might select, and play them for 100 guineas. This was accepted. The Earl of Barrymore supplemented his private friends, players, by members of the Brighton Cricket Club, while Mr. Bean secured four professional players, supplemented by amateurs. The match took place on September 11th, 1791, and attracted a large number of spectators. The elevens appeared at first evenly matched, but in the end his lordship's team won by a good many runs.

While at Brighton, the Earl's stable was doing their best to add to their racing record, though without much success, as only one race fell to it, at Bedford,[1] at this time.

The Earl, who had begun the year by increasing his racing stud and engagements, at the end of it began to diminish both. This proceeding was the outcome of necessity rather than prudence.

[1] Appendix N.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A Dispute between Earl Barrymore and Mr. Donadieu at Brighton—The Duchess de la Pienna and the Barrys—The Earl serenades Mrs. Fitzherbert—The Earl and Edwin, Junior.

The Earl of Barrymore's visit to Brighton this year was more than usual occasion for remark, as his lordship and brothers outdid themselves in vagaries. An incident took place at the cricket match recorded in the last chapter which went far towards the Earl "breaking his record" as a peaceful citizen! The circumstance occurred thus:—Mr. Donadieu, perfumer, of Charles Street, Soho, on his return from Lewes, drove his "shay" across the cricket ground, as the match was being finished. In his passage he collided with the Earl of Barrymore's phaeton, which his lordship had just mounted to drive home. It is not supposed that the collision was purposely brought about, but that it was due to want of judgment or skill on the perfumer's part. However, the accident "nettled" the Earl, who struck Mr. Donadieu's cob across the haunches with his whip, a most unwarrantable proceeding. Mr. Donadieu at once expostulated with the

Earl, but this only caused a further display of "whip practice," and high words between Earl and tradesman ensued. At last the pair went their way, each holding himself to be the aggrieved party. Soon after the Earl reached home, a footman announced that a person, who insisted on seeing his lordship, was at the street door. Lord Barrymore surmised who his importunate caller was, told his footman "He would see what the person wanted himself," went to the door, taking from a rack as he passed a heavy riding-whip, which he held behind him. His surmise was right, for the persistent demander of an immediate interview was no other than the disputant of the cricket ground. The Earl at once strode up to Mr. Donadieu and asked "If he wished to fight," an invitation the perfumer declined, though he began to "rate" the Earl for the insults offered him through his horse, concluding by saying, "He wished another sort of satisfaction, viz. 'El duello.'" This was enough to set the Earl ablaze, and he angrily answered, "He would thrash him, Mr. Donadieu, worse than his horse," a threat he forthwith put into execution, by soundly beating the unfortunate perfumer across the back with his riding whip, when it broke, whereon peer and tradesman set to á la Mendoza.

The bout had scarce begun ere Tom Hooper, who, like the war-horse, had "sniffed the battle from afar," appeared on the scene. He took the "situation in at a glance," turned to his lordship,

and said he desired "that thur pusson shuld be laft fur 'im to deal vith, as he vas sure 'e vas not fit to put 'is dooks up with sich a gem'man as 'is ludship vas."

The earl, though no coward, thought there was "logic" in Tom's illiterate remarks, and left the matter for the "tinman" to settle, who thereupon began his *pas du guerre* round the unfortunate perfumer, putting in, during his gyrations, blows on the most vital parts of his adversary's body, until the latter, fearful for the consequences, ran away while able. A draper who passed, and had stopped to witness Tom's exhibition of pugilistic skill, now interposed, unmindful of the "old saw," "They who in quarrels interpose," began to remonstrate with Hooper, whereon that worthy said, "He'd battar moind 'is own bizanuss, an' be orf, ilse he'd sarve 'im th' saim." The flourisher of the yardstick could not have known Tom's pugilistic capabilities, or he would have been wise enough to take Hooper's advice; but he unwisely regarded Tom's caution as "bounce," and continued his homily. This enraged the tinman, who began to serve the draper as he had served the perfumer, with the result that the vendor of calico had good cause to remember the couplet referred to, and left the field, not covered with glory, but bruises!

This affair was preceded by one in which his lordship's brothers played the chief parts. The Duchess de la Pienna invited the Prince of Wales,

and a select number of persons of rank to meet him, to supper on one Sunday evening. Among those invited was the Earl of Barrymore. As his lordship's brothers were on visiting terms with the duchess, they concluded the omission of the words, "and brothers," from the earl's card, was an oversight on the part of the person writing the invitations; they therefore accompanied Mrs. Fitzherbert in her landau to the house of the duchess, who, on seeing the two Barrys in her drawing-room, pretended to be indisposed—in fact, kept getting up and leaving the room, for which she only assigned the most trivial causes. This conduct she kept up till supper was announced. After supper the company returned to the drawing-room, when the Honourable Henry Barry began to sing and make merry, as was his wont. This made the duchess very bad! She left the room, followed by some ladies, who begged to know the cause for her frequent indispositions. Her answer was, "That her 'condition' compelled her to request Mr. Henry and Mr. Augustus Barry to leave!" This intimation caused embarrassment to all present. However, the two Barrys withdrew. It then transpired, or was whispered among the fair sex present, "that the club foot of Henry, with the facial features of Augustus Barry, might impair the duchess's health." Unfortunately, this explanation reached the ears of the dismissed pair of wags, and they resolved to retaliate. To this end, the brothers established themselves

every morning opposite the duchess's windows, and there made the most hideous grimaces of which their features were capable. They were not going to be pronounced ugly for nothing.

The Earl, soon after this event, gave a supper to a few *bon vivants* at his residence on the Steine. The Prince of Wales was not present. At 3 o'clock in the morning this select party was about "screwed up to concert pitch." At last the conversation turned on musical accomplishments. Angelo, who was present, was desired to show his skill on the guitar, and acquitted himself to the satisfaction of the guests. His lordship then suggested, "That, as he was so proficient, they would go serenading together." Agreed, the Earl thought a disguise necessary for the purpose in his mind, and sent to borrow a skirt and gown of his housekeeper, in which he attired himself. Off the pair sallied, his lordship leaning on Harry Angelo's arm with one hand and holding the skirts of his dress in the other. So they proceeded up the Steine, until Mrs. Fitzherbert's house was reached, when the Earl sang, to Angelo's accompaniment, "Ma Chére Amie." After this, he returned to his own residence.

The next day the Prince of Wales taxed the Earl with this nocturnal exploit, and, as he had by some means found out his lordship's partner in the affair, added, "I don't object, Barrymore, to your making yourself a fool as much as you please, but if I had known Angelo was with you, *I would have come* and horsewhipped him into the sea!"

Edwin the younger, the Earl's theatrical manager, married Miss Richards,[1] the actress, but she did not reclaim Edwin from his drunken habits. He lost his lordship's favour, but obtained an engagement at the Haymarket Theatre, from whence he went to Dublin and other places, only to succumb to his infirmity a few years later in the Irish capital.

[1] Mrs. Edwin enjoyed a high reputation as an actress for some years into the present century.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Racing at First October Meeting, 1791—The Earl of Barrymore's luck at cards—Anecdote—Racing at Second October Meeting, 1791—The race of "*Escape*" notoriety—Hunting and theatricals at Wargrave—Another print caricatures the Earl of Barrymore—Names of a few of the principal convivial clubs then in London.

With the revival of the racing season, i.e. the principal meetings after Goodwood, Brighton, etc., the Earl of Barrymore went to Newmarket, where he rode his horse *Ventilator*[1] at the First October meeting, and won a sweepstake. On the 5th and following days other events fell to his lordship's stable.[1]

The Earl was unfortunate at cards as a rule, although now and again he had a "lucky" evening. This was so far as concerns games purely of chance; at whist, or any game requiring reflection and close attention, he was invariably a loser, so that he was not much sought for as a partner. But in spite of *Fortune's* warning, his lordship would now and again enter into games of skill and chance at cards against the most finished and inveterate gamesters of the day, and

[1] Appendix O.

stake large sums of money, with the inevitable result, loss. He much favoured the game called Quinze, although scarcely ever a winner at it, as he at one sitting lost 2800 guineas.

During the progress of the first October Meeting, the Duke of York and the Earl of Barrymore played a game of "All Fours" for a large sum of money. At one time in the game the score stood 5 to the Duke and 8 for the Earl. Therefore, the Duke of York wanted 5, and the Earl 2 points to win. It was now Earl Barrymore's deal, and there fell to the Duke, ace, deuce, and Jack of trumps; to himself, the trois and king. The Duke laid his deuce, which the Earl took with the trois. His lordship then played his king, which the Duke took with his ace, thereby getting "All Fours," the game, though the odds against this event, as the score stood previous to the deal, were very long indeed.

Another story is recorded of a game the Earl of Barrymore played with Charles James Fox at Newmarket. Fox wore a coat trimmed with cut steel buttons, whose *facets* reflected his cards in a way to give his opponent some advantage. As exact details are wanting, too much importance must not be attached to this circumstance, especially as Mr. Fox was far too experienced a player to give an opponent a gratuitous advantage.

On Monday, the 17th October, 1791, the Second October Meeting opened; during this

the Earl's stable was credited with several events.[1] The analysis of his lordship's racing engagements shows that, with an increased stud at the beginning of this year, he only incurred 89 engagements, of which some 22 obtained winning brackets. But with troubles looming on the financial horizon, the Earl began to curtail his stud, and disposed of several animals at the close of the racing season, as well as further reduced his racing engagements.

It was at the second October meeting this year (1791) that the "in and out" running of the Prince of Wales's horse *Escape* took place. The story will bear repetition, as in one of the races connected with this affair the Earl of Barrymore's horse *Chanticleer* ran. The first was an event for sixty guineas, held on the 20th of October, for which four competed, who finished as follows:—

Mr. Dawson's *Coriander*	1
Lord Grosvenor's *Skylark*	2
Lord Clermont's *Pipator*	3
H.R.H. the Prince of Wales's *Escape* . .	4

Betting 2 to 1 on *Escape*, 4 to 1 against *Coriander*, and 5 to 1 against *Skylark*. H.R.H. did not back *Escape*, but told Chifney before starting to make strong running with his mount, a command Mr. Lake, the Prince's stud master, thought fit to reverse, and told Chifney he would hold him harmless for disobeying the Prince. Chifney was upon the "horns of a dilemma," but

[1] Appendix P.

obeyed Mr. Lake, whom H.R.H. had previously told Chifney "to obey in all racing matters." This resulted in *Escape* coming in last.

Here matters might have stayed, but, unfortunately for all concerned, *Escape* had been entered to run the next day in a race, when he would again meet some of the same animals who had defeated him the day before, as well as better horses. This event was a subscription race of five guineas each, 12 subscribers, but only 6 horses started. The odds were 4 and 5 to 1 against *Ecsape*, 7 to 4 against Lord Barrymore's *Chanticleer*, 6 to 1 against *Grey Diomed*, and 11 to 5 against *Skylark*. Before starting, H.R.H. told Chifney to make the running, but not to do so if another competitor did. At starting *Skylark* made play, and Chifney won by waiting with *Escape*, a direct contradiction to his previous day's form. A fact so flagrant could not pass unnoticed, therefore a committee of the Jockey Club took the matter up, headed by Sir Charles Banbury, who informed H.R.H., "That, if he permitted Chifney to ride again, no *gentleman* would start their horses against him." To this *ultimatum* the Prince declined to submit, as he felt himself bound to uphold the jockey who had carried out his instructions. In fact, he preferred to dispose of his stud rather than submit to the dictate of the Jockey Club; a determination which, when put into effect, called forth this remark from "Old" Dick Vernon, "That the Prince, having the best

horses and the best jockey, was best off the turf."

Enough has already been recorded to enable the reader to form his own opinion about the Prince of Wales's racing staff.

Later, the Prince of Wales severely interrogated Chifney as to any bets he had on *Escape*, as it was reported he had won six or seven hundred pounds by *Escape* losing on the 20th of October, and a similar sum when he won the next day. Both these statements Chifney stoutly denied. The Prince then asked if Chifney would swear an affidavit to that effect, and received an affirmative reply.[1] Although this shows Chifney to have

[1] The following copy of an affidavit made by Chifney in 1801 is frequently mentioned by Sporting works, though seldom, if ever, given in detail; this was brought about by the *Escape* affair, which, tending much to Chifney's disadvantage, he was advised to adopt some means of making a *public* vindication.

Middlesex.

"Samuel Chifney, of Newmarket, in the county of Cambridge, rider, maketh oath, and saith, that he, this deponent, did ride a horse called *Escape*, belonging to the Prince of Wales, in a race, in which he was beaten, on the twentieth day of October, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-one, at Newmarket; and that he did also at Newmarket ride the same horse in another race on the next day, viz. the twenty-first of October, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-one, in which he won. And this deponent further saith that he made no bet whatsoever against *Escape* for the twentieth day of October, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-one, when he was beaten, but this deponent had one bet of twenty guineas upon *Escape*, and no more, for the twenty-first of October, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-one, when he won, which was betted for the deponent by Mr. Vauxhall Clark. And this deponent further saith that he was not interested or concerned, directly or indirectly, in any other whatever, against or for *Escape*, for either of the before mentioned days. And this deponent further maketh

had money on his mount, it was not in the sense stated. Chifney was also examined before a committee of the Jockey Club, but throughout the Prince of Wales's confidence in Chifney remained unshaken, also his determination to quit the turf. On another occasion, Chifney was summoned to attend the Prince of Wales at Sir John Lade's residence in Piccadilly, when H.R.H., in Sir John's presence, said, "He believed Sam Chifney had been very honest to him," and added, that the 200 guineas he had granted him as an annuity was for his, the Prince's, life; and further said, "He should always be glad to see him; and if he ever kept horses again, he, Chifney, should train and manage them."

Chifney for many years after this rode for various patrons. Among them was Lord Sackville. But at last his good fortune deserted him; he became involved in debt, and died at last in King's Bench prison.

oath, and saith, that previous to, and on the said twentieth day of October, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-one, he neither did, nor caused, or procured to be done, anything to check, hinder, or prevent the said horse called *Escape* from winning, but, on the contrary, that this deponent did everything which his judgment suggested to him, and his powers enabled him, to make *Escape* win the race he ran on the said twentieth day of October, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-one. And this deponent further maketh oath, and saith, that in no place that he has had the honour of living in, for these last sixteen years and upwards, that he has not won a guinea against any horse, that he was beat, where that he either trained or rode him. And that he further maketh oath, and saith, that that which is asserted in the foregoing narrative or statement is true, with his thoughts on the same.

"SAMUEL CHIFNEY.

"Sworn before me, this 31st day of March, 1801.

"John Collick."

An anecdote is related of Chifney while in durance, a short time previous to his death, by a gentleman whom he had known in his better days, who called upon him. "Sam," said Chifney's visitor, "you should think a little of your future state. If you wish, I will get a clergyman to pray with you and give you some religious consolation." Chifney thanked his compassionate friend, but requested a little time to consider his suggestion. "All right, Sam; I am going a little farther, and will call again." On his return he said, "Well, Sam, I have spoken to the clergyman of this parish; he will come and see you whenever you please. What do you say?"

"Why, Sir," replied Chifney, "I am obliged to you all the same; I have thought it over, and made up my mind I'll stand the lot, I won't hedge!"

The flat-racing season finished, the Earl of Barrymore turned to other sports. His pack of foxhounds at this time mustered 15 couple, with which he and his friends scoured the neighbourhood of Wargrave, while their nights were occupied by theatricals and other amusements.

The engraving, "The Three Scamps," was not the only polite attention Earl Barrymore received from the styles of the engravers. But the one I am about to describe is not so coarse a lampoon as Gilray's. That now mentioned appeared in a magazine published circa 1789, named "The 'Attic' Miscellany." The illustration referred to is a two-page engraving described as "The

Levee," or the "*Mæcenas* of Scrubs and Scaramouches." No explanation is afforded, so that, unless a reader is conversant with the features of Lord Barrymore, the plate might pass unnoticed. It depicts the Earl of Barrymore holding a levee; he stands in the centre of a room hung with pictures. One portrays the character of "*Scrub*," in which his lordship excelled; another, a harlequin; and others, horse-racing, cock-fighting,[1] etc. With one hand the Earl receives a jockey, and with the other a person who presents a game-cock to him. On the left is Hooper, gloved, his face adorned with a black eye. By him, an individual "caped and whipped," probably Sir John Jehu, and others whose lineaments are difficult to ascribe to any one in particular. The portrait of the Earl is not at all bad, but the others are over or badly drawn.

A few of the Convivial Clubs which then existed in London were the following:—

Pewter Platteronians, Albions, Arts and Sciences, Royal Hanoverians, Babylonians, Euphontonians, Assyrians, Arabians, Agriculturians, Royal Mecklenburgs, Macedonians, Europeans, Brunswickers, British Romans, Eathonians, Union, Corsican, Bombayans, Anacreontic Society, Johns, Falconers, Knights of the Moon, Knights of the Brush, Knights

[1] This sport the Barrys are said to have much indulged in at one time. But, as this once fashionable pastime has not descended to the present day, it is omitted.



"THE LEVEE," OR THE "*MÆCENAS* OF SCRUBS AND SCARAMOUCHES."

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of Malta, Alfredans, Dr. Butler's Lodge, Sols, Druids, Mahometans, Learned Brothers, Lumber Troops, Loyal Britons, United Britons, Beef-eating Britons, New Codgers, Old Codgers, Independents, Fandangoes, Sampsons, Jockey's Club, D'Aubigny's Club, Kiddies, Judges, Trade Society, Fumblers, Nose Club, Humpbacks or Society of Lords, Starcaps, Friends under the Rose, Friends round St. Dunstan's, Friends round the Cauliflower, Courts of Equity, Wheat-sheaf Society, Botherums, Black Friars, Blues, Caledonians, The Society for the detection of Swindlers, and many others, of which only two or three remain. Most or all of these clubs were held at Taverns.

theatre, &c. This being a "theatre evening," the performance was just about to begin. On the conclusion of the pantomime, which brought the evening's entertainment to a close, the Earl asked Mr. Fox to pass an opinion on the performance in general. What his exact reply was I cannot say, although what took place subsequently may suggest its nature. The Earl now left the green room, but sent Delphini to tell Mr. Fox he would return "in two minutes." Delphini then retired. About half a minute after Delphini's departure, Mr. Fox received a blow on the right cheek from some one who had entered the room by a door at the back of Mr. Fox. The blow "floored" Mr. Fox, and knocked out one of his teeth. On rising from the floor, who should Mr. Fox see standing over him, in a boxing attitude, but young Edwin, who again "floored" Fox, and administered further chastisement to him when down, so as to leave him senseless in the theatre, where he was found next morning by the caretaker of that place. Mr. Fox then made the best of his way to Henley, without having come to terms with the Earl for the Brighton Theatre. This is so strange an affair, and there is so little evidence to prove the Earl's connivance at the assault, that it is best to leave it without comment.

The affair of the Earl of Barrymore and Mr. Donadieu, which occurred, as the reader will recollect, at Brighton, in the autumn of the preceding year, at last found its way into a court

of justice, the Court of King's Bench, where it was tried before Lord Kenyon, who left the matter at issue entirely in the hands of the jury, with the result that the plaintiff obtained £50 damages, whereon Lord Kenyon said, "He considered the conduct of some people a little disgraceful, and suspected there was some defect in their education when they were brought into a court of justice to finish it!"—bitter sarcasm from that able lawyer!

As the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, was to be closed for the night of January 30th, 1792, Earl Barrymore embraced this opportunity to reinforce his company by securing the services of J. S. Munden and — Johnstone; these talented actors were joined by Barrymore, the actor, of the Haymarket and Drury Lane Theatres. The Earl issued invitations to a large number of friends to witness *The Rivals* and the *Poor Soldier*, for which the casts were:—

THE RIVALS.

Sir Anthony Absolute	Mr. J. S. Munden, of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.
Captain Absolute	Mr. Wade.
Sir Lucius O'Trigger	Mr. Johnstone, of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.
Davy	Mr. Williams.
Falkland	Mr. Barrymore, of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.
Fag	Captain Wathen.
Bob Acres	Lord Barrymore.
Mrs. Malaprop	Mrs. Delphini.
Lydia Languish	Edwin.
Julia	Ward.
Lucy	Rork.

THE POOR SOLDIER.

Patrick	Mr. Johnstone.
Dermot	Mr. Incledon.
Fitzroy	Mr. Barrymore.
Father Luke	Mr. Williams.
Darby	Captain Wathen.
Norah	Mrs. Edwin.
Cathlane	Mrs. Ward.

Both these plays were excellently acted. His lordship, as *Bob Acres*, appeared in his happiest vein of humour. The *Sir Anthony* of Mr. J. S. Munden, though it showed him in a new rôle, exhibited his sterling qualities as quite equal to the occasion; nor must the *Sir Lucius O'Trigger* of Mr. Johnstone be forgotten; this was said to be one of the best representations of that character he had rendered. The "petite" Theatre was filled to overflowing by a critical audience, who were delighted with this entertainment provided for them by his lordship.

Law troubles, like others, seldom come singly, as Lord Barrymore found now, to his cost. Mr. Cox, the builder of the Wargrave Theatre, brought an action to recover the balance due, 449*l.*, probably some disputed items, as the vexatious plea of nonage testifies. The plea of nonage was not admissible, as the Earl had ratified the contract on coming of age; otherwise it could scarcely have been advanced that a theatre, modelled after the opera house, was a necessity for an "infant." Unfortunately, in a sense, this case was heard before Lord Kenyon, who, no doubt, remembered the Donadieu affair,

as he said, in summing up, "He lamented this young nobleman had, during his minority, been surrounded by designing men, who, instead of storing his mind with useful literature, had, he was afraid, depraved his taste and perverted his disposition. With respect to the tendency of private theatricals, he doubted extremely whether they ever inculcated one virtuous sentiment; he had known instances when they had had a contrary effect, as they usually vitiated and debauched the morals of both sexes, the performers seldom retiring from the entertainment but every *Romeo* knew the estimate of his *Juliet's* virtue! ! !" So forcible an exordium from the plain-speaking Kenyon could have but one result—a verdict for the plaintiff.

The effect of these Actions was most detrimental to the Earl of Barrymore's credit, as they were adverted to by the press, and this tended, with other circumstances, to bring about a crisis of affairs. His lordship, however, would not accept even this warning; he still rode all his expensive hobbies as though he were the possessor of the purse of *Fortunatus*. In fact, he went racing, unruffled, at Newmarket, where his horses won several events.[1]

[1] Appendix Q.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Earl of Barrymore and his table beer—Lines on Mr. Day, who ran away—Racing at Newmarket—The Earl's fortune on the wane—Sale of the Piccadilly mansion and stables at Christie's—Grand cricket match at Lord's—The masquerade ball at Vauxhall—Marriage of the Earl of Barrymore with Miss Goulding, Gretna Green fashion.

At one of the Theatrical performances at Wargrave, when the company was more numerous than usual, the cellars of his lordship's establishment failed to supply the demand for beer. The Earl himself rarely drank beer, but he was most particular as to the quality of that supplied to his household. However, his beer cellar was empty; recourse was had to his neighbours to replenish it. But none of the beer contributed pleased his palate. This facetious person thereupon gave orders for three post-chaises to be brought round, and dispatched three of his footmen (on whose taste he could rely) to scour the surrounding villages, with orders that they were not to return without a barrel of John Barleycorn's best. They accomplished their mission to their master's and their own satisfaction.

"Farmer" Stone, whose witty remark as to the "Earl lying double fettered in Newgate"

[illegible]

[illegible]

Cheer up, then, man! What, though you've lost a sum,
Do you not know that 'pay-day' yet will come?
I will engage, do you but leave your sorrow,
My life for yours, 'Day' comes again to-morrow.
And, for your rent, never torment your soul,
You'll quickly see 'Day' peeping thro' a hole."

On Saturday, May 5th, 1792, the Earl of Barrymore was at Newmarket, when his horse *Treecreeper* won a match against Mr. Vernon's *Florizza* of 200 guineas. Two days after, the death-knell of the Earl's fortune sounded. Pressure on all sides by importunate creditors at last forced him to review his affairs, a proceeding which soon showed him that all extraneous expenses must be curtailed at once. To this end his fine mansion in Piccadilly was dismantled, and the furniture and lease sold by auction, also the stables, with accommodation for twenty-one horses, and two coach-houses. The residence and stabling Mr. Christie knocked down to the representative of the Duke of Queensberry for 3050 and 1300 guineas respectively. This, however, was but an interlude in the process of retrenchment.

Although his fortune was on the wane, the Earl's stable still fulfilled its engagements. At the second Spring Meeting they are credited with two events,[1] though these all but closed the Earl's racing career as an owner. In fact, the total number of engagements entered into by him this year was only 41. Of these he won 12.

On May 28th, 1792, a cricket match was played at Lord's for one thousand guineas. This was arranged by the Earl of Barrymore on account of the Prince of Wales's Club, Brighton, and Harvey Aston, Esqre., on behalf of the

[1] Appendix Q.

M.C.C. A match of this character naturally attracted a large number of spectators. After some good play by both elevens, the Earl of Barrymore's team won.

The Earl, debarred from playing the more prominent part as an owner of horses, took to the lower pursuit of attending races to back horses. Thus, it is recorded, he attended the Epsom meeting, May, 1792, where he brought off a *coup* by backing Lord Grosvenor's *John Bull* for sufficient to win 1000 guineas. But he found scant solace in this, compared with the more aristocratic pursuit of racing his own horses.

In spite of the serious attention demanded by his financial affairs, the Earl was at the grand Masquerade Ball, Vauxhall, 31st May, 1792, when 4000 were present, and 3000 guineas were taken at the gates.

On June 6th, 1792, in spite of his monetary troubles, he made an eventful departure—an elopement to Gretna Green with Miss Goulding, the niece of Lady Lade (the latter, by-the-bye, was the Prince of Wales's comparison for bad language. When he remarked that pernicious accomplishment in another, he would say, "he swears like Letitia Lade"). Miss Goulding was the daughter of a "knight of the pole," otherwise a sedan chairman. But why a trip to Gretna Green? It could not be on account of the objections of the bride's father; it can only have been a whim of the Earl's. On the other hand, it is said, the bridegroom's friends wished

to prevent the match. However, his lordship planned the affair as if he was running away with the richest heiress in England, and took the following measures to avoid surprise. First, he sent a footman to order dinner for a supposititious party at an hotel on Shooter's Hill, and soon after despatched his valet to overtake the messenger and direct him to proceed to Barnet, where he was to keep a post-chaise and four in readiness. On this day, Sir John Lade accompanied a young lady, elegantly attired, to an hotel in Piccadilly, whom he afterwards accompanied to Barnet, and there handed her over to the Earl of Barrymore. Off the pair went to Gretna Green as fast as the horses could gallop. But whether the pair ever journeyed so far as the abode of the obliging blacksmith was, at the time, a matter of conjecture. The pair, however, were legally married somewhere, as we shall see hereafter.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Did the Earl and his bride go to Gretna Green?—Gossip—A new masquerade "ballad" read at Wargrave—Seizure by the Sheriff of the theatre at Wargrave—A humorous inventory—The Earl's new diversion—He accepts a commission in the Berkshire Militia—The Earl of Barrymore's parliamentary career.

Scandal and gossipmongers in the last century were as busy, if not as numerous, as in this more prosaic age. No sooner had the happy pair departed for the North than it was surmised their excursion would stop far short of the Blacksmith's "Anvil" Altar. And, as a cause is generally given for all scandal, it was alleged that, as the lady's "Honourable" Uncle, Sir John Lade, had secured an annuity for the future Countess, all opposition on the part of her friends had been withdrawn. But here again the adage, seldom quoted now-a-days, "That only children and fools speak the Truth," was verified. The reader will not require reminding that the "Honourable" Uncle of the lady himself placed her in the Earl's charge. If any reason can be assigned for the trip being shortened, it is to be found in the Earl's change of mind; he had acquired celebrity, or rather notoriety, by making

a runaway match, and perhaps thought it waste of time to accomplish that for which he had already obtained credit. It is a fact that he was seen not 100 miles from London a few days after the elopement—a fact which was commented upon in a contemporary print as follows : "The Earl's flight to the North must have been an aerial one, for at the time he would have been due at the Altar-anvil of the smith's he was seen on Lady Lade's lawn at Taplow, playing at bo-peep with the Honourable Miss Sedan, his intended or de facto bride."

At almost one of the last masquerade balls held at Wargrave, the following composition was spoken by a lady (in her domino) who was said to have written it. The lady is reported to have been the Margravine of Anspach, but authentic confirmation is wanted on this point. Whoever composed it was familiar with the chief characteristics of many members of the Government. This gave it zest to those members of the Opposition who were present. I, myself, think it closely resembles the style of "Anthony Pasquin," whose facile pen was often used with great sarcastic effect. But why a piece of this description was spoken at a masquerade ball, except to cast aspersion on the Ministry, and thereby please high personages present, it is difficult to say.

"A NEW MASQUERADE BALLAD."

"Come, jolly mortals, join the crowd,
Be gay, facetious, or loud,
Be anything or nought,
Let fopperies be unmasked here,
But Fun and Frolic, wit and sense, in any Figure come.

"Lawyers who know not how to screen,
And Statesmen who cannot lean,
Old women canting Twenty,
Men in love's toils, near i'ts high,
Law, physic, and divines,
And lovesick cits in plenty.

"Let such as these, this festive night,
To form the motley group unite,
And each with free endeavour
As far from care as fancy's gleam
To be the character they seem,
And if they can—be clever.

"Beauties in vain their forms disguise,
Now to unmask their lovers eyes,
Now wishing to be seen,
And while soft things the lover says,
The listening fair no cheek betrays
Behind the pasteboard screen.

"In search of new divertise here,
Some timid husbands too appear,
With eager palpitation;
Here contradict their usual lives,
And very kindly, with their wives,
May make an assignation.

"Love in such tricks as these delights,
Thus archly plagues poor married wights,
Or tortures love-sick swains;
His amplest field—a Masquerade,
Here are his various gambols play'd,
His pleasures and his pains.

"Let serious mortals, seeming wise,
The humours of this night despise,
And jollity upbraid.
What harm one night a mask to wear?
Most wear a mask throughout the year—
The world's a masquerade.

"Could one but see the little great,
And e'en the rulers of the state,
Without a mask before them,
Deluded crowds no more would bow,
With open'd eyes, they wonder how
They could so long adore them.

"At White's masked Ball let this famed set
Political chicane forget,
And leave their masks behind em;
Each be himself, but lest they err,
Let me point out each character,
As nature first assigned them.

"First, then, let —— a juggler be,
With servile —— as deputy,
To aid his master's cheat;
Let him, as usual, then display,
His cap and bells in full array,
The engines of deceit.

"Then let him on the table place
A surplus million, to your face,
To prove his wonder's done.
But whilst you look with longing eyes,
The traps all vanish from your eyes,
The fancied million's gone.

"What shall we give to *S——y's* lot
Since *Tommy T——d's* name's forgot,
Nor Commons now confute him?
He's changed his coat and broke his oaths,
Then let him come in Clincher's clothes,
'Tom Errand' sure will suit him.

"Let active W——d be here;
An harlequin will suit the peer,
He'll caper at discretion;
From Holyhead to Dublin now
A leap he takes, and you'll allow
That's leaping to perfection.

"Since D——t's Duke can vainly hope
With youth and beauty still to cope,
Nor single, longer tarry,
'*Sir Peter Teazle*' be his due;
Consider, he is fifty-two,
And that's too old to marry.

"Let B——e as an usher speak,
Quote common, hackneyed scraps of Greek,
To show his wond'rous learning.
Demosthenes he's studied o'er,
This dubbed him such an orator,
This made him so discerning.

"Some have by time their natures changed,
Their former politics deranged,
Nor is the fact uncommon,
The name of *Whig* and *Tory* end.
Time has made Wilkes a monarch's friend,
And C——n an old woman!

"But my tired Muse can ne'er describe
The whole of P——tt's submissive tribe,
Nor will I call for aid.
Oh! may they keep their proper sphere.
Ne'er may the servile crew appear
At Wargrave's masquerade."

The persons herein satirized were members of the "Pitt" administration, and appear, from an historical point of view, ably drawn. The Prince of Wales's presence made these allusions the more appreciated by those present.

The Earl's attempts at retrenchment savoured of the old adage, "Locking the stable 'door' after the departure of the steed," to wit his "gold," as without that "dross" peer no more than peasant can make "the mare go." Some readers may question if the taking of a wife was an earnest to reduce all outgoings to a minimum; though that step may even have had its merits, as the lady appears to have been as careful as her lord and master had hitherto been prodigal. She not having been brought up in the style that her sisters of nobler birth are, found her husband's establishment, even in its reduced

character, regal compared to her early home surroundings. But now cruel "*Fate*," in the form of an execution (following a judgment) against the Earl (obtained by one of his many pressing creditors), decreed the departure of his Thespian glories, from Wargrave, as well as the London theatre, as during the latter part of June sheriffs' officers seized the theatre and its effects. These "gentlemen," however, not being versed in the "mysteries of the Sock and Buskin," made many ludicrous errors in drawing up the inventory of the wardrobe, etc., which the following shows :—

THEATRICAL PROPERTIES.	SHERIFFS' OFFICERS' ENTRY.
Thunder	A set of bowls.
Lightning	Powdered resin.
A shower of hail . . .	A sieve of dried peas.
A scene of Inferno . .	A d——d hot looking picture.
The Elysian fields . .	"The dog and duck."
A general's truncheon . .	A rolling-pin.
A conjurer's gown . . .	A clergyman's cassock.
A highwayman's black scratch	A crop.
A Fool's cap and bells . .	Lord Barrymore's *nightcap*.
etc. etc.	etc. etc.

The properties and scenery of the Theatre were sold by auction, but no bidder or purchaser could be obtained for the theatre as it stood; it was then dismantled, pulled down, and sold piecemeal, in lots.

This, with other matters, destroyed the Earl's credit, but the fact did not, to outward appearances, destroy his spirits.

Deprived of his expensive amusements, the Earl of Barrymore, in order to allay his unsatiable

appetite for notoriety, turned to pursuits less costly. Some of these may be traced in the many eccentric clubs to which he belonged. A few of these held their meetings within measurable distance of Wargrave; among other hostelries the Earl favoured with his patronage as chairman of some one of his numerous convivial societies was the "Crown," Reading; the "Stag and Hounds," Binfield; and the "Rose," Wokingham.

Another pursuit his lordship now entered on was "debate," which he followed with zeal, as a member of a society for "Free Debate," where, accompanied by Captain Wathen or some other Thespian satellite, he would take a frugal "Welsh rarebit," supplemented by a tankard of XXX., followed by a pipe of "Virginia," he was then ready to discuss the question propounded from the Chair, to which he would record his "pro" or "con" by a clever argument. But active membership of a "sixpenny" Debating Society can scarce be deemed the "right thing" for a peer of the realm or a member of the British Senate to take part in, though it must be admitted that many of the Earl's eccentricities led him into far worse company than those who mainly composed these gatherings.

The most noteworthy departure the Earl made this year from the paths of folly was the acceptance of a commission in the Berkshire Militia; here his capabilities for military service found full scope, and were soon perceived by Lieut.-Col. Powney, who informed his "Majesty King George

III." that he had not a better or more zealous officer under his command; which so pleased the king, that he intimated his intention to promote his lordship at the first opportunity.

Although the Earl of Barrymore was a ready and brilliant speaker, it is not recorded that he ever addressed the House from his seat in Parliament. Probably, had he lived, he would have spoken on the impeachment of Warren Hastings whom he regarded as a much ill-used man; in fact he said he should record both his voice and vote in his favour when the proper time arrived.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Earl of Barrymore as a student—His favourite prose writers—Anecdote of Delphini—Cricket at Wargrave—Sale of the materials of the theatre, Wargrave—Dispersion of the Earl's racing stud—Purchase of *Chanticleer* by the Duke of York—The Earl still appears in the "pigskin"—Sale of the Duke of York's stud—Disbandment of the Earl's dramatic company—Some further allusions to "Anthony Pasquin"—The Earl of Barrymore's oratorical powers.

It will come as a surprise to many who have followed these pages thus far to learn that the Earl of Barrymore, in his early days, had read and studied the works of *Machieval*, *Locke*, *Montesquieu*, *Sydney Smith*, and others, though it cannot be said he imported much, if any, of the wisdom contained in the works of these authors into either his character or his actions. Indeed, many of his vagaries partook more of characters portrayed in his favourite works of fiction. Amongst these were the "*Arabian Nights*" and *Boccacio*. In fact, the amusement he derived from these and similar works often made him assert, "That had his religious convictions been in accord with those of the See of St. Peter's, he would gladly have paid for masses being said to

tranquilize the souls of those deceased authors whose writings made the living happy."

Delphini, who has been alluded to as one of the professional luminaries of the "Theatre Royal," Wargrave, was not always politic or polite in displaying his "King's English." At one time, when the Prince of Wales and the Earl of Barrymore were engaged in conversation with other friends at Wargrave, Delphini, who had made arrangements for a benefit at Drury Lane Theatre, considered the opportunity suitable to secure the Prince's patronage. He thereupon walked up to the Prince and blurted out: "Mistar Prance, you come to my benifeet, by Gar, I go to your papaw's bancket!" At this speech the Prince and his companions laughed heartily, and the ill-mannered buffo was hustled out of the room.

The Earl of Barrymore still maintained his liking for cricket, and played in a match at Wargrave, October 11th, 1792, for 100 guineas, viz. the gentlemen of Wargrave and Twyford, with his lordship, against the gentlemen of Wokingham. Wickets were pitched at 11 o'clock, but particulars are wanting of the result, which, it is safe to assume, was in favour of the Earl's eleven.

At this period his lordship was a most enthusiastic cricketer. At one time he played for hours in a drizzling rain, and then only gave up because he and his fellow-players were too wet to run!

On October 15th, 1792, at 11 o'clock a.m., Mr. Christie sold by auction, on the premises, Wargrave, the materials of Earl Barrymore's late costly Temple of Thespis—machinery, bricks, lead, Portland stone, flooring, doors, slates, and other materials. It appears, by the announcement of this sale, that part of the wardrobe and the interior fittings of the theatre were as yet unsold, as a notice is appended that twenty-eight cut-glass chandeliers and other appropriate articles and costumes might be purchased on application to the auctioneer. Sir Charles Marsh, of Reading, bought the stage machinery and scenery. The other lots were disposed of to the dealers in building materials, and such like. Thus departed the dramatic glory of Wargrave.

The next thing to be sold was the Earl's racing stud. Some of the best known animals soon found private purchasers. Among these was the Duke of York, who gave 2700 guineas for Chanticleer with his engagements. But the amount realized by this and public sales did not go far to satisfy the Earl's creditors.

Earl Barrymore's name, after this year, 1792, ceased to appear in the Racing Calendar as an owner, although he now and again appeared in the "pigskin" at Newmarket and elsewhere. About this time the Duke of York was compelled to dispose of his stud, and a transaction just recorded proves "buying is one thing—selling another," as *Chanticleer*, with all Mr. Tattersall's blandishments, could not get a higher bid than

500 guineas, for which amount he was "knocked down."

The "Amateur Dramatic Club," so termed, of his lordship of Barrymore, was now disbanded; the paid members had to seek "pastures new." The Earl, however, retained the services of "Anthony Pasquin," who, no doubt, had plenty of scope to display the scribe's art in his master's affairs at this period. This extraordinary individual has been handed down to posterity by the painter and the graver; by the first in a half-length picture by M. A. Shee, R.A., which was afterwards engraved by J. Wright, the miniaturist. But the special value that appertains to this, a very rare print, is that it is one of the two engravings only executed by Wright. There is also another engraving of "Pasquin" extant, though almost as scarce as the first.

At one of the discussions raised at the Society for "Free Debate," Reading, it was submitted, "Whether a continuance of the Slave Trade was consistent with the principles of a Free Nation's sound policy or the dictates of Humanity." In this his lordship took part. He first solicited the indulgence of those present for a cold he had, after which he addressed the chairman in a lengthy speech, rendered with grace and energy. The points submitted were briefly:—

"He felt in a somewhat awkward predicament, as he had no intention to address the meeting when he arrived; in fact, was quite unprepared. But he felt it was impossible for him, who had a

seat in Parliament, to hear the wisdom and justice urged by the various speakers at this meeting in silence. Therefore he felt called upon to support the purity of their intentions, the indefatigable labours of their research, and the equity of any decision they might arrive at. He, however, regretted it had become habitual for the masses to be dissatisfied with the labours of their chosen representatives. . . . It was, therefore, his duty to save from misconstruction the labours of the present senate, who were fully entitled to the approval and acclamation of the whole body of constituents. . . . He would submit, for the reflection of every voter or careful observer, whether it was not more probable that the British Senate, who reviewed, as it did, the whole volume of evidence brought before it on debate, which embraced almost all facts and information that could be formulated on any subject—whether it was not more safe to assume that the deliberations which followed were not more calculated to be correct and just than those of the multitude, who often commenced their arguments without any *data* at all?"

These opening remarks the Earl enlarged upon by going minutely into the question propounded, which he discussed from all points, concluding by pointing with courage to its degrading effects, and the cruelty of its continuance, illustrating his points by flights of rhetoric, combined with close and sound argument in so easy a flow of language, as to charm his audience, as well as

to make the most reflective of them deplore that so great a gift of logical and eloquent oratory should hitherto have been sacrificed at the shrine of "*Folly*," instead of in the service of the Nation. On his lordship sitting down, some local "*Demosthenes*" moved the original question, which was, "That the continuance of the traffic in human flesh and blood was not consistent with the sound policy of a 'Free' Nation." The proceedings then terminated.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Earl forms the Bacchanalian Society—Prepares a supper for a friend at a village inn—Drills Boniface and the servants—His lordship departs with his regiment for Rye—Commands an escort, with sixteen prisoners, to Dover—Halts near Folkestone for refreshment—Accidental discharge of his fowling-piece and death of the Earl—Inquest and burial at Wargrave—Some mention of a posthumous heir—Denial by the Countess—Remarks on the career of the late Earl.

THE Earl of Barrymore, when deprived of his expensive amusements, did not set himself down and ask "if life was worth living." His nature was too vivacious and volatile to put so Buddhistic an interrogatory to himself. One of that sect's tenets is, I believe, "That the only happiness is that of never having existed." But his lordship's natural gaiety of temper, combined with certain Hibernic traits, made him happy under all circumstances. Therefore, if he could no longer cheer himself and friends with balls, and fêtes, and histrionic displays, he could found convivial clubs. One of these he formed the commencement of 1793 was the "Bacchanalian Society," whose meetings were held at the "Rose," Wokingham, on a Friday, every month. At one

of these the Earl promised to bring down a choice selection of musical and dramatic gentlemen, just to initiate the members into the ways of song and recitation, also, that he purposed to give a dinner to the members of the club at the commencement of March, but doubted if his military duties would permit him to be present. However, the dinner was given, three post-chaises of the Earl's choicest *bon vivants* came from London to augment their number, and to make the affair pass off with *éclat*.

A little time before the above recorded events, the following took place. Going into the billiard room of an inn in the vicinity of Wargrave, where two persons were engaged in a billiard match, which appeared to excite some interest among the occupants of the room; his lordship desired to participate, so began to offer odds on one of the players, but not finding anyone willing or able to accept the sum he wished to lay, determined to amuse himself, therefore turned to a friend, who accompanied him, and asked if he should cook him a supper, to which his companion assented. Boniface was then summoned, and ordered to procure a couple of fowls and have the fire in the room made up for roasting. These commands given, the jocular Earl suggested that, as he bore his Majesty's commission, he would put "mine host" and waiters through their "facings," which he forthwith did, ordering them to "fall in," which done, and their toes squared, the command "attention" was given.

"Now then, you sir, hold up your head; d—n you, it's no laughing matter! Eyes to the left. Very well, by G—d; dismiss," followed each other simultaneously. These proceedings, combined with the order for a couple of fowls, naturally diverted both the attention of the players and bystanders, who found their play so interrupted that they adjourned the match. While the fowls were "on order," his lordship prepared to display his culinary skill; first he took his coat and vest off, and put on one of the landlady's bib aprons; thus attired, he got together the necessary cooking utensils, and made an extempore "Jack" with pack thread. The fowls were now brought in; these he proceeded to singe in the orthodox manner, as well as remedy other little matters overlooked by the purveyor; these he now put "down," and then prepared to make the bread sauce and gravy, cook the vegetables, etc. All this was accompanied by as much pantomimic gesture as he could exert. All "the pots a boiling," his lordship proceeded to lay the cloth for the repast, to which he asked the attendance of some of those who had been the most attentive to his movements. Everything being ready, supper was served, done justice to, and praised by all present, who wondered how his lordship became possessed of his culinary knowledge.

The military duties foreshadowed in a preceding paragraph consisted in the departure of the Earl's regiment for Rye, whither it was ordered to

strengthen the forces on the south coast, consequent upon the state of affairs with France. On its arrival, a sergeant and twelve men were ordered on the 6th March, 1793, to escort sixteen French prisoners to Dover. The Earl thought this a duty which would not only enable him to view the country, but to amuse himself by shooting wild fowl, rabbits, etc., on the way. Therefore, he asked permission of his Colonel, Earl Craven, to command the escort, which was, in deference to his lordship's rank, increased to twenty rank and file. All went well till Folkestone was reached, where the Earl commanded a halt, to refresh himself and men. As this necessary entertainment was in progress, Admiral McBride and General Smith passed by, and chatted with his lordship, when an arrangement to dine together was made. Till the halt was ordered, the Earl had marched at the head of his men on foot; his gig, driven by his valet, brought up the rear.

While the landlady was busy attending to the wants of her guests, his lordship, with his usual frolic, insisted on marking the "score" on the slate in the usual stenographic characters of an innkeeper, which gave him an opportunity to bring into play the style and language of a favourite dramatic character "Hob." This caused much fun and merriment. The repast concluded, the Earl "totted" up the score, which was checked, then discharged it. He then took a glass of brandy with the landlady, whom he embraced in

a jocular way, and leaped into his gig. He took the reins from the servant, and gave him the gun, which the man placed somewhat carelessly between himself and his master, with the barrel pointing upwards. Soon after, the Earl, who was smoking, took his pipe from his mouth and pointed with it to the coast of France, in the distance, to call his servant's attention to its proximity. The gun, loaded with swan shot procured from a turnpike keeper on the way, by the jolting of the gig, now fell to the bottom, and struck the hammer in its descent; this lodged the charge in the Earl's right cheek, displaced his eye, and entered his brain, whereupon he sank over the left side of the gig. To turn round and dash up to the door his master had left but a minute before, in the prime of health, was the work of a moment for his servant. The unfortunate Earl was removed into a room, and Col. St. John, who was in the vicinity, was sought. He at once procured a surgeon, but all that his skill and attention could do was of no avail. The Earl expired forty minutes after the disastrous occurrence. So ended Richard Barry, seventh Earl of Barrymore, Viscount Buttevant, Baron Barry of Olethan, Ibaune, and Barryscourt, descended from a noble line of ancestors, whose name and fortunes he had dimmed and marred.

On the 8th of March, 1793, an inquest was held, when the late Earl's valet gave his evidence, on which a verdict of accidental death was returned. After this, preparations were made to convey the body to Wargrave for interment.



DEATH OF RICHARD, SEVENTH EARL OF BARRYMORE.
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This had to be accomplished covertly, as fears were entertained of a seizure, a then (and for many years after) disgraceful perversion of the law of burial, which was a stigma upon our boasted civilization that a South Sea islander would have considered a reproach—the seizure of a dead body for debt in hope that the friends of the deceased would pay to give their relative decent interment. However, this obstacle was overcome by vigilance, and the body of the unfortunate Earl received the last tokens of respect. These were bestowed on a Sunday (the "debtors'" day of rest from seizure), the 17th of March, 1793,[1] when his remains were interred in the chancel of the Parish Church, Wargrave, near the resting-place of Mr. Day, of "*Sandford and Merton*" fame.

With the sensation caused by Lord Barrymore's sad and untimely death, malevolence was not long in circulating the most fallacious rumours. However, the facts are as recorded. The next question that troubled the "busybodies" was whether there was any probability of an heir. These rumours became so annoying to the widowed countess that she contradicted them, and her statement enabled Henry Barry to succeed as 8th Earl of Barrymore.

If a cause can be charitably assigned for the erratic career of the witty but eccentric Earl, might it not be found in the early age at which

[1] Not February 17th, as I believe the register shows, which was indifferently kept at this period.

he found himself his own master, with ample means for self-indulgence, especially when we remember the times he lived in? What he might have "sobered down" to, it is difficult to say, but some considered that, had he been spared to enter upon a political career, his success would have been assured. Others held that his predilection for the army argued his becoming a brilliant commander. To sum up, the following lines, in palliation of his excesses, do not appear devoid of truth :—

"Nature, who formed the varied scene
Of Rage, of colour, frost and fire,
Unerring guide, could only mean
That Age should reason, Youth desire.
Shall rebel casuists then presume,
Inverting Nature's laws, to seize
The dues of age in youth's high blooom,
And join Impossibilities?"

CHAPTER XXX.

Financial affairs of the late Earl—Henry, Eighth and last Earl of Barrymore—Establishes the fashion of the "tiger"—The Earl and the battle of the whips—His lordship's love for mystifying persons—His duel with Humphrey Howarth, M.P., at Brighton.

On the death of Richard, 7th Earl of Barrymore, many comments on his affairs appeared in the prints of that period. Some suggested that heavy insurances had been effected on his life; in fact, so numerous at one time were the application for policies, that no office could be found willing to increase their risk. This statement "Pasquin," his amanuensis, denies. He acknowledges, however, that a few, for trifling amounts, may have been in existence at the Earl's death. On the other hand, the late Earl had, in the last few years of his life, raised some large sums by way of annuity or rent-charges on his estate; at one time these amounted to 2000*l.* per annum. For the due payment of a tenth of this sum, Viscount Fielding and Mr. Hugh White were guarantors, but this was redeemed by the Earl a few months prior to his death. A Mr. Davis advanced 6000*l.* to the Earl to pay off

an annuity of 1000*l.* per annum; Mr. Bullock also discharged one of 250*l.*, and Messrs. Watts and Collinson cleared off one for a similar amount in favour of a Mrs. Roffey; which are said to have been the only annuities granted by the deceased Earl.

On the advice of his friends and lawyer, Lord Barrymore, a short time previous to his death, had placed his estates in the hands of Mr. Thomas Hammersley, banker, of Pall Mall (well-known at that period in connection with the monetary affairs of the Prince of Wales), who allowed the Earl 2500*l.* per annum. The remainder of their revenues were reserved to meet interest on mortgages and to form a redemption fund. His lordship also raised by mortgage 130,000*l.*, to pay off his most pressing creditors. The remainder were offered the equity of redemption and 5 per cent. on their debts as security, which were to be discharged in ten years. To this arrangement the majority of the unsecured creditors assented. Therefore, had the Earl lived to carry out these arrangements, he might, after many years of retrenchment, have regained some portion of his fallen "greatness."

The sum the Earl of Barrymore had squandered during his brief career was estimated at about £300,000, but this does not include large sums won by racing and betting, which constantly passed through his hands without any record being made. Fortunes of a similar, smaller, and larger magnitude, have in our times been "got

through" by youths and others of the Barrymore type, but I cannot find any of these "latter day" prodigals who got and gave as much for their money as the Earl of Barrymore. For it must be admitted that he had value in his stud purchases, though, perhaps, his natural judgment of horseflesh aided him here; which remarks should, no doubt, apply to his hunting and driving establishments. While as to his Theatres, Balls, Fêtes and Dinners, did they not give entertainment to thousands, and of all ranks, prince to boor? But, unfortunately, his lordship never thought of cost where his desires were concerned.

The personal estate of the late Earl was sworn under £5000, and was said to have been sufficient to discharge claims after the arrangement alluded to had been effected; but of this later.

Deprived of a kind and too indulgent master, the late Earl's dependents had to seek fresh employments. Delphini obtained an engagement as ballet master at the Opera House, where he caused John Kemble much trouble by his endeavours to get him to speak a few words of intelligible English, so that he might become eligible for a membership of the Theatrical Fund. Delphini also found employment, now and again, in the Royal kitchen, for the preparation of macaroni, in which he was skilled. The "reign" of Henry, 8th (and last) Earl of Barrymore, as has been shown, began under less favourable auspices than that of his late brother, who practically entered upon unencumbered possessions. His

successor, Henry, had all the former's extravagant tastes as well as habits, without a tithe of the means to indulge or gratify them. But as he had been a participator in, if not the instigator of the excesses of his brother, he cannot be pitied. Had Henry accepted the situation as he found it, things might have become better for him as time progressed; but no, he must be the Earl of Barrymore; therefore, a town residence in Sackville Street was started, together with a "villa" at Palmer's Green, soon after his accession to the title. Another connection of the Earl's did not tend to retrenchment—that was the Prince of Wales, with whom he was on terms of great intimacy, far closer than his deceased brother had attained. Henry Barry, with all his faults, and they were legion, is said to have possessed a certain aristocratic bearing, in spite of his physical disability; to this was added a keen knowledge of the world, particularly of its lowest, or 'submerged' strata. But he was wanting in what better characteristics his unfortunate brother possessed.

The eighth Earl of Barrymore did not improve or add to his means by marriage. He was united to Anna, daughter of Jeremiah Coghlan, Esq., of Cardo, Co. Waterford, January, 1795. The Earl, like his deceased brother, was a noted "whip," and used to drive a tall cabriolet, or curricle; by the side of the Earl sat a diminutive attendant, inaptly called a "Tiger," a fashion he initiated; a few years later this attendant was moved to the back of the vehicle. The first

holder of this newly-coined appellation was a lad, Alexander Lee, son of the then late Henry Lee, landlord of the *Anti-Gallican* tavern.

An encounter, facetiously termed the battle of the whips, is related of the Earl. One evening, while driving up St. James's Street, he noticed the windows of the house of a noble countess lit, as if a dinner or party was proceeding. To turn his horse and dash up the street was the work of a moment. But his progress was stopped by a line of carriages, which had just set down their owners. Thereupon the Earl told some of the "Jarveys" to "mizzle" out of his way. One, however, refused to obey so peremptory a command, when the Earl exclaimed, "G—d d——n, don't you know me? I am the Earl of Barrymore." To this self-assertion of rank, his obstinate brother "whip" said, "You may be Old Nick for what I care! I shan't stir." This led to further unparliamentary language; the other "Jarveys" added "fuel to the fire" by ironical assertions of "let my Lord drive up," "The Noble Earl's carriage is stopped in its way," etc., etc., which so exasperated his lordship that he jumped or hopped from his curricle, whip in hand, and began to belabour the disobliging "Jarvey," who was not behind in retaliation; his brother whips shouted, "Lay it on!" "Lay it on!" "D—— me, my lad, if your whip breaks, I'll give you half-a-dozen." The Earl, not liking the mode of initiation into this "New Whip Club," beat a retreat into the house,

followed by the jeers and yells of the assembled Jehus.

The Earl, like his brother, delighted in mystifying persons. Though the late Earl in general confined this "sport" to country people, not so Henry, who considered anyone "fish for his net." Mr. Raikes, of diary celebrity, relates an affair which occurred at a dinner party at Windsor. When the conversation turned on the practicability of taking the Castle by assault, a quiet, inoffensive officer, one Col. Cowper, was gradually drawn by the Earl into conversation as to the best mode to effect this. To illustrate his plan, they both began to draw lines of attack and defence with wine on the table-cloth. But tactics of this nature were not much in the Earl's way. At last Col. Cowper placed his assumed forces with so much skill as to impress the company with the possible success of his attack. The Earl, when he found his plan of defence useless, became imbued with a mischievous spirit, and, after a pretended reflection, exclaimed, "Your plan is full of faults, you have forgotten the Thames," took up a tumbler of water, and, instead of deluging the supposed works of his antagonist, threw it in the Colonel's face. The room was at once in an uproar, but a plea of "indulgence" being put in and accepted, the hubbub ceased.

The Earl, during a race meeting at Brighton, once fought a duel with the eccentric Humphrey Howarth, M.P. for Evesham, in the presence of a numerous company, who were much surprised

to see Mr. Howarth strip himself to the "buff" of all garments except a pair of drawers. This he did from technical knowledge acquired as a surgeon in the service of "John Company," where he had seen the injury caused by bullets leaving portions of clothing in wounds. Happily, his precaution was not necessary, as no harm was done by either party's "fire," whereupon honour was deemed satisfied. Lucky honour!!

CHAPTER XXXI.

The Earl of Barrymore and the Chip Chow Indians—His lordship's racing and charioteering display but the shadow of his late brother's—The Earl's ready wit with the law's minions—The Honourable Augustus Barry—His death—Prints, etc., concerning the late Earl—The eighth Earl's caricature—His passion for the Drama and Music.

ANOTHER affair of mystification, in some respect similar to the last, is on record concerning Henry, the 8th Earl of Barrymore. His lordship could sing well, nor did he require much pressing "to oblige." A favourite ditty of his was one that had this remarkable chorus, "Chip Chow Cherry Chow-fol-lol-di-riddle-how," was well known to many of his friends. At a friend's one day, the Earl made one of a dinner party. Among the guests was Sir James Alured Clarke, an old soldier, who did not know the Earl's famous song. Sir James was a veteran of the American War, in which campaign he considered his achievements of no small consequence, and he was always glad to "trot" them out. Another matter he prided himself on, was the knowledge he had gained with respect to the various tribes of 'redskins.' This was too good an opportunity for the mischievous Earl to despise; he therefore

pretended a deep interest in the habits and pursuits of the various tribes of Indians scattered over the North American continent, and at last desired information as to the "Chip Chows." The "Son of Mars," misled, no doubt, by the sound of the words, mistook them for analogous names, replied, with the utmost candour, they were a tribe who confined their wanderings to one particular portion of that continent, but were warlike and cruel in their habits. His lordship now saw he had the grim old warrior at his mercy, followed his inquiry by asking the General if, in the course of his travels, he had come across the "Cherry Chows," on which Sir James began to descant on their peculiarities, asserting they were really worse than the "Chip Chows," as they invariably devoured their prisoners. This was too much for the gravity of the facetious Earl, who burst into a roar of laughter, and asked the now astonished General what his opinion was of the "Fol-lol-de-riddle-hows." On which the majority of the company chimed in with the Earl's chorus. The truth now dawned on Sir James he had been made a fool of, and rising, he said, in a "freezing" tone, "My Lord, I have travelled much, but during all my wanderings amongst various savage hordes, I have seen few savages more barbarous than yourself," and, bowing with mock politeness, he left the room.

This Earl's racing and charioteering tastes were as well developed as the late Earl's, but

fortune, or rather the need of it, prevented their complete gratification. In fact, his doings in these departments of Sport are but the "mackless fabric of a vision" in comparison to his brother's. He had, indeed, at one time a few horses in training, but for a period as brief as their record, and also he sported a four-in-hand for a few seasons, during which he was one of the founders of the "Whip Club." Allied to his hippologic tendencies was a passion for card-playing. In fact, it is difficult to take up the Morning Chronicle or Herald for the end of last and the first few years of this century without finding an announcement of a card party at his residence; but I fear his success at the "board of green cloth" was little, if at all, superior to his brother's. His house was beset by sheriffs' officers, which was very unpleasant, particularly if the visit of these uninvited guests clashed with the advent of a party to dinner or cards. To discharge these unwelcome visitors by the orthodox means, gold was often inconvenient, therefore the Earl showed resource by making a virtue of necessity, and for the time increasing his retinue. This was accomplished for a trifling consideration by attiring the "minions of the law" in some cast-off liveries, which transferred their allegiance, to outward appearance, from the House of Hanover to that of Barrymore. By this the Earl out-heroded Mr. Honeywood in "*The Good-natured Man*," who introduced the sheriffs' officers to Miss Richland as his friends. But this was far too *infra dig.* for

an Earl of Barrymore, who made them his—dependents.

One season, however, before the final crash came, the Earl created some excitement in the fashionable world by an entertainment at his residence in Sackville Street. This was a masquerade ball, that revived, on a diminished scale, the departed glory of Wargrave, and was held on the 21st June, 1805. The ball-room was decorated with muslin festoons, in which artificial roses were twined; the floor was chalked out with designs emblematical of music and dancing. In the apartments which adjoined, supper was provided for 300 guests; in the front dining-room supper was laid for the Prince of Wales and his suite.

A novel device resorted to was the erection of a temporary orchestra in the garden, which was rendered effective by shrubs, flowers, and coloured lamps.

It was said that not for some years had society been regaled with a better entertainment of its character. The house was taxed to its utmost, and though crowded, all went off with *éclat*. But few of the younger guests present knew the "apprenticeship" their host had served in producing this form of entertainment at Wargrave.

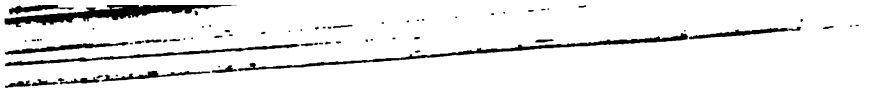
Among those who supped with the Prince of Wales were the Duke and Duchess of St. Albans and the Duchess of Gordon. Among other members of the peerage in costume were the

Marquis of Lorne, Lord Westmoreland, the Marquis of Abercorn, the Marchioness of Salisbury, the Duchess of Leeds, Lady Cholmondeley, etc., etc., etc. But this was only a sudden "flare up" in the expiring flame of the house of Barrymore—that is, in its direct line. Both the Earl and his brother Augustus sorely felt the need of that patrimony they had helped to squander—in particular Augustus, who was in very bad circumstances about this period. True, this honourable person was now in holy orders, but his erratic disposition prevented his aristocratic acquaintances from presenting him to a living. Possessed of both ability and education, he could never be depended on to appear in the part those attributes entitled him to play, that of a—gentleman, or the direct opposite, one of—society's lowest strata, for he had the *protean* capacity of his unfortunate brother in a worse degree, therefore his company was not sought by his peers. This honourable and learned 'divine' lived a chequered life, and died at Moulsey on the 29th September, 1818.

In allusion to the various prints of the late Earl, mention should have been made of a mezzotint engraving by Jehner, after a miniature by Cosway, published by John Boydell in 1778. This represents his lordship as *Cupid*, but the features are too young and unmarked to be compared with later prints; however, it is of interest from an artistic standpoint. There are also one or two others of a scurrilous nature, scarcely worth alluding to.



RICHARD, SEVENTH EARL OF BARRYMORE, AS *CUPID*.
Page 238.





That satirical magazine, the *Scourge*, for November, 1812, has a coloured plate, by Cruickshank, devoted to the Prince of Wales and his doings. In one vignette is Henry, Earl of Barrymore, his right, or lame, leg (?) ornamented with a cloven hoof, who is made to say, "I am known by the title of the paragon of debauchery, and I only claim to be the ——'s confidential friend."

The Earl had, like his brother Richard, a passion for the drama and music, which he had to gratify at the public founts, as the luxury of a private theatre was quite beyond his means.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"Anthony Pasquin's" means of livelihood after his patron's death —His later works—William Gifford retaliates on "Pasquin" —Action by "Pasquin" against Robert Faulder—The plaintiff's flight to America—Employed by the "Federal" paper to attack Corbett—Discomfiture and return to England—Compromises with his creditors here—Re-appearance as a theatrical and art critic—His quarrels and strange conduct.

Among the dependents of the late Earl who had to seek "pastures new" was his secretary, etc., John Williams, *alias* "Anthony Pasquin" the 'notorious,' who fell back on journalism, coupled with authorship, to gain a subsistence. He was the author of the "*Pin basket to the children of Thespis*," "*Pasquin on the Fine Arts*," "*History of the Actors of Ireland*," and other works. These effusions had much to do with an action brought by "Pasquin" against Robert Faulder, a bookseller, who was one of some forty others the malevolent "Anthony" purposed suing for damages, for publishing, by selling, a libel on him, in a work by William Gifford, entitled the *Baviad*, a paraphrastic imitation of the first satire of *Persius*—a work, so the introduction states, which was a satirical denunciation of the wretched taste of the *Della*

Cruscan school, without the slightest reference to their moral or political qualities. In this, the author says, he would have persevered to the end, had he not been provoked to transgress the bonds he had prescribed himself by the diabolical conduct of one of his heroes, "Anthony Pasquin," which was the earning of a subsistence by working on the fears and vanities of several artists, actors, actresses, etc.; till, hardened by impunity, he attempted higher game by articles against Warren Hastings (to whom he had offered his services). These were continued daily in the *Morning Post*, with indefatigable zeal and rancour; later, he became so bold as to insert false statements, which only the most inveterate malice could have dictated.

Mr. Gifford, therefore, thought this a just opportunity to drag "Anthony Pasquin" before the tribunal of Public Opinion, to show him in his true character—a pest. He then indited the following, which duly appeared, and was the libel complained of:—

"Some love the verse that like Maria's flows,
No rubs to stagger, and no sense to pose,
Which read and read, you raise your eyes in doubt,
And wonder gravely what it is about.
These fancy bells, poetics only sweet
And intercept his authors in the street,
There, smoking hot, inhale "Mit Yanda's" strains;
And the rank fume of "Tony Pasquin's" brains."

This only concerned Gifford himself, but the real bone of contention was some verses which appeared as a footnote, these Gifford affirmed

were sent him by a friend, and could not resist the temptation to insert.

"TO 'ANTHONY PASQUIN,' ESQ."

"Why dost thou tack most simple Anthony,
The name of 'Pasquin' to thy ribald strains?
Is it a fetch of wit, to let us see
Thou, like that statue, art devoid of brains?

"But thou mistakest, for know thou, 'Pasquin's' head
Be full as hard and near as thick as thine;
Yet, as the world, admiring, in it read
Many a keen gibe and many a sportive line.

"While nothing from thy 'jobbermowl' can spring
But impudence and filth, for out, alas!
Do what we will, 'tis still the same vile thing—
Within, all brickdust! and without, all brass!

"Then blot the name of 'Pasquin' from thy page;
Thou seest it will not thy poor riff-raff sell.
Some other would'st thou take, I dare engage,
'John Williams' or 'Tom Fool' will do as well."

The case was heard before Lord Kenyon, whose abhorrence of subterfuge led the defendant to anticipate acquittal. The Honourable Thomas Erskine appeared for "Pasquin" and Sergeant Garrow for the defendant. Both used their best forensic skill for their clients, but in the end the jury stopped the case and gave a verdict for the defendants; an issue that placed "Pasquin" in an unpleasant position, insomuch that he obtained some momentary relief from a Benevolent Institution, with which he fled the country. At New York he procured employment on the staff of the "Federal" paper, a journal hostile to

Corbett. "Pasquin's" duty was to attack Corbett's writings, but "Pasquin," though a fair rhymester, was a poor prose writer, therefore "Peter Porcupine," Corbett, soon overthrew his adversary. It was while employed in this "paper" duel that "Pasquin" fell "foul" of some American cousins, who prosecuted him for libel, which made New York as unendurable as London had become earlier. He then returned to England, and contrived to hide himself, pending an arrangement with his creditors. This concluded, "Pasquin" assumed his old career as critic, but was fool enough to quarrel with two old Wargrave friends, Captain Wathen and Harry Angelo. The first he apologized to on his knees, the other went into Bow Street police court, in which "Pasquin," as plaintiff, apologized to Angelo, the defendant—a somewhat strange proceeding.

These and kindred matters did "Anthony" much harm, though the terror of his pen held many well-known actors and actresses in thraldom, notably Mrs. Abington, with whom he used to ask himself to dinner, suggest the dishes he liked, and make her pay him for attending.

John Taylor, editor of the "Sun," relates he often met "Pasquin" in literary circles; once in particular at a dinner party given by Mrs. Billington at Brompton, which included, among others, Dr. Wolcot (Peter Pindar), Mr. Shield, Haydon the artist, opposite whom Anthony sat, and whom he addressed: "Mr. Haydon, you are the greatest genius I ever saw," concluding with a foul epithet.

As the evening wore on, "Pasquin" heard that Dr. Wolcot and Messrs. Taylor and Shield had ordered a hackney coach to come for them; this resulted in some amusement to two, at least, of its occupants later.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

John Taylor suggests that Dr. Wolcot and "Pasquin" should unite their *Muses*—How John Taylor became deprived of "Pasquin's" friendship—"Pasquin's" claim as an art critic—Goes to Paris—Return again to London—Writes critiques for the *Morning Herald*—Procures some favour by a work on criticism—Some further particulars concerning the late Earl Barrymore's affairs—Sale of the estates of Castle Lyons and Buttevant—Death of Henry, eighth and last Earl of Barrymore.

"Pasquin" asked and obtained permission to occupy the fourth seat in the coach. When they settled down and got some little distance on their road, Taylor slyly nudged Shield and said, "How pleased he was to find himself a fellow passenger, with men of such great merit and genius as Mr. Williams and Dr. Wolcot, both of whom had made their mark in poetry, and, what was strange, under pseudonyms, but his gratification would be much increased if they would join their *Muses* and give to the world a production worthy of their joint efforts. As an earnest of this, he wished they would ratify his suggestion by shaking hands, whereon "Anthony" held out his "maw," at the same time expressing pleasure at so learned a collaborateur. But Dr. Wolcot would not give

his hand, in fact, held it back, as if he feared contagion from "Pasquin's" grasp. At last some more than satirical observation by Taylor caused the pent-up emotions of "Peter Pindar" to burst forth; he accused Taylor of mischievous intentions, who thereon appealed to Shield, and asked if he did not think he had done his best towards effecting good understanding between two gentlemen, all but strangers to each other. The Doctor noticed, however, by Shield's guarded answer, that Taylor only intended merriment, but no inducement could make him address "Pasquin."

Soon after, "Pasquin" was employed as Art and Dramatic Critic by the morning papers, i.e. he was not on the staff of any one, but acted as a sort of supernumerary to any who required a special article, etc.

John Taylor became deprived of "Pasquin's" acquaintance by a singular incident. Going one day to view Sir Benjamin West's picture, "Christ Rejected," he met "Anthony" as he returned from a private view, who volunteered to tell where he had been. Taylor asked what his opinion was. "There are some beauties, as well as many faults," replied the Art Critic. "Ah!" exclaimed Taylor, "but you are so kind and liberal-minded, that I am sure you will fail to notice the latter." Whereon "Anthony" gave a malignant frown and walked off, and though he met Taylor many times after, he never spoke to him again.

"Anthony Pasquin's" criticisms on painting were interspersed with technical terms and knowledge

acquired in his brief career as an engraver; these alarmed artists by their professional knowledge, particularly young aspirants. "Pasquin" soon after disappeared, and it was wished he had gone for good, but he turned up again, to the chagrin of those he held in thraldom, having, in the interim, been to Paris, it is said in the service of the Government as a "spy." Soon after this he was permanently employed for a time as critic for the Morning Herald; during that period he produced a book of dramatic criticisms, which obtained for him a slight recognition of favour. But the bad traits in his character reappeared, which necessitated another "trip" to New York, where he died, in almost penury, of typhus fever, at Brooklyn, U.S.A., November 3rd, 1818.

It is now my unpleasant duty to record the most dire event that can befall any one—the sale of their goods for debt, which comes as the *finale* to the glories of Wargrave. It is much to be regretted that the successor to the title did not discharge this obligation, in order to prevent so sad a termination.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION,
BY
DARBY AND HENDERSON,

On the premises at Wargrave, Thursday, April 4th, 1793 (by virtue of a warrant of distress for rent)—Part of the household goods of the late Lord Barrymore, consisting of four-post bedsteads, with cotton, dimity, and other furniture, goose feather beds, blankets, quilts, counterpanes and mattresses, chairs, tables, chests of drawers, dressing, pier, and other looking-glasses, staircase and other carpeting, etc., etc.

The goods to be viewed the morning of sale, which will begin at 11 o'clock.

The dowager Countess of Barrymore wore her "weeds" for some 18 months, after which she married, at Richmond, Surrey, on the 23rd September, 1794, Captain Williams, of the Guards. This, I think, shows that, though not of noble birth, this lady had conducted herself so as to gain the respect of all, and eventually make a second marriage that still ensured her *entrée* into good society.

The estates of Castle Lyons and Buttevant were sold by the 8th Earl of Barrymore to John Anderson, Esq., of Armagh, a native of Dumfries, with the reservation of £4000 per annum to himself and £1000 to his Countess for life, Irish Currency.[1] Mr. Anderson held these estates for many years, till purchased by Viscount Doneraile, in whose family, I believe, they remain. The 8th and last Earl of Barrymore had many vicissitudes (among which was the loss of his royal patron's favour). Luckily, his wife's sister married an old French *emigre*, the Duc de Castries, which saved him later from sharing the fate of his brother Augustus—as to penury. On the restoration of the Bourbons, the Duc de Castries returned to France and regained some of his former possessions, which, with the governorship of Calais, permitted him to reinhabit his hotel in the Faubourg St. Germains, when he offered his brother-in-law and wife the protection of his roof. Here they lived quietly till the Earl died

[1] Then an ever fluctuating value.

of an apoplectic fit, December 18th, 1823, in the 54th year of his age.

The ancient baronies of Olethan and Ibaune, originally held by tenure, were said to devolve on the Earl's sister, Lady Caroline. The Viscountcy of Buttevant it was said should descend to the representatives of William Barry, Esq., of Lislee, the 3rd son of James Fitz-Richard, 7th Viscount, who died in the reign of Elizabeth.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Anecdote of, and death of Hooper—Death of Lady Lade—Decease of Anna, Countess of Barrymore—Death of Sir John Lade—Claim to the viscountcy of Buttevant—Conclusion.

HOOPER, the pugilistic retainer of the 7th Earl of Barrymore, eked out a livelihood by the exercise of his calling. A vice to which he now became addicted was drink, which has laid many a strong man low, and will again. Some time early in the present century, Hooper was found insensible on a doorstep in the "Dials." On being roused by the "Charlie" and asked whom he was, he finally hiccupped, "Hoop!" "Hoop!" but a bystander recognizing him as the miserable wreck of that once noted pugilist, he was carried to the workhouse, when he almost immediately expired.

Lady Lade died at Egham, May 5th, 1825. Both she and her husband survived the brothers Barrymore.

Anna, relict of the last Earl of Barrymore, died at Paris, May 6th, 1832. Her latter days were spent in various acts of charity and benevolence

amongst the poor of Paris, by whom her death was keenly felt.

Sir John Lade survived till his 80th year. In 1814 he was imprisoned in the King's Bench for debt, but emerged, after being "whitewashed," without means. The Prince of Wales thereon granted him and his wife a joint annuity of £300 per annum, which Sir John lived to enjoy till 1838.

The title of Viscount Buttevant was assumed by James Redmond Barry, of Donoughmore, Co. Cork, descendant of William Barry, of Lislee, but on this gentleman claiming to vote at the election of Irish representative peers, his claim was referred to the House of Lords. The House appears to have treated it as extinct by the creation of the Viscountcy of Gulliamore, by the powers reserved in the Act of Union, which they could not have done had a claimant been able to make good his title to any of the Barrymore honours. This so far as concerns this title. But Lady Caroline assumed the title of Baroness de Barry—without reference to the peers, on the decease of her brother Henry.

So terminates this singular record of the last in direct descent, of this ancient Norman-Milesian House, which its last descendants did their utmost to sully and debase, apart from extravagances. No inhabitant of these isles wishes to see the manners of the latter end of the last and the first three decades of the present century enacted again. Though, excepting their hard drinking

and gambling habits, I doubt if there was not a more chivalrous bearing and manly demeanour in the "Bucks" and "Macaronies" of those times, which is made more conspicuous by its absence, in their successors of the present day.

FINIS.



APPENDIX A.

Rockingham, by *Highflyer*, out of *Purity*. As a three year old, won a sweepstake of 50 guineas each, 3 subscribers, at Nottingham, and was then the property of Mr. Wentworth.

A match of 500 guineas at Newmarket, B.C. At the same meeting, the Jockey Club plate, beating 5 other competitors. He beat the Prince of Wales's famous horse, *Hardwicke*, 9 st. each, for 300 guineas; after which match he became the property of the Prince for 2000 guineas—a transaction that is said to have caused Mr. Wentworth's death, by chagrin!

In the colours of H.R.H. he beat *Clay Hall Mask* for 500 guineas, B.C., giving his opponent 5 lb.

In 1786 he won a £50 plate, Newmarket, beating *Delphini*, *Genge*, and *Clay Hall Mask*; also won a 50 guinea each subscription race, 6 subscribers, at Ascot.

Rockingham now came into Mr. Bullock's possession, and won for him: The King's Plate, Lichfield; a 70 guinea handicap at Newmarket; another of 60 guineas, beating four competitors; one of 70 guineas, beating the well-known *Drone* and others.

In 1787 *Rockingham* won 525 guineas; the great Subscription of 50 guineas each, beating *Fox*, *Delphini*, *Marplot*, *Drone*, *Pilot*, and *Oberon*; also received forfeit from Mr. O'Kelly's *Dungannon* and six others; a £50 handicap, Two King's plates; and the renewed 140 guinea subscription handicap; together with a 60 and a 70 guinea handicap, all at Newmarket; also, the King's plates at Guildford, Winchester, Nottingham, and York, with the Town plate of the last.

APPENDIX B.

NEWMARKET.

March 12th, 1788.

A sweepstake handicap of 100 guineas each. Rowley mile.

Lord Barrymore's *Elm*, by *Ilmio*, 8 st. 7 lb. . 1
Lord Clermont's *Osprey*, 3 st. 4 lb. . . . 2
Lord G. H. Cavendish's *Oporto*, 8 st. . . 3

Match.

Lord Barrymore's br. colt *Hamlet*, by *Denmark*, beat Mr. Barton's bro. colt *Cantab* (8 st. each), brother to *Schoolboy*. Two year old course, for 50 guineas. 8 to 2 on *Cantab.*

Match.

Lord Barrymore's *Alarm*, by *Tandem*, beat Mr. Charles James Fox's *Miss Tomboy*. Abingdon mile, 50 guineas. 6 to 4 on *Alarm.*

Match.

March 14th.

Lord Barrymore's *Jerico*, by *Philippos Arabian*, beat Lord Clermont's colt *Hocks*, by *Dorimont*, 7 st. 7 lb. each, first third of Rowley mile, for 50 guineas. 7 to 4 on *Hocks.*

APPENDIX C.

NEWMARKET.

Match.

April 7th, 1788.

Lord Barrymore's *Yarico*, by *Eclipse*, beat Lord Clermont's *Hocks*, 7 st. 4 lb. each, across the flat, for 50 guineas. 2 to 1 on *Hocks.*

Match.

Lord Barrymore's *Elm*, by *Ilmio*, 8 st. 2 lb., beat Mr. Vernon's *Birch*, 6 st. 13 lb., Rowley mile, for 100 guineas. 2 to 1 and 5 to 2 on *Elm.*

April 8th, 1788.

The King's plate of 100 guineas. 6 year old, 12 st. R.C.
Lord Barrymore's *Rockingham*, by *Highflyer*. W.O.

Match.

Lord Barrymore's *Alarm*, by *Tandem*, beat Mr. Barton's colt by *Postmaster*, 7 st. 11 lb., for 25 guineas. 6 to 4 on *Alarm.*

APPENDIX D.

NEWMARKET.

April 24th, 1788.

The Jockey Club plate. B.C. Won by Lord Barrymore's *Rockingham*, 8 st. 7 lb. 5 and 6 to 1 on.

Match.

April 25th, 1788.

Lord Barrymore's *Grey Pumpkin* beat Lord Clermont's *Woodcock*, across the flat, for 25 guineas.

APPENDIX E.

NEWMARKET.

Match.

Lord Barrymore's *Jerico*, by *Philippo's Arabian*, 7 st. 10 lb., beat Mr. Charles James Fox's colt by *Imperator*, 7 st. 13 lb., the first half of Rowley mile, for 200 guineas.

Match.

Lord Barrymore's bro. horse *Elm*, 8 st. 2 lb., beat Lord Grosvenor's *Mentor*, 8 st., across the flat, for 200 guineas. 2 to 1 on *Elm*.

Match.

Lord Barrymore's *Nimble*, by *Florizel*, 8 st., beat Lord Clermont's *Collector*, 8 st. 10 lb., across the flat, for 200 guineas. 7 to 4 and 2 to 1 on *Collector*.

Match.

Lord Barrymore's *Alarm*, by *Tandem*, 8 st., beat the Duke of Bolton's colt by *Pulpè*, 8 st. 3 lb., across the flat, for 100 guineas. 2 to 1 on the colt by *Pulpè*.

APPENDIX F.

CHELMSFORD.

July 21st, 1788.

His Majesty's plate of 100 guineas for four years old, two mile heats, won by Lord Barrymore's *Nimble*. 4 to 1 on.

July 22nd.

A £50 plate, won by Lord Barrymore's grey horse *Grey Pumpkin*, by *Pumpkin*, 5 years, 8 st. 8 lb.

LEWES.

Match.

July 23rd, 1788.

Lord Barrymore's bro. mare *Columbine*, ridden by his lordship, beat Sir John Lade's bro. mare *Augusta*, ridden by Sir John, 11 st. 7 lb. each, 4 miles, for 100 guineas. 2 and 3 to 1 on *Augusta*.

APPENDIX G.

NEWMARKET.

Match.

Monday, September 29th, 1788.

Lord Barrymore's grey filly *Tipsey*, sister to *Countryman*, 7 st. 10 lb., beat Charles James Fox's colt by *Boudron* out of *Hip*, 8 st. 2 lb. Two year old course, 200 guineas. 5 to 2 on Mr. Fox's colt.

Match.

Tuesday, September 30th.

Lord Barrymore's *Nimble*, by *Florizel*, 8 st. 5 lb., beat Lord Clermont's *Bullfinch*, 7 st. 9 lb., across the flat, for 300 guineas. 6 to 4 on *Nimble*.

APPENDIX H.

NEWMARKET,

October 14th, 1788.

Match.

Lord Barrymore's B. C. *Sir Christopher*, by *Evergreen*, beat Mr. C. J. Fox's b. c. by *Boudrow* out of *Hip*. Two year old course. 200 guineas. 5 to 2 on *Sir Christopher*.

October 16th.

Match.

Lord Barrymore's *Grey Pumpkin*, by Pumpkin, 7 st. 10 lb., beat the Duke of Queensberry's horse *Mulberry*, 7 st. 8 lb., D.C. 500 guineas. 6 and 7 to 4 on *Mulberry*.

October 18th.

Match.

Lord Barrymore's bro. colt *Feenow*, by *Tandem*, beat Lord Clermont's bro. horse *George*, 8 st. 10 lb. Two year old course. 50 guineas. 7 to 4 and 2 to 1 on *Feenow*.

APPENDIX I.

NEWMARKET,

HOUGHTON MEETING,

OCTOBER 28TH, 1788.

Match.

Lord Barrymore's bro. colt *Jerico*, by *Philippo's Arabian*, 8 st. 2 lb., beat Mr. Dymoke's bro. filly *Tiffany*, by *Solstrum*, 7 st. 11 lb. Two year old course, for 100 guineas. 5 to 2 on *Jerico*.

October 29th.

Match.

Lord Barrymore's grey filly *Tipsey*, by Bordeaux, ridden by owner, beat Mr. Vernon's grey colt by *Pantaloon*, ridden by Mr. Davis, 11 st. 13 lb. each. Two year old course. Twenty guineas. Even betting.

October 30th.

Handicap plate of £50 for two and three year olds. Two year old course. Won by
Lord Barrymore's b. c. *Ventilator*, 6 st. 9 lb.
12 others ran. Betting against the winner, 2 to 1.

October 31st.

Open handicap, for £50, across flat, won by
Lord Barrymore's *Nimble*, 8 st. 4 lb., beating 9 others. 3 to 1 against winner at starting.

October 31st.

Match.

Lord Barrymore's bro. colt *Ventilator*, 8 st., beat Mr. Bullock's *Pretender*, 8 st. 4 lb. Two year old course. 50 guineas. 6 to 4 on *Pretender*.

November 3rd.

Match.

Lord Barrymore's *Jerico* beat Mr. Panton's *Scrub*, 8 st. 2 lb. Two year old course. 2 to 1 on *Scrub*.

November 10th.

Match.

Lord Barrymore's *Ventilator*, 8 st. 2 lb., beat Mr. Dutton's *Tinker*, 7 st. 4 lb. Two year old course, for 25 guineas. 6 to 4 on *Ventilator*.

APPENDIX J.

NEWMARKET,

SECOND SPRING MEETING, 1789.

Match.

Lord Barrymore's *Jerico* beat Mr. Charles James Fox's colt *Bragadocio*, 8 st. each, across the flat. 300 guineas.

May.

Lord Barrymore's colt *Skiff* ran a dead heat with Sir Charles Banbury's horse *Skewball*, 7 st. 2 to 1 on *Skewball*.

ASCOT,

Saturday, June 20th, 1789.

A cup value sixty guineas, with a subscription of fifty guineas each, h.f. Weight 11 st., mares allowed 2 lb., two mile heats, to be ridden by owners, 6 subs. Three ran, who finished:—

Comte de Melfort's gr. gelding *Magog*. . 1
Lord Barrymore's ch. gelding *Tongs*, by *Florizel*. 2
The Honourable Henry Barry's bro. mare *Corunna*. 3

Awarded to Lord Barrymore, who claimed the race on the grounds that the Comte had crossed him.

Match.

Lord Barrymore's *Highlander*, 7 st. 7 lb., beat H.R.H. the Prince of Wales' horse *Thorn*, 8 st. 7 lb., both 6 years old, across the flat. 300 guineas. 3 to 1 on *Highlander*.

NEWMARKET,

OCTOBER MEETING, 1789.

31st.

Match.

Lord Barrymore's *Toss*, by *Daniel*, 5 years, 8 st. 7 lb., beat the Duke of Queensberry's *Burgundy*, 2 years old, 4 st. 7 lb. Two year old course. 5 to 2 on *Burgundy*.

APPENDIX K.

NEWMARKET,

SECOND SPRING MEETING,

May 3rd, 1790.

Match.

Lord Barrymore's *Pellegrini*, 7 st. 13 lb., beat the Duke of Bedford's *Cardock*, 8 st. 7 lb., b. c. 300 guineas. 7 to 4 on *Pellegrini*.

May 6th.

Match.

Lord Barrymore's *Highlander*, by *Bordeaux*, 8 st. 7 lb., beat the Duke of Bedford's *Cardock*, 8 st. 2 lb., b. c. 300 guineas.

June.

Match.

Lord Barrymore's *Toss*, by *Daniel*, 6 years, beat H.R.H. the Prince of Wales' *Louisa*, 3 years, 6 st. 3 lb., over the New mile. 100 guineas.

July.

Match.

Lord Barrymore's *Toss* beat Mr. C. J. Fox's *Seagull*, 8 st. 7 lb. each, across the flat. 500 guineas. 11 to 8 on *Seagull*.

July 17th.

Match.

Lord Barrymore's *Toss* beat Mr. C. J. Fox's *Seagull*, who conceded 4 lb. to *Toss*. Beacon course. 13 to 8 on Toss.

Lord Barrymore's *Highlander*, ridden by owner, 11 st., beat Sir W. Aston's *Butterfly*, 6 st. 10 lb. Two year old course. 50 guineas. 3 to 1 on *Highlander*.

NEWMARKET,

FIRST OCTOBER MEETING,

October 8th, 1790.

Match.

Lord Barrymore's *Pallafox*, 7 st. 10 lb., beat Lord Derby's *Bob*, 9 st. 13 lb., R. M. 200 guineas. 6 and 7 to 4 on *Bob*.

Match.

Lord Barrymore's *Chanticleer*, 3 years old, beat H.R.H. the Prince of Wales' *Serpent*, 8 st. each, a.f. 100 guineas. 6 to 4 on *Chanticleer*.

SECOND OCTOBER MEETING,

October 19th, 1790.

Handicap, value £60; 4 years, 7 st. 4 lb.; 5 years, 8 st.; 6 years, 8 st. 4 lb.; aged, 8 st. 6 lb. Ditch in. Won by Lord Barrymore's *Seagull*, by *Woodpecker*, 4 years. 5 to 1 against *Seagull*.

On the 23rd, at this meeting, Lord Barrymore's *Skewball*, *Seagull*, and *Chanticleer* put in an appearance. The first had a race awarded. The others received forfeit.

APPENDIX L.

NEWMARKET,

HOUGHTON MEETING,

November 2nd, 1790.

Match.

Lord Barrymore's *Ventilator*, ridden by owner, 11st. 11lb., beat Mr. Stone's *Pallafox*, ridden by owner, 10st. 12lb. B.C.—100 guineas.

November 5th.

Match.

Lord Barrymore's *Seagull*, 8st. 7lb., beat Sir H. Featherstone's *Montezuma*. 300 guineas. 3 to 1 on *Seagull*.

Match.

Lord Barrymore's *Highlander*, 8st. 5lb., beat Mr. Aston's *Marcia*, 7st. 12lb., a.f. 100 guineas. 5 to 4 on *Highlander*.

Nvember 8th.

Match.

Lord Barrymore's horse *Pellegrini*, 6 years, beat Mr. Charles James Fox's *Cormorant*, 6st. 12 lb., a.f. 200 guineas.

APPENDIX M.

NEWMARKET,

CRAVEN MEETING,

April 25th, 1791.

Match.

Lord Barrymore's *Pellegrini*, by *Mowick Ball*, 8st. 11lb., beat Sir Wm. Aston's *Marcia*, 8st., a.f. 200 guineas. 5 and 6 to 4 on *Pellegrini*.

Lord Barrymore's *Chanticleer* receives 500 guineas forfeit from the Duke of Bedford's *Thunderbolt*.

April 26th.

A sweepstake of 200 guineas each, 5 subs., B.C., weight for age, won by Lord Barrymore's *Seagull*, 8st. 2 to 1 on *Coriander*, who ran second; 2 to 1 against *Seagull*.

April 27th.

Match.

Lord Barrymore's *Chanticleer*, 3 years, beat Sir Wm. Aston's *Marcia*, 4 years, 8st. each, a.f. 200 guineas. 7 to 2 on *Chanticleer*.

NEWMARKET,

July, 1791.

The second year of the Grosvenor Stakes of 50 guineas each; the two middle miles of the B.C., won by Lord Barrymore's *Chanticleer*. 7 subs.

July 15th.

Handicap plate, won by Lord Barrymore's *Treecreeper*, by *Woodpecker*, 8st. 7lb. 5 to 2 against *Treecreeper*.

APPENDIX N.

BRIGHTON,

August 3rd, 1791.

A 50*l*. handicap, weight for age, &c., won by Lord Barrymore's b. c. *Halbert*, by *Javelin*, 8 st. 5 lb., beating Lord Egremont's *Hector* and Lord Grosvenor's *Flea*. 6 to 4 on *Halbert*.

LEWES,

August 4th, 1791.

A sweepstake of 10 guineas each for 3 years old. Colts 8 st. 2 lb., fillies 8 st., the last mile and a half of the course, 10 subs., won by Lord Barrymore's b. c. *Halbert*, by *Javelin*, 8 st. 2 lb., beating H.R.H. the Duke of York's *Lauriston*. 3 to 1 on *Halbert*.

A sweepstake of 25 guineas each, for 4 years old, 4 miles, 6 subs., won by Lord Barrymore's *Pallafox*, beating Mr. Wyndham's *Dare Devil*. 6 to 4 on *Pallafox*.

BEDFORD,

September 12th, 1791.

A purse of 50*l*. given by the Duke of Bedford, for 3 year olds, colts 8 st., fillies 7 st. 12 lb., won by Lord Barrymore's b. c. *Halbert*.

APPENDIX O.

NEWMARKET,

FIRST OCTOBER MEETING, 1791.

A sweepstake of 50 guineas each, D.I., to be ridden by owners, won by

Lord Barrymore's *Ventilator*, 11 st. 7 lb. .	1
Sir John Lade's *Helmet*	2
Mr. Pigot's *Tranquility*	3

6 to 4 on *Ventilator*.

October 5th.

The Town Plate of 50*l.*, for 3 years old, to carry 8 st. 7 lb., D.I., won by

Lord Barrymore's *Halbert*	1
Duke of Bedford's, b. g. *Bolton* . .	2
Lord Grosvenor's *Gumcistus* . . .	3

Betting, 7 to 2 on *Halbert*.

October 6th.

Match.

Lord Barrymore's filly by *Jupiter* out of a dam by *Mambrino*, 7 st. 13 lb., beat Mr. Galway's b. c. by *Pot-8-os* out of Lathom's *Swap*, mare, 7 st. 2 lb. Two years old, both. Abingdon mile, for 50 guineas. Even betting.

October 7th.

Match.

Lord Barrymore's *Chanticleer*, 4 years old, beat H.R.H. the Prince of Wales' *Don Quixote*, aged, 8 st. each. 200 guineas, a.f. 6 to 4 on *Chanticleer*.

APPENDIX P.

NEWMARKET,

SECOND OCTOBER MEETING, 1791.

17th.

Match.

Lord Barrymore's *Halbert*, 7 st., beat Sir Wm. Aston's *Marcia*, 5 year old. Ab. mile. 200 guineas. Even betting.

18th.

Match. Lord Barrymore's *Moses*, by *Buzarlo*, 8 st. 5 lb., beat Sir Wm. Aston's *Pandolpho*, 8 st., first half of Rowley mile. 200 guineas. Betting 5 to 4 on *Pandolpho*.

20th.

Two year old race for £50, old course, colts 8 st. 2 lb., fillies 8 st., won by

Lord Barrymore's *Treecreeper*, who beat 11 others. 5 to 4 on the winner.

20th.

Match. Lord Barrymore's *Ventilator*, by *Imperator*, 11 st. 7 lb., ridden by owner, beat Mr. Pigot's *Grey Pumpkin*, 11 st., ridden by owner, D.I. 50 guineas. 10 to 1 on *Ventilator*.

21st.

Match. Lord Barrymore's *Pallafox*, by *Crop*, beat Mr. C. J. Fox's *Crazy*, 8 st. each, R. M. 200 guineas. 2 to 1 on *Pallafox*.

APPENDIX Q.

NEWMARKET,

CRAVEN MEETING,

April 14th, 1792.

Match. Lord Barrymore's *Pellegrini* beat Lord Clermont's *Bullfinch*. 8 st. 1 lb. each, Ab. mile. 50 guineas. 7 to 4 and 2 to 1 on *Bullfinch*.

A sweepstake of 200 guineas each, 5 subs., for fillies rising 3 years, 8 st. 7 lbs., across the flat, won by

Lord Barrymore's br. f. by *Jupiter* . .	1
Duke of York's filly by *Highflyer* . .	2
Duke of Bedford's filly, sister to *Maid of all Work*	3

6 to 4 against the winner.

Lord Barrymore's *Pallafox*, by *Crop*, 4 years, 8 st., beat H.R.H. the Duke of York's b. c. by *Highflyer*, 3 years, 7 st. 10 lb., D.I. 100 guineas. 2 to 1 on *Pallafox*.

NEWMARKET,

FIRST SPRING MEETING,

April 23rd, 1792.

Lord Barrymore's *Chanticleer*, 4 years, 8 st. 9 lb., received 100 guineas forfeit from Lord Foley's *Vermin*, 3 years, 7 st. 10 lb.

April 24th.

The second class of the Filly Stakes, 100 guineas each, h.f., 6 subs., won by

Lord Barrymore's *Treecreeper* . . .	1
Lord Clermont's *Trumpetta* . . .	2

6 to 4 on *Trumpetta*.

On the Saturday following, this match was run :—

Lord Barrymore's *Pallafox*, by *Crop*, 4 years, 8 st. 5 lb., beat Sir Wm. Aston's *Mopsey*, 3 years, 7 st. 7 lb., R.M. 100 guineas. 2 to 1 on *Pallafox*.

SECOND SPRING MEETING,

May 8th.

The main of the Filly Stakes of 100 guineas each, 8 st. each, won by

Lord Barrymore's filly, *Treecreeper*, by *Woodpecker*	1
H.R.H. the Prince of Wales' *Cinderella* .	2
H.R.H. the Prince of Wales' *Mademoiselle*	3

Evens on the winner.

May 13th.

Match. Lord Barrymore's *Chanticleer* beat Lord Grosvenor's *Asparagus*, 8 st. each, B.C. 500 guineas. 2 to 1 on *Asparagus*.



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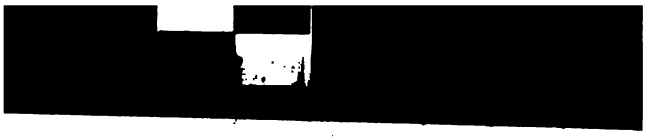
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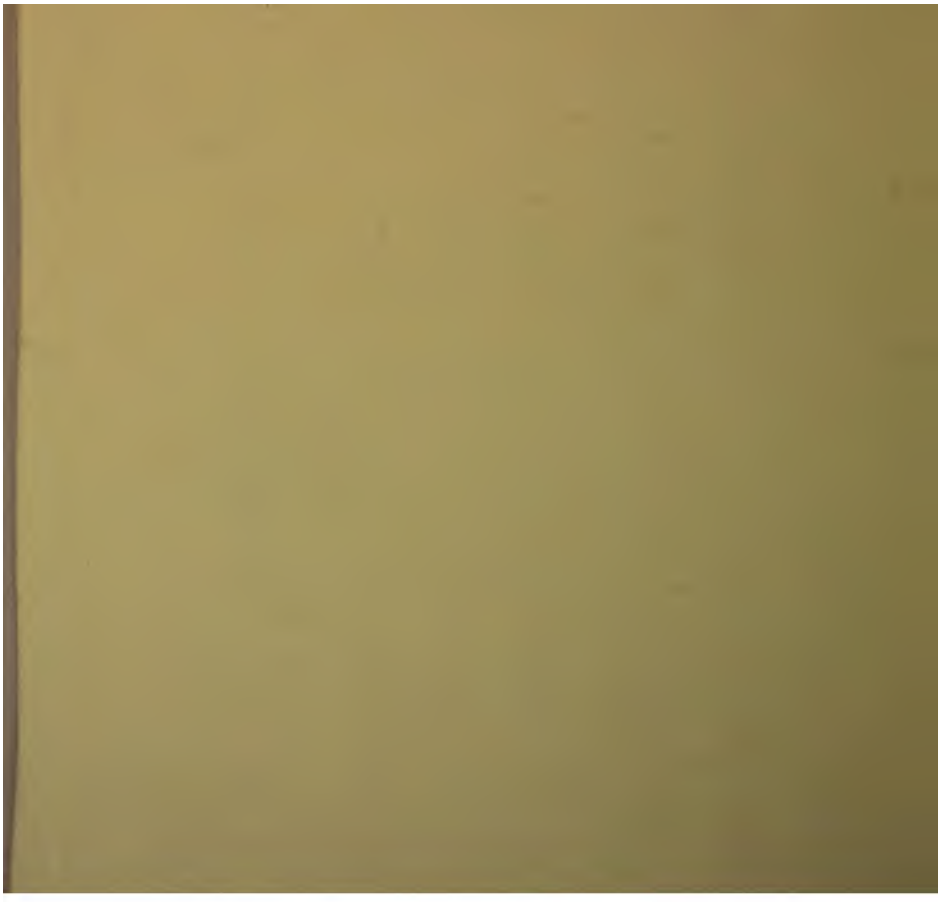
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